UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
3 1822 00277 3620

I. E. DWINELL.

*presented to the*
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO
*by*
MRS. WILLIAM F. BADE

E. H. PIERCE,
OLD BOOK SHOP,
2130 Oxford St.,
Berkeley, - Calif.

William C. Eckles.

From

K. E. Dewitt.

April 9. 1901.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/israeledsond00jewe

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
3 1822 00277 3620

# ISRAEL EDSON DWINELL, D.D.

---

A MEMOIR

BY REV. HENRY E. JEWETT,

WITH

SERMONS.

---

W. B. HARDY
Publisher,
Oakland Cal

COPYRIGHTED, 1892, BY
H. E. JEWETT.

From the Press of
BACON & COMPANY,
San Francisco, Cal.

# CONTENTS.


PAGE

CHAPTER I.—Ancestry. Boyhood. At School. "The Little School Teacher." . . . . . 7

CHAPTER II.—College Life. Conversion. Covenant. 15

CHAPTER III.—In Tennessee. Teaching . . . . . 25

CHAPTER IV.—Theological Course. Rebuffs. Small-Pox. Further Struggles. Perseverance . . 29

CHAPTER V.—Marriage. Home Missionary Service. At Galena and Rock Island. . . 35

CHAPTER VI.—Pastorate in Salem. Journal, 1849–'51. Advocacy of Maine Law. Death of Child. 43

CHAPTER VII.—Pastorate in Salem. Journal, 1852. Revival. A Dream. Vacation. Expository Preaching. . . . . 53

CHAPTER VIII.—Pastorate in Salem. Correspondence: *The Pacific*, *The Salem Register*, *The Congregationalist*. Advocacy of a General Conference in Mass. "A Northern Deliverance." Hand-to-hand Work . . . . . 63

CHAPTER IX.—Pastorate in Salem. Revisits Jonesboro. Visits from C. L. Goodell 71

CHAPTER X.—Winthrop Club. Contributor to Bibliotheca Sacra and New Englander. History of a Rejected MS. Subsequent Articles. Extracts. 77

CHAPTER XI.—Calls Westward. Close of Salem Pastorate. Tributes. . . 91

CHAPTER XII.—New Scenes. Pastorate at Sacramento. Letter from George Kennan. Further Tributes . . . . . 107

CHAPTER XIII.—A Christian Citizen. . 121

CHAPTER XIV.—An Institution Builder. Pacific Theological Seminary. Hopkins Academy. Mills College . . . . . 133

CHAPTER XV.—A Christian Leader. American Board. National Council. ..... 157
CHAPTER XVI.—Travels Abroad. Egypt. Holy Land. Europe. Hawaiian Islands. Paintings of the Great Masters. Characteristics of Foreign Cities. Missions in Turkey. Letters to Grandchildren ..... 16
CHAPTER XVII.—Professorship at Oakland. Home on the Hill. Poem. Methods of Instruction. Tributes from Students ..... 183
CHAPTER XVIII.—Close of Life ..... 193
CHAPTER XIX.—Genealogy ..... 199
CHAPTER XX.—"Appreciated by Others." Tributes .... 201

SERMONS.

I.—Christianity, a Religion of Expectancy ..... 223
II.—The Assailed but Conquering Book ..... 239
III.—Property an Instrument for Moral Training ..... 253
IV.—Unconscious Help from God ..... 265
V.—God's Saying Should be Our Doing ..... 273
VI.—"Lead Me to the Rock." ..... 283
VII.—Church Fellowship ..... 287
VIII.—Extracts ..... 313

# INTRODUCTORY.

"The eminent character, high position and valuable services of the late Dr. Dwinell deserve a Memorial, prepared with superior care, and put in a permanent form."

[From a report to the General Association of California presented by Rev. George Mooar, D.D., and adopted October, 1890.]

The following pages have been prepared by one who stood close to Dr. Dwinell in much of the work of his later years, and who has had access to many records of his earlier life. From within the family circle he has known, loved, and honored him whose life is here presented. While the hand of affection has held the pen, there has seemed to the writer no need of lavish praise. Those who knew Dr. Dwinell have long recognized his "eminent character, high position and valuable services." To those who have not known him he may herein teach the lesson of a noble Christian life. It is hoped, therefore, that this Memorial may be not only a memento of a departed friend, but also a help to those who will know him only through this volume.

Closely blended with his life in spirit and service is the life of one dear to him, whom children and grandchildren delight to honor, and whose Autumn is as the sunshine of Summer.

To her this book is dedicated.

H. E. JEWETT.

Vacaville, Cal., Nov. 3, 1892.

"To tell of such a life all words are weak,
And song and eloquence are dumb
In presence of those deeds that make the sum
Of his humanity. His records speak
Unto us like the fragrance of a breath
Of holy incense from the house of Death,
And lift our spirit to that purer sky,
Not earth's, nor heavens; but some medial sphere
Where he seemed lifted, treading as on high
A loftier citadel, with vision clear.
Seeing by lights, divinely poised above
The depths of sin and sorrow lying low,
Yet found no depths too deep for his Christ-love.
Rome, 'mid her saints, none saintlier could show."

# ISRAEL EDSON DWINELL.

## CHAPTER I.

### ANCESTRY. BOYHOOD.

REVERENT recognition of God and gratitude to Him for the "Outward Estate y^t God hath given mee" characterized *Michael Dunnel*, the Huguenot, first of the Dwinell family in America. He came to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, while others of the family settled in England. "The family," we are told upon good authority, "bear the title of Count, and were seated in France, near Rochelle."

ISRAEL EDSON DWINELL belonged to the seventh generation, being the son of Israel, who was the son of Archelaus, Jr. Archelaus, Sr., was the son of Jonathan, who was the son of Thomas, fourth of the nine children of Michael.

Throughout these generations, during a period of over two hundred years, there appear evidences of Christian faith, patriotism, personal worth, and a fair degree, at least, of worldly prosperity.

Coming to America in his early manhood, Michael Dunnel lived in Massachusetts, dying, as is supposed, at Topsfield, in 1717.

Scarcely any two of his children spelled the family

name like their father, or like each other. Duenell, Doenell, Dunell, and Dwinell are some of the names by which the births of his children are entered on the records of Essex Co., Mass.

During the French and Indian and the Revolutionary wars, the name in some of its many forms appears often on the rolls of the country's defenders. *Israel* Dwinell first appears in the third generation, in the person of a young patriot, who yielded up his life at the battle of Crown Point in 1760. Later on in the generations, six by the name of Israel are found, one of whom was the father of Dr. Dwinell. This good man lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight years. It was said of him at his funeral: "He was one of a very few old men, whose bodies have not outlived their minds. He retained in a remarkable degree the strong mental powers which were his natural endowment. For him the winter of age was not a time of fruitlessness. When he felt that mortal disease was upon him, and realized that through suffering he must be born into the life of Heaven, he said, 'Pray that God's will—not mine—be done.'" It was a state of mind that reappeared in yet more marked degree of sweetness and resignation in the closing days of his son, whose life these pages commemorate. Dr. Dwinell's mother, Phila (Gilman) Dwinell, was a woman of beautiful character and of superior intelligence. Like her husband, she was "strong in the faith of the gospel." At every remembrance of her, "her children arise up and call her blessed."

To such an ancestry Israel Edson Dwinell did honor. The best they had to transmit he appropriated. The best that was in him, whether inherited or acquired, he imparted to all around him.

Birthplace of Rev. I. E. Dwinell, D.D., East Calais, Vt.

His birth-place was Calais, Vermont, a town that has given to the Congregational Ministry Rev. Nathaniel G. Clark, D.D., the honored Senior Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the late Rev. Constans L. Goodell, D.D., a beloved pastor of Pilgrim Church in St. Louis, Missouri. The part of the town known as East Calais was the home of the Dwinell family from the time when Israel Dwinell, then a young man, brought to the great house on the hill his Marshfield bride.

This homestead is a typical New England house of early times. It is a large two-story building, with generous attic. The hardwood frame is covered with half-inch boards, over which are clapboards, unpainted, and in these later years shrunken and blackened by sunshine and rain. Up through the center of the roof protrudes a great chimney, with its five flues. In each of the many windows are twenty-four lights of glass. The outer doors are reached over stone doorsteps. The round cat-hole near the bottom of the side door, the knocker on the front door, the treasures of the attic, the iron latches, the chimney cupboards, the brick oven and immense fire-place, the wainscotted walls in the "East" and "West Square Rooms," and the generous *buttery*, — all have a charm to one unaccustomed to such old buildings.

This great house and the hilly farm on which it stood were bought by Dr. Dwinell's father while yet unmarried. To this home he brought his bride. Here, together, they reared a large family, five of whom survive — all of whom have proved worthy of their faithful and honored parents.

Of the ten children in the family, the subject of this memorial was the fourth.

It was to his mother that Dr. Dwinell was chiefly indebted for the impetus given to his intellectual aspirations. Like all other New England boys of that time, he attended "the little red school-house" in winter, and worked on his father's farm in summer; but there were long winter evenings then, as now, and though East Calais was but a hamlet, where active men cultivated the ungenerous soil, or chopped down for winter fires the beech and birch, and made sugar from the maple, and where industrious women added to their household duties the spinning of flax and wool, the little village among the hills had its public library, modest indeed, yet of unspeakable value to such as had any aspirations after knowledge. The mother encouraged his love of books, guided his tastes, and favored his plans for further study. It was a not uncommon event for him to be ensconsed in some corner, absorbed in a book, while others of the family were "doing the chores." If the natural inquiry was raised, "Why can't Edson do this?" the mother's ready reply was, "Oh, Edson is reading."

His sister says:—"I have heard mother tell of his great love for reading when he was a mere boy,—often telling her, when the boys in the neighborhood came for a game of 'goal' on moonlight winter evenings, that he would greatly prefer to stay in the house and read. Often he would go out with the others, and after a little slip away quietly, come into the house, and take the book. At the circulating library he obtained works which he read with avidity. I remember mother's speaking of Rollin's History, which he read with great interest."

This love of books and of study was characteristic of him through all his life.

A choice volume was like a rare apple. Its seeds of fresh thought were cherished, planted in his intellect and heart, springing up with characteristics of his own clear generalization, and bearing fruit for the nourishment and pleasure of other minds. His library, in after years, contained no one class of books, but represented a wide range of subjects.

Amidst the usual occupations and recreations of a Green Mountain boy, the lad persevered in the direction of an intellectual life. It was through perseverance that he won. It is told of him that on a certain day one of his school-mates, a fast runner, challenged the boys of the district to catch him. "All went for him, Edson among them. One by one the boys gave up, but Edson persevered, and succeeded in catching him, after two hours' running, by tiring him entirely out. It being the last day of school, their punishment for absence from the school-room was postponed indefinitely." By a like persistence, this thoughtful, studious boy, whose life engages our attention, pursued the object of his ambition, until he entered upon his life work a liberally educated gentleman.

When he had finished his studies at the district school, he entered the Academy at Randolph Center, Vt., and began to prepare for college. He was now in his sixteenth year. From 1836 to 1839 he pursued his studies first at Randolph, and later at the Academy in Montpelier, where he graduated, prepared for a college course.

This matter of an education was, however, a serious business to him and to his father. A New England farmer of those days, if blessed with sons, could ill afford to spare one of them during his minority; nor was it regarded as just to the other boys in a family that

their time should be claimed by the father, while one "set up for himself," or gave himself to study. Therefore, following a custom then prevalent, young Edson, at some time subsequent to his first leaving home, "bought his time of his father," that is, paid, or gave his written promise to pay, to his father a certain amount, by which he was released from any further claim that his parents had upon his time during his minority.

This buying of his time laid upon the young student an indebtedness which he carried for several years after completing his college course, an obligation willingly carried, and scrupulously discharged.

Buying his time left him free to act for himself, but it did not pay his tuition and board bills, either in the Academy or at the College. We find him, therefore, teaching a district school in his native town the first winter after beginning his studies at Randolph. Application was duly made for the school in the "next district." The post master was asked to canvass the neighborhood, and he returned the following favorable reply, not forgetting to give weight to his communication by signing himself "Jonas Hall, p. m."

CALAIS, January 15th, 1837.

Dear Sir : — I received yours of the 14th And read it with pleasure. I have Seen a considerable part of the District And They appear to Be Satisfyed with Your Son's Comming to Teach the School. I will assist him in everything that Lays in my power. I will Send after him Towards night.

Sir,

Your most Obedient Servent,

ISSRAEL DWINEL Esq. JONAS HALL, p. m."

The boy was but sixteen years old, and was known as "the little school-teacher," yet he gave satisfaction. He was in honor even "in his own country."

The following winter he taught in Montpelier. In this way by alternate study and teaching he accomplished the first stage of his educational journey, and in the autumn of 1839 began the second stage as a Freshman at the University of Vermont at Burlington.

## CHAPTER II.

### COLLEGE LIFE.

College life he seems to have enjoyed thoroughly. The records of those years are meagre, but they indicate that much hard work was done, and that in the earlier part of the course he shared in the usual scenes of jollity and mirth with which the majority of college boys are familiar.

"He was universally esteemed by the students," writes Rev. J. G. Hale, whose acquaintance with Mr. Dwinell began in college, "as a man of unimpeachable character, a gentleman and a scholar. The lead of the class in scholarship lay between him and Albert H. Bailey, of Poultney, who became an Episcopal clergyman. The class as a whole were not very staid and steady, but Dwinell, Jones and Bailey were always reliable and irreproachable."

Here and there, among the fragmentary records of those days, we obtain glimpses of the young man working his upward way.

"1839. At home until Dec. 9th, and then commenced my school, during which I boarded round the district."

"1842. From Dec. 6th, 1841, till Feb. 2, I taught district school."

"1842. Roomed in No. 6, N. C., with Hutchinson."

During his college course he was a member of the "University Institute," one of the College Societies.

As the college course drew near its close, the intensity of his struggle to maintain himself financially increased. Devoted and self-sacrificing parents had supplemented, as they were able, his own limited resources secured through teaching, but in his Senior Year the situation began to grow desperate. Those who knew him well can appreciate the urgency of the situation, which would lead him to appeal to any one outside his own family for aid ; but with his diploma almost in sight the question stared him in the face whether or not he could finish his course without further assistance.

On the sixth of February, 1843, with many misgivings, he addressed the following letter to a gentleman of means :

"Mr. H——,

"Dear Sir : — I write this communication under circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment. My object is to seek relief.

"I have now been three years and a half a member of the University ; and up to the commencement of the present college year, by industry, economy, and, above all, kindness of beloved parents, I have struggled ever on, and incurred small liabilities. But since then, owing to the hardness of the times, embarrassment of friends, and various unexpected disappointments, I have been thrown entirely upon my own resources, which are now nowise fruitful.

"With such destitution of means on the one hand, and with necessary expenses every where staring me in the face on the other, what else can I do but seek some kind and liberal-hearted man to step forth and relieve me from my temporary embarrassment ? To him it might not in the end be any loss ; to me it would be

great gain. And to what nobler and better purpose can wealth be appropriated, than to assist and encourage those who are struggling unequally with blind fortune, and who only need the use of money for a limited period in order to realize what once appeared the visionary dreams of their youth—to be prepared for lives of more extended usefulness, and to assist according to what in them lies to the accomplishment of the purposes of the Most High?

"Under such circumstances, and under the influence of such feelings, I have been led to address this note to you as the person most likely to afford me assistance, wishing with more earnestness of feeling than I dare attempt to express that you would furnish me for a single year with one hundred dollars. I expect to teach, and trust when that time arrives, God being my helper, I shall be able to render back to thee 'thine own with usury.' Forty dollars I want before the twenty-fifth of March — the remainder before Commencement. My father, in a late letter, has kindly offered to sign with me, so that in case of any of those unforseen accidents which befall one, you would be ultimately secure.

"If you wish to make any inquiries, that you may not lavish your assistance unworthily, you can freely consult any of my acquaintance, and particularly any of the Faculty.

* * * * * *

"Yours with sincere regard,

"I. E. Dwinell."

This letter, more than any other thing that is preserved of that period, reveals the spirit of the young man while in college. His letter is not an unmitigated

request for charity. It appeals *to* the charitable spirit of a man of means, but its basis is a safe business proposition. The style is direct. The situation at home and at college is frankly avowed. Confidence in the favorable judgment of faculty and fellow-students indicates his own self-respect, while the urgency with which he presents his plea reveals the financial struggle he was passing through.

Disappointment awaited him. In place of the bread his famished soul craved, he received a stone. This was the size of it: —

"Feb. 7th, 1843.

"Mr. Dwinell,

"Sir: — The scarcity of money renders it difficult for me to collect money to meet taxes and the necessary expenses of my family. I cannot, therefore, grant the favour you ask; and the advances expected of me by my children will probably make it out of my power to loan money to any person during my sojourn in this life.

"Respectfully yours,

"S—— H——."

How this rebuff was received, many another struggling young man in our colleges and seminaries who has had like hopes dashed to earth can understand.

The University of Vermont did not then have in beneficiary funds for worthy students its thousands of dollars, nor any other college its present large amount of funded scholarships. If, with such aid, the needy student of today must toil painfully, alpenstock in hand, up the steeps of a college course, we can comprehend what it meant a half century ago to ascend the same heights with no alpenstock, and in the face of falling stones.

The crisis, referred to in the letters above, was in some way met, and the college course was ended in the autumn of 1843. Another crisis more momentous, more happy in its results, marking an epoch in the history of a noble nature, occurred in the middle of Dr. Dwinell's junior year in college. With all the ambition of a student, he had lacked until then the Christian motive which thereafter for nearly fifty years gave direction to his intellectual powers. His parents were Christians "of the old Puritan stamp." Some of their children remember the meetings held by the old First Church, organized in 1810, and reorganized in 1824, to which their father and mother belonged. "I recall," says one, "the general meetings held in barns (we had no church building), and the great interest taken on those occasions. Monthly meetings were often held at our house. The religious element was far greater then than at the present time." It seems to be unquestioned, however, that an irreligious and worldly influence prevailed among many of the people, giving its character to the town. Amidst these diverse moral influences young Edson grew up, "trained to good habits and inspired with noble ambitions," like his contemporaries, Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., and the late Rev. C. L. Goodell, D.D., both natives of Calais; but like them entering college — the same college — with the question of a Christian life unsolved, and, more, the consideration of it neglected. For nearly three years he gave no heed to whatever convictions he may have had, nor to the pleading of faithful friends. That he had at least one such friend is seen in letters that he has preserved from his classmate in freshman year, P. F. Barnard, who, after removing to Dartmouth College, in more than one letter pointedly and faithfully directs

his friend to Christ. "Let us often put to ourselves the question, and ponder it well, 'What will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls?' Friend D., I hope you will express your mind freely upon this subject. We are, I trust, friends, and as such can express to each other our views and feelings confidently and freely."

And again: "I trust, dear friend, these things occupy a prominent place in your reflections. Consider, ponder and decide. The Word of God is with you. Make it your study and obey it."

What his replies to these appeals were we do not know, but in time there came the full surrender to God, the consecration of all his powers to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

So unreserved was this consecration, that he wrote out and preserved till his life closed what he calls his "Self Dedication." It marks the beginning of a Christian life that grew more and more beneficent and Christ-like until it passed beyond earthly scenes.

After an introduction somewhat general in its character, he proceeds: "Great God! be with me when I say it is a *privilege* for me to be a follower of the meek and lowly Lamb. Be with me, for I would dedicate myself *immediately* to thy service. Be with me, for I would devote myself *entirely* to thy glory. Be with me, Heavenly Father, while I commence thy eternal service with a solemn self-dedication.

"King of Heaven and Earth! Great God! This day, the eighth of April, 1842, do I surrender myself to thee. I renounce all former lords that have had dominion over me; and I consecrate to thee all that I am and all that I have, the faculties of my mind, the members of my body, my worldly possessions, my

time and my influence over others ; to be all used entirely for thy glory, resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life ; with an ardent desire and humble resolution to continue thine through all the endless ages of eternity ; ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimations of thy will, and ready to spring forward with zeal and joy to the immediate execution of it.

"To thy direction I also resign myself and all that I am and have, to be disposed of by thee in such a manner as thou shalt, in thy infinite goodness and wisdom, judge most subservient to the purposes of thy glory. To thee I leave the management of all events, and say, without reserve, 'Not my will, but thine be done,' rejoicing with a loyal heart in thy unlimited government, as what ought to be the delight of the whole rational creation.

"Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as an instrument of thy service! Number me among thy peculiar people. Let me be washed in the blood of thy dear Son! Let me be clothed with his righteousness! Let me be sanctified by his Spirit. Transform me more and more into his image. Impart to me, through him, all needed influences of thy purifying, cheering and comforting Spirit, and let my life be spent under those influences and in the light of thy gracious countenance, as my Father and my God!

"And when the solemn hour of death comes, may I remember thy COVENANT 'well ordered in all things and sure, as all my salvation and all my desire,' and do thou, Lord, remember it too. Then look down with pity on thy languishing, dying child! Embrace me in thine everlasting arms! Put strength and confidence

in my departing spirit, and receive it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus, peacefully and joyfully to await the accomplishment of thy great promise to all thy people, even that of a glorious resurrection and of eternal happiness in thine heavenly presence! Amen.

"Calling thee, Great God, to witnesss, I subscribe to the above.

"ISRAEL EDSON DWINELL."

This covenant reveals his familiarity with the writings of Philip Doddridge, whose "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" furnishes the basis and to some extent the form of this self-dedication. Introspection was characteristic of this young Christian, not only at the beginning, but also through all the earlier years of his religious life. This habit, so natural to a deeply thoughtful nature, was doubtless encouraged by his frequent reading of an author whose language is: — "I am very sensible, and I desire that you may be so, how great danger there is of self-flattery * * and how necessary it is to caution men against too hasty a conclusion that they are really converted, because they have felt some warm emotions on their minds. Inquire seriously what views you have had of sin, and what sentiments you have felt in your soul with regard to it." These and like sentiments are recorded often in journals kept by Dr. Dwinell, from the time of his conversion till near the close of the pastorate in Salem. His conversion was, in very truth, a self-surrender to God. For forty-seven years his life was an exposition of his self-dedication.

He began the Christian life, and united with the First Congregational Church in Burlington, when twenty-one years of age. All the years of his majority were

marked by a loyalty to Christ that kept him in close companionship with the Captain of Salvation.

College days came to an end in August, 1843. Mr. Dwinell had an appointment at Commencement. His quondam classmate Durant, writing facetiously from Montpelier, says :—" You have my best wishes that you may not upon the stage be seized with any bad symptoms of palpitation of the heart, or such like unpleasant thing. Remember, you are speaking for your life. Rise, therefore, with the occasion, and confront your masters, who, too many of them, can't tell merit from a crow's nest. Bluster, sir, and swagger, and look wise ; and if you can't cheat your own consciousness, you can the audience, and that's enough.

" You know who writes this, and will, of course, pardon the license I take, for I do but partake of the general contagion."

## CHAPTER III.

### IN TENNESSEE. TEACHING.

Immediately after graduating, Mr. Dwinell began preparations for a journey to Tennessee. Through his friend Charles C. Parker, he came into communication with Mr. William T. Herrick, (now Rev. W. T. Herrick, of Castleton, Vt.). Mr. Herrick was then Principal of Martin Academy, at Jonesboro, in the eastern part of Tennessee. An engagement was entered into between the trustees and Mr. Dwinell, that he should take a position as teacher in the Academy. In accepting this position, he turned his back upon an opening near home, that in the eyes of those who offered it doubtless seemed to have superior attractions; but to the college graduate of today, if not to the B. A. of 1843, one dollar a day ("less if you can") for twelve weeks, with board in as many families as there were weeks, would not seem especially desirable.

"Marshfield, July 24, 1843.

"I learnt this day that you had engaged to go to the South, to teach in an Academy, to my regret, so far as our school is concerned. * * * As you wrote to me that you would obtain a teacher for us, I would request you to do so, and you will much oblige us if you will obtain a first-rate teacher, if you can, for one dollar per day (we board him), less if you can, say sixty dollars for twelve weeks, but not to send us a second-

rate one for the sake of saving a few dollars. * * * It would be impossible for me to describe such a teacher as we want. We should prefer one who has graduated, for if he should have the good fortune to please the people, it is possible we might employ him twenty-four weeks. However, that would be quite uncertain.

"Yours respectfully,

"J—— C——."

"P. S. — If it turns out that I am wrongly informed as to your engagement, we should give you something more than a dollar per day."

It was not with the purpose of entering upon teaching as a life-work that Mr. Dwinell turned toward the South. His first thought, after leaving Burlington, was to pay the debts incurred in obtaining his education. The time bought of his father was yet to be paid for, and funds must be secured to enable him to pursue his professional studies, for already this consecrated soul looked forward to the Ministry as his chosen work for life.

It was a long journey in those days from Vermont to Tennessee. It was made in large part by stage coach and packet, and occupied many days.

At Jonesboro he taught for eighteen months in the Academy already referred to. These were eventful months for him. From the far North, from a State on whose fair name had never rested the shadow of slavery, and whose people represented the Puritan frugality and industry, he came, a young man, to a community where slaves were in every home, where northern sentiment was regarded with aversion, but where social life was extremely attractive. Under such circumstances, the young teacher from the North needed

wisdom and discretion. They were given him. He won the life-long friendship of his Principal. He gained the esteem of his pupils. He obtained the confidence of the community. But that which meant more to him than all else will appear, clothed in his own language, in the following extract from "Birthday Thoughts," written in 1844: —

"I am this day twenty-four. * * * During the past year I have been highly blessed. * * * Our school has been pleasant, and there have been fewer occurrences than usual, perhaps, to mar the pleasure of teaching. I think our labors have been prospered, though the school is not large. I have been very happy in the society of Mr. Herrick, whether as fellow-laborer or companion. I have an excellent boarding place, which is almost everything in the way of a su stitute for home. I am on the whole very well pleased with Jonesboro. To be sure, it is a place of some little gossip, and some little freedom of speech that now and then proves unpleasant. But I think they do not hold me so often between their teeth now as formerly.

"But, also, during the year other and more cheering prospects have dawned upon me. A new relation, though a very natural one, has sprung up, and may yet, under the blessing of Providence, ripen into fruit. Around this hope hang, in rich clusters, some of the brightest visions of my life — brighter than night-dreams. This fact of *love* has tinged all the past, with which it has been connected, with beautiful tints of gold and purple. * * * A year that has smiled thus, must I not hold it in remembrance?"

This "fact of love" brought southern sunshine into all the remaining years of his life. Among the homes

where Mr. Dwinell was made welcome during his residence in Jonesboro, were those of Mr. Samuel Maxwell and his wife Hester (Greer) Maxwell, and Dr. and Mrs. John Yancy, she being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell. Prominent in the social and religious activities of the village, the family made their homes attractive places to their friends. It was in this pleasant circle that Mr. Dwinell met and won Miss Rebecca E. A. Maxwell, one of the daughters.

Of his life and work in Jonesboro, Rev. Mr. Herrick, writing from Castleton, Vt., in 1891, says: "I found him a very genial and faithful associate in teaching and managing a new Academy. He gave *himself*, heart and soul, to his work, and easily won the respect, esteem and love of our students, their parents and friends, the people of the place, and specially of Miss Rebecca Maxwell, his good and helpful wife, during a long and very happy married life. He had a rare faculty of bringing out the best there was in a boy or young man, and this apparently without any special effort, by the simplicity, honesty, truth and purity of his character, and the clearness, thoroughness and kindness of his teaching. I have always counted it a great blessing to me that the Lord sent such a man —sent *him* (through my dear old friend, Rev. Charles Parker,)— to be my associate at Jonesboro. Our lives and hearts touched in many points, and his silent and unconscious influence over me was large, and helped to make me a better man, a better minister, and a better thinker. Perhaps the influence was somewhat mutual; but he gave me more because he had more to give. He had great capacity for being a friend, and he could be only a true, faithful and generous one."

## CHAPTER IV.

### THEOLOGICAL COURSE.

Mr. Dwinell was urged by a friend to "study Divinity" under the direction of some scholarly pastor. Under date of July 13th, 1845, in a letter that has been preserved, he gave his friend his "reasons for going to a Theological Seminary," which — partly general and partly special — show that he greatly appreciated "the atmosphere of theological thought that breathes around them," and "the book-facilities in which they abound." "From no place do such conservation, and at the same time, such exalting influences, go forth as from them." "Where can we find in the community any organized influence that is doing a better work? Can we fashion in our minds any *practicable* scheme, by which more men and better qualified can be sent forth as conservators and regenerators?"

Having completed his service in the Academy at Jonesboro, he came North in the early spring of 1845.

"Oct. 26. I came to New York in March, under circumstances sufficiently discouraging. I was in hopes of entering the Junior Class in Union Theological Seminary, and of finding a situation to teach in the city, in order to pay my way. In both objects I was defeated. But this fall, although I was disappointed in not being able to enter the Middle Class, I have, through the kindness of my friend Mr. A. B. Rich, secured a situation to teach, in which I am at present

receiving ample means for prosecuting my studies. I feel very grateful to my Heavenly Father for this favor, and I have, now, little doubt but that the disappointment to which I have alluded will all turn to my account, if so be that I am faithful.

"Hoping that God will watch over me to the end, I have entered upon the study of theology, which I regard as the crowning event of the year. I put my trust and confidence in Him; with Him my destiny lies for the year to come. May I be worthy of Him by whom I am bought."

This spirit of resignation, after failing to enter the Middle Class, was not acquired without a struggle, but he was ever after thankful that he entered the Junior Class and took the full course, and his advice to all students was not to cut short their course in college or seminary at either end. At the time the whole question whether he *could* take a Seminary course seemed to depend upon whether he could enter a year in advance.

"I was examined Wednesday night by Drs. White and Robinson for admission to the Middle Class, and was found not to be prepared. This circumstance has been a great rebuff to my hopes. I frankly say I was disappointed and grieved by the issue. I do not care so much about the *fact* of being in the Junior Class (which I have concluded to enter), as to know that I had overestimated the amount of my studies. To be sure, my friends are looking forward to the completion of my studies for some little pecuniary assistance, should it lie in my power to make them any return for their kindness to me. A brother also has just entered college, and I have been looking forward with much anxiety for an opportunity to aid him in his attempts to get an education.

"He stands almost alone. If left to himself, I do not know whether he will be able to buffet successfully with the world.

"But as it is, all my hopes seem postponed a year. In one point of view, a year — one of the most profitable in my life — cut out by the 'shears of fate' from the progress of life. * * * This is a false view of the case if I am true to myself, yet one which broods upon my mind. * * *

"It seems to me I might have anticipated the result. How could I satisfy Dr. White, who holds a lifeless system of mental science? I had studied his system carefully. I think I know it. If he had desired me to give *that*, I could have given it in the phraseology or nomenclature of *his school;* but when he put the questions directly and demanded how *things were*, and when, thrown in that way back upon conscience and the sense of *truth*, I avoided the nomenclature of my own system, and adopted his in order to render myself intelligible (! ! !), no wonder that he thought that the science was an imperfect one in my hands, and that I ought (as he said substantially) at least to have given evidence of having *examined* the subject. The severity of this remark fell very harmlessly upon me. * *

"Of course it would be presumptuous in me to attempt now to affirm what God designed in this event in my life. I hope it is to make me an instrument of greater good. I think I can see many things in which it will be to my advantage. I mean to watch the intimations of Providence, put myself *willingly* under God's control, and obey the intimations of his wishes."

"My Own Room, Dec. 15, 1845.

"Last Saturday, late at night, I discovered on my body various ominous *indented* eruptions, which alarmed me

considerably. I told my room-mate to prepare for the worst consequences with reference to both of us; threw myself into bed, and tried to resign myself to leave the issue with God. In the morning I awoke, and no change of the night gave indication that the leopard had changed his spots. Dr. Post came at noon, and pronounced that I had *varioloid!* This announcement was received very philosophically, considering that it pronounced me infectious, and a loathsome object to society, and doomed me irrevocably to my room. With what little religion and philosophy I could, I adjusted myself to my room, and am now endeavoring to content myself with the view of its narrow dimensions.

* * * * * * * *

"Well, I must bear the consequences of small pox. The first thing is to see nobody, and the second is to eat nothing, or its equivalent. A man then does exert an influence on his fellow-men, particularly if he have the small pox! The influence is quite electric, as orators and musicians tell about; but of the *electrico-repulsive* kind."

"Dec. 17. Here I am, shut up for the public good; remotely for my own. Then it is acknowledged that private rights must be sacrificed for public good in the case of a person breeding infection! But you have great scruples against capital punishment for capital crimes. You hesitate to proceed against the man who degrades and ruins your young men, and hurries annually thousands of your old ones off to the grave, by furnishing them with poisons to satisfy an appetite which he himself fostered — *because* you do not like to interfere with his private *rights*. Then *he* has a right to circulate his noisy, tumultuous and mad drinks, while I, in good sooth, am to lie in my room for the good of the public!"

"Dec. 16, 1846. The want of a few shining dollars, when that want is pressing, is a great annoyance. How the feelings droop under it! The individual feels like an eagle tied down to earth, when he would spread his broad pinions and soar under the high heavens. His vision is money, too near to be undesired, too remote to be reached. A poor man is very imaginative. If his themes were poetical, he would produce many a poem."

Such an entry reveals the financial condition of the young theological student, notwithstanding his efforts to sustain himself by teaching; a condition frankly acknowledged in his application to the American Education Society, made about this time. "Thus far I have got along without any assistance, save what my friends were able to give me while in college. I came to the Seminary without funds in hand, or which I could command from any quarter. I succeeded in finding a situation to teach, which I still have. I was in hopes to be able to pay my way, but find myself embarrassed and perplexed with a few debts, which I am unable to pay off. I believe it is my duty to ask for assistance.

"I apply to the parent society (in Boston) rather than to the N. Y. branch, not only because I am from New England and a member there (at Burlington), but also because the beneficiaries of the N. Y. society inform me that the dividend here has hitherto been both irregular and small, and promises to be less the coming year? Can your society assist me? * * *

"Your brother in Christ,

"I. E. Dwinell."

The answer from Mr. Riddel, Secretary of the N. Y. branch, was sufficiently discouraging: "* * * It would not be regular nor fair for the parent society

to have in their connection young men who are pursuing their studies at New York, or at other institutions in the Middle States. * * * We cannot, therefore, comply with your request."

Thus are we made acquainted with the difficulties that repeatedly threatened to undermine his courage, to crush his hope, and to block his way from the farm to the pulpit. His persistency overcame obstacles and carried him on his way. To all young men who have evidence that they have been called of God to the Ministry or any other form of Christian service, he furnishes an example of perseverance that they well may emulate.

As a *student* he was also persevering. Appreciating the value of his time and the importance of his studies, he was no idler. He was not wandering for his own delectation in the fields of theories and systems and hypotheses. He followed after *truth*, and searched for her as for hid treasures. "He was an industrious, thorough student, but at the same time he was a cordial, familiar friend," writes one who occupied an adjoining room in those seminary days, adding:— "Many were the essay plans, sermon plans and doctrinal talks we used to have together." This fellow-student, Rev. Samuel H. Willey D.D., of San Francisco, was for a quarter of a century Dr. Dwinell's colaborer on the Pacific Coast, the friendship between them begun at Union Seminary growing with the years until they were separated for a season by the death of Dr. Dwinell.

On the seventh of April, 1848, Mr. Dwinell was approbated as a preacher of the Gospel by the Fourth Presbytery of New York. The following June he was graduated from the Theological Seminary, with the degree of B.D.

## CHAPTER V.

### MARRIAGE. HOME MISSIONARY SERVICE.

Twelve long, eventful years had intervened since the boy began, at great sacrifice, to obtain a liberal education. Enriched in mind, ennobled by the Divine love to which he had surrendered, he took his place among those who, through the foolishness of preaching, hope to lead their fellow men to Him who saves.

During the summer of 1847 he labored for a few weeks as a colporteur in Rockland County, N. Y., under a commission from the American Tract Society. Upon the back of that commission he has made record : — "Commission from American Tract Society on which I acted as Colporteur one month with great profit and satisfaction." There is no record of his having preached at all during his Seminary course, but of one sermon preached after graduating we shall take note later, as the preaching of it led to his being called, months afterward, to a most important field.

In making plans for Christian service in the Ministry, the East as well as the West was open to Mr. Dwinell. He chose missionary service in the West. Under a commission of the American Home Missionary Society to labor in "Northern Illinois and the region adjacent," he left Vermont in August, 1848, for Galena, Ill., where his particular location was "to be fixed by the advice of Rev. Aratus Kent, agent of the Society." In passing through Massachusetts he stopped

over a Sabbath in Salem, as the guest of a friend, and, by invitation of Rev. Dr. Brown Emerson, the venerable pastor of the South Church, the young Seminary graduate preached a sermon, the influence of which was far reaching, although at the time unsuspected by himself or others.

From Salem he proceeded on his way westward *via* Tennessee; more definitely, Eastern Tennessee; to be exact, Jonesboro, Tennessee. In truth, Jonesboro and the happy home of the Maxwells had never been, during his Seminary course, forgotten. "The fact of love" had brightened the last three years of student life. There was to be a wedding in Tennessee before the ordination in Illinois. He was to go forth to his life-work, happy in the presence, and aid and sympathy of a wife, who shared his every burden,

"*and made a sunshine in the shady place.*"

On the 12th day of September, 1848, he was united in marriage to Miss Rebecca E. A. Maxwell.

In a letter to Rev. W. T. Herrick, written a few weeks after the wedding, he gives a brief account of the wedding: "I reached Jonesboro on the second of September. We were married on the twelfth. About thirty were present — nearly all the relatives of Rebecca. Miss Ide and Mr. Allen ('Brother Jo') were the attendants. Mr. Morey performed the service — beautifully done — gracefully done — much to the satisfaction of Mr. Morey, as well as others present. Rebecca was in good spirits and good health, both of which things have been true ever since. It was particularly pleasant for us to have Mr. Allen's company during our stay. He arrived in Jonesboro about the same time I did, and left the same day. There was as little

ceremony on the wedding occasion as Rebecca's friends thought admissible with Southern custom, though not as little as either of us would have liked."

From Jonesboro Mr. and Mrs. Dwinell set out for Illinois; not, however, until Mr. Dwinell had been urged to take the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Jonesboro. There were dissensions in the church. "They desired me to preach, and both parties pressed me sorely to remain with them. Rebecca preferred going away, for many reasons, most of which you will readily imagine, and I could not consent to remain."

To Rev. Mr. Herrick:—"We left Jonesboro on the nineteenth of September. We stopped over the first Sabbath at Lebanon, with Rebecca's friends; took steamboat at Nashville; went directly to Galena, reaching there on the sixth of October. The church in Galena had previously invited Mr. Spees, from New York state, to be their pastor. He had not been heard from. I was requested to preach in the mean time. They were pleased. They would not allow me to make any other engagement until Mr. S. was heard from. This I was willing to do, because the field I had particularly in mind (not Rock Island,) had also invited a man, a classmate of mine, and he also lingered in giving an answer. We were kept about six weeks in this suspense. Mr. Spees goes to Galena. Mr. Clark does not go to Rock Island. That left the way open for us to come to this place. That defined our course. On leaving Galena we found that we had made many warm friends.

"This is a mission church, formed by those who were not willing to be O. S. Presbyterians. There are only Presbyterians enough here for one church, and I consider it folly to have two (Presbyterian) churches here,

so near alike, merely to gratify the whims of disaffected and restless Christians.

"The Old School man—Mr. Larkin—is young, able, and, I believe, a good man,—amply sufficient for the wants of this place. But here are *de facto* two churches. What must be done? Moreover, the place is a promising one. It will not be long before two churches will be demanded by something more than a *whim*. One thing is clear. I shall not be sectarian. If I can do anything for Christ, I shall do it just as quick in the Old School or Methodist church as my own. I would not give a straw to build up New Schoolism nor any other ism as a distinctive thing. I intend to wait till Spring, and see whether my services are demanded here—not by the few who hear me preach—about fifty when they are all out, but by the exigencies of the case. If there are souls enough accessible to preach to, and I am doing good, I will remain—that seeming to be my duty—otherwise I may look for another field. I find no difficulty in being western enough to interest a western audience."

In later years no one expressed greater disapproval than he of the "plan of union" entered into by Congregationalists and (New School) Presbyterians, and then (1848) existing, one inevitable tendency of which was that ministers like himself, born and reared in Congregational New England, if trained theologically in the Presbyterian city of New York, were recommended for licensure to a New York Presbytery. If commissioned by the American Home Missionary Society, whose funds were contributed chiefly by New England Congregationalists, they were in most instances made welcome to their eastern fields by Superintendents,—themselves Presbyterian, or impressed

with the conviction, shared by general officers of the Society, that in the Western States Congregational churches could not flourish.

Entering the ministry through the channel of the American Home Missionary Society, he was naturally put into communication with Presbyterian churches. His experience at Rock Island convinced him that such subdivisions of a denomination as existed there were not to his mind, were not called for, and could not permanently exist. The time came when the denomination itself saw that in unity there is strength. The time came, also, when Congregationalists saw that the Sons of the Pilgrims, in going West, are in no degree shorn of their ability for self-government. In Illinois, today, there are about three hundred churches of the Pilgrim polity and faith. In Chicago, alone, are fifty, not one of which existed until three years after Mr. Dwinell left Rock Island.

"Dec. 4, 1848. We are keeping house; get along first rate. R. does the work. I write the sermons. Happy as you please."

It was "light housekeeping" that they so much enjoyed, for, as it seems, in the letter to Mr. Herrick quoted above, Mr. Dwinell felt unsettled from his first going to Rock Island. In the spring of 1849 there came an unexpected call to New England. We have referred to his Sabbath in Salem, Mass., when on his way to Illinois. In 1849 Dr. Emerson, the Pastor of the South Church, had been settled forty-four years, and had reached his three-score years and ten in age. It had been understood between him and the church that when he was seventy years old he should have a colleague.

That time having arrived, he was asked if he had

any one in mind for the position. He asked where the young man was, who had preached for him the year previous — referring to Mr. Dwinell. The young man and his sermon had left their impression upon him and, as it proved, upon some of the people. It was voted, therefore, by the church and society that Mr. Dwinell be invited to preach for three months, with a view to settlement as Associate Pastor. The invitation was accepted, and the Salem pastorate entered upon.

On leaving the West, Mr. and Mrs. Dwinell parted with many warm friends. Among them were Rev. and Mrs. Aratus Kent, of Galena, whose welcome on their arrival, and kindness and sympathy during their subsequent residence in Galena and Rock Island, were gratefully remembered ever afterwards.

Shortly after Mr. Dwinell returned East there came urgent appeals for him to return. "We all want you to return, and will make up a handsome subscription, if you will do so, and next year settle you permanently."

"Mr. Kent has visited us, and cheered us up. He says you will yet return to the West; thinks it is your field. All agree that you could have built up a strong church here. This is more apparent now than when you were here."

"Mrs. W. has just been in here, and desires her love to you both. You have reason to rejoice in the Lord in reference to her; and, little as you may estimate your efforts out of the pulpit, they were the means, in God's hand, of her conversion."

"Rock Island, Oct. 25, '49.

"* * * Can you be prevailed on to come to the West? If you are not engaged, I hope you will hold

yourself *non committal*, until time is given to hear from the West.

"Brother Bascom of Chicago goes to Galesburg, and Brother Loss of Rockford is invited to go to the Third Church in Chicago. I have resolved to mention your name in connection with the First Church in Chicago, and to Brother Loss to use it, if he should have occasion to nominate a successor.

"Yours,

"A KENT."

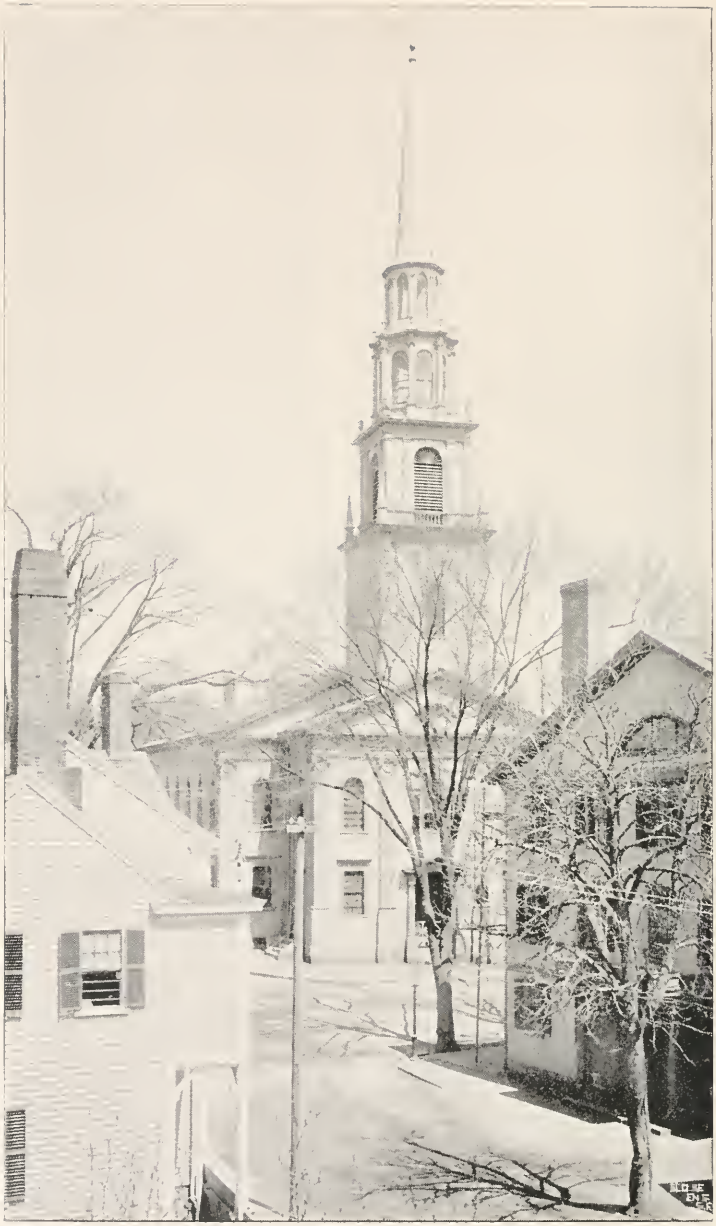
On the seventh of November following a formal call was extended to Mr. Dwinell, by the First Congregational Church in Rockford, Illinois. "We have a good brick meeting house, one hundred and fifty members in the church, and a large population, almost the whole of which are of New York and New England origin. * * * We can now raise for your support five hundred dollars, with the confidence that we shall be able to increase the salary soon."

This invitation was declined.

"ROCK ISLAND, Jan. 21, 1850.

"I sometimes think if Mr. D. knew how much they thought of him, he would be tempted to give up his fine location in the East and return."

This year of service in the Mississippi Valley brought him a practical knowledge of Home Missionary life and a sympathy with Home Missionaries, that were well worth the months of hardship and sacrifice cheerfully undergone by the young minister and his wife. In the service they rendered the Master they found great satisfaction. The good they did was not soon forgotten.



South Congregational Church, Salem, Mass.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PASTORATE IN SALEM. JOURNAL.

No two towns could be more unlike than Salem and Rock Island. The latter looked anxiously into the future. The former recalled complacently the past. Of western emigration, Rock Island was receiving its share. With some exaggeration, it has been said by a recent writer: "Nobody new ever came to Salem, and everybody then living there had already his legitimate occupation." In its general aspects the town was more colonial than its neighbors. Its churches were venerable. Changes in pastorates were infrequent. In seventy-one years the Third or South Congregational Church had been ministered to by but two pastors, the second of whom was still in service. In Illinois, the age of churches was reckoned by years, often by months. In Massachusetts, history had been making for over two centuries. From a church on the frontier not over fourteen months old, Mr. Dwinell came to one in venerable Salem that was an hundred and fourteen years of age. The First Church was a century older.

To Mr. Dwinell Salem was an attractive city. It presented a promising field of Christian labor. He entered upon his Associate Pastorate over the South Church feeling that "the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places, and that he had a goodly heritage."

For fourteen years he labored there in the Lord

among a people who loved him with increasing devotion, and whom he loved with increasing tenderness. The ties of Christian affection there formed were never severed on either side. He lived in the hearts of his friends on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, through all the long years that intervened until his death by the calm waters of San Francisco Bay. The secret of this mutual affection, and of his success both as pastor and preacher, is an open one. He was absorbed in his calling. With singleness of aim he directed his own way heavenward, and those among whom he lived and labored believed in the man, and taking knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus, listened to the message declared by his lips and his life.

From a journal which he kept during many years of his Salem pastorate we obtain glimpses of the pastor's heart, his sympathies, his burdens, his aspirations, his prayerful spirit.

He was not one to thrust his personal meditations upon the public, but he was a man of meditation, and as he mused the fire burned. Communion with his Lord kindled into a flame his gratitude, his sense of obligation and of privilege. "God has given me a blessed privilege," he writes, "that I may labor for Him to save souls. How this at once rises up into the sublimest of employments! How anxiously one desires to labor while such desolations are around him! * * My heart clings to the work of Christ. It seems as if I owe so much to Jesus, and have done so little, I desire to be used in winning souls to Him."

This absorption in the work of his calling was one of his marked characteristics. His people recognized it, and while they often spoke to him most appreciatively of his sermons, they came more and more to recognize

his burden for the spiritual welfare of those to whom he preached.

While he always appreciated and was cheered by any assurance that his sermons were helpful and stimulating to others, he was more deeply affected by the knowledge that others shared his anxieties, and were praying for him. On one occasion when a sermon was highly spoken of by several of his people, he went to his study, and there prayed for humility. His prayer was, "O Lord, keep me from elation. Let me be content to rejoice in *Thy* work."

On the other hand, when one in a prayer meeting alluded to the anxieties of the pastor for the salvation of souls, he records: "I tried to hide my tears under my hand and behind my cloak. These tears are a great weakness; and I wish they would keep back. I know not but it is pride, but they often make me ashamed." Like Paul, "out of anguish of heart * * with many tears" he prepared his messages of truth; and yet, with the great Apostle he could say: "I determined this with myself that I would not come to you * in heaviness."

After preaching one sermon early in his Salem ministry he wrote in his journal: "It seemed as if all my anguish of spirit was poured out in the preparation of the sermon, and the shallow fountain of penitence and solicitude exhausted, so that there was none left for the sanctuary."

But those who heard knew that his words came from a heart that was in close touch with Him who spake as never man spake.

He who, with troubled countenance, spent whole nights in prayer, went out among the people of Galilee with countenance so serene and winsome that all

classes felt the benign influence of his presence. Not unlike the Master in this respect was this servant of His.

In his pulpit, and among his people, all traces of conflict were usually obliterated; and this devoted preacher and pastor — like Stephen, full of faith and power,— betrayed his divine companionship by a countenance that grew with passing years more spiritual, more intellectual, and more benevolent — a face that to many in widely separated regions seemed like a benediction when they looked upon it, and is remembered now by not a few whom he has helped out of trouble, out of sorrow, out of sin, "as it had been the face of an angel."

His pastorate in Salem was, throughout, an Associate Pastorate. The Rev. Brown Emerson, D.D., the Senior Pastor, was ordained April 24, 1805, as the colleague of Rev. Daniel Hopkins. At the time of Mr. Dwinell's ordination as Junior Pastor, he had been in pastoral relation to the church forty-five years. At the semi-centennial of his ordination he said: "The joint pastors work together in the same field, with uninterrupted peace and harmony. Mr. Dwinell is proved to be a man of superior talents and attainments, well fitted by practical wisdom, kindness and untiring devotedness to the work of the ministry for the place he occupies."

Among the ministers who were members of the Council which ordained Mr. Dwinell at Salem, Nov. 22, 1849, were Revs. E. A. Lawrence of Marblehead; Isaac P. Langworthy of Chelsea; George W. Blagden, D.D., of the Old South Church, Boston; Nehemiah Adams, D.D., of the Essex Street Church, Boston. D. T. Kimball of Ipswich, was the Moderator.

It was said at the time concerning the examination of the young candidate: "It was close, searching, and thorough upon all points of doctrine and church polity; and some of the learned Doctors in Divinity appeared to put their ingenuity to the test in proposing the most difficult and embarrassing questions of polemical theology. To the looker-on, the ordeal through which the candidate was obliged to pass seemed indeed like a fiery furnace; but the calmness, self-possession, frankness, and ability with which he sustained himself, throughout the searching operation of three hours, won the sympathy and admiration of all present, and gave unusual satisfaction."

The ordaining prayer was by Rev. Reuben Emerson of South Reading, the aged brother of Dr. Brown Emerson. Drs. Blagden, Adams and Langworthy also took prominent parts.

The ordaining of a pastor in venerable Salem was well called, as it was also in other parts of New England in former years, the *settlement* of a minister. Ministers *stayed* settled in Salem. Dr. Hopkins, the predecessor of Dr. Emerson, was pastor thirty-seven years, until his death. Dr. Emerson remained in the pastorate until his death, in 1872, a period of 67 years. It was with a like *settled* feeling that Mr. Dwinell took up his work in Salem. He was engaged in a life work. It might be his one parish. Certain it is that if at the end of fourteen years he had been called to heavenly rather than to new earthly scenes, his life would have been regarded as eminently successful. He crowded into those years labors so abundant that the church to whom he ministered, and the community in which he lived, were advanced far on their way spiritually and morally, by what he did for them and with them.

Through the pages of his journal we come into close and sympathetic relation with the man whose meditations, plans, opinions and acts are faithfully recorded.

"Sunday, Nov. 16, 1851. This evening I heard Dr. [Lyman] Beecher, on the text, 'Quench not the Spirit.' He spoke from a plan — in itself good — but his mind seemed to move heavily, and not much to kindle. It was Dr. Beecher, but not Dr. Beecher in his power. The discourse seemed to bear about the same relation to what he was when he preached in his power, as the figure on the guide board is to Boston to which it *points*. It *indicated* what he was."

"Nov. 23. This evening have preached to a large and attentive audience on 'Unconscious Culture.' It is a solemn theme for thoughtless youth."

"Nov. 25 [after prayer-meeting]. I rejoice to have heard a freshly-felt petition for me in my work, but a formal prayer for the Minister causes a shudder."

"Thanksgiving Day. Preached today on 'Neither Wealth nor Poverty favorable for the Well-being of man. Considerable freedom, resulting from the ability to re-create the subject as I went along, and to recover the state of mind in which it was written, yes, an intense state, and a more lively grasping of the subject — the state I like to be in when I preach.

"Alcander, Sarah and Mary Jane here to dine, and spent the day with us.

"Rebecca much plagued to get the turkey done."

"Dec. 9. I tried, all day, to get a plan for a sermon. I made one, but its parts wanted in internal adaptation, and just as I was concluding, a new arrangement of thought occurred to me, which I much prefer. So all the building of the day fell down, and in a moment a superior fabric stood in its place."

"Nov. 6. I have been in my study preparing for my temperance address in Marblehead to-morrow night. I intend to advocate the Maine Law. The friends of temperance in Massachusetts are making a rally to urge it through the legislature. I am strongly in its favor."

"Nov. 7. This evening I spoke in Marblehead on the Maine Liquor Law. The town hall was crowded."

"Dec. 12. Attended a temperance convention in Lynn — a rally in behalf of the Maine Law — but a small one, more is the pity. Heard Mr. Pierpont and Wendell Phillips."

"Dec. 21. This evening I heard Dr. Beecher. Subject: 1. 'What Religion is Not.' 2. 'What it Is.' 3. 'The Value of It.' 4. 'The Way to get It.' The Dr. had more than his usual life and ability, to quicken his now long-used mind to the measurement of his theme. I listened to him with profound attention and reverence. When he has not vivacity enough to be interesting in speaking, he is in the way he lays out his subject and the moulding he gives his thought. In these respects, what he does now is the repetition of modes and habits formed when in the prime of his powers. I listen to him to learn, if possible, how better to wield the Sword of the Spirit — the Word."

"Dec. 31. Another year gone! 1851. Where is it? How little of good recorded against my name! Of mercies, how many! Of affliction, one precious (for it now seems a holy period to me) stroke!"

The affliction referred to was the death of the first born, leaving the father and mother for a time childless. At the age of seven months the fair child, Edson by name, who had a large place in the hearts of his parents, was suddenly called to the heavenly home.

Deeply as their hearts were stirred, there were no murmurings against Divine Providence.

"I had hoped for the life of the child, but my prayer was even stronger than my hope, and *that* was that God's will might be done. From the first I had given him to the Lord — we had confirmed it by baptism — and now, when he was called away, I felt that no new question of resignation was raised. I had surrendered him long before, and the force of that surrender came up to my support at his death.

"I had no questionings of Providence. There seemed no darkness, no mystery, in what God had done. I did not pretend to fathom it or know its meanings, but my faith and trust resolved the darkness all into light —how, I know not; and I felt nearer to God than I ever did before. I felt that He was touching me; and the Sacred Presence has made holy all that region of my life. That sorrow-house now seems the place where I have banqueted with the Lord.

"Moreover, there seems a *wholeness* about the life of our little child—a completeness—that I never before realized, in relation to a life so short. It does not *seem* a fragment—a small part of a shattered vase—a bud torn off from the stem before it had time to open; but a *whole*. There seems all the unity—beginning, middle and end—all the entireness of a life of three score and ten. He had his mission. He performed it. Would I could perform mine as well! He left nothing undone God would have him do. And then, when his work was all done, with no blasting or abandoning of the apparently original purpose of God, he went away. We mourned, and our tears fell fast, for we had hoped he would be longer with us, and he had awakened a new and precious life in us. The *parental feeling* had

begun to flow, the fountain seemed irrepressible—its *object* was at once taken away, and where now could the precious current empty itself? The obstructed waters surged back and forth through the soul: and now when I see a little child the sight sets them all in motion, and leads me to wish the child were mine. This is the first feeling; and the next is that it will not live, as a matter of course;—that it is already a *picked* flower, now fresh and beautiful, but soon to wither; and I often find myself unconsciously looking for the signs of decay.'' [Letter to Mr. Herrick.]

Twice afterward, once just before leaving Salem and again soon after leaving Sacramento, he experienced the great grief of parting with loved children: one a cherished boy in the second year of his life; the other a beloved daughter, whose marriage had occurred some months before; but in both these bereavements, as in the earlier one, he bowed to the sweet will of his Heavenly Father with tranquility of spirit.

## CHAPTER VII.

### PASTORATE IN SALEM. JOURNAL.

"JAN. 5, 1852. Heard Mr. A. L. Stone lecture at the Lyceum on Kossuth. Eloquent, commanding, highly finished; the gestures the most appropriate and expressive I have ever seen. They were in discourse what engravings of scenes and localities are in descriptions on the printed page. They pictured out the thought to the eye much more vividly than the words to the ear. It seemed the perfection of pictorial gesticulation. There was no violence in it, but calmness, finish, art running into nature, yet extending to so much minuteness as to have a strong tinge of art. One further baptism — one higher effort of art — would have made it perfect, brought it to the triumph of art, which is nature recovered."

This description, which all who have heard and *seen* the eloquence of Dr. Stone will concede to be as true as it is vivid, was written over forty years ago, and is itself an artistic word picture.

An address by Rufus Choate before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of Vermont, he calls "incomparably brilliant and gorgeous."

"1852, Jan. 17. I have been reading Prof. Park on 'New England Theology,' in the Bibliotheca Sacra. I am in hopes to be able to spend more time on the stern questions of theology. I must exchange, or write with more speed; do something to get more time for study

not bearing directly on preparation for the pulpit. I love thorough study. I must endeavor to secure it, more of it.

"Jan. 18. Tonight heard Dr. Beecher on Temperance and the Maine Law. There is a wide interest on this subject, and the prospect of the passage of the Law is quite encouraging. The lecture — Beecher-like — was partly historical, partly prophetical.

"Jan. 21. I have been up to Boston at the Temperance rally on presenting the petition to the Legislature for the Maine Law. There were upwards of 118,000 names on the petition, of whom more than 50,000 were legal voters.

"Received a letter from Mr. P—— of Rock Island, inquiring if on any terms I could be induced to return to Illinois. If I could, they would give me a call, and satisfy me in reference to salary.

"Jan. 24. Called to see Miss S. She is indulging a hope, entertained on the evening of our last Sunday School concert. The meeting was a very solemn one to her. She alluded to what I said, on the importance of decision of character as necessary in order to become a Christian, as having made a deep impression, and she resolved to give her heart entirely to Christ; and as soon as she had done it she found, as she believes, pardon of her sins. I could not help rejoicing that God has seen fit to honor me, who am so unworthy, by giving me anything to do in the salvation of this soul.

"Saturday, Jan. 30. Finished my sermon, which I began after eleven o'clock on Thursday, and which is four pages longer than usual. This is a shorter time than I have ever before spent on a sermon.

"Feb. 7. I have been reading Neander this week.

It is heavy, hard reading, but valuable. I have great confidence in the results, which he presents in his history, of his study of the Christian Fathers.

"Feb. 9. S. T—— and E—— I—— were present tonight, to converse on the subject of religion.

"Feb. 10. Another sinner has turned to Christ. The Holy Spirit is among us. O that I were made solemn, and felt and honored his presence as I ought! At the close of the Sabbath School concert, Mrs. Driver came, leading one of her class, L. B., to tell me she hoped she had found peace today. The meeting was mainly spent in prayer, and it was solemn.

"Feb. 11. Gave Lyceum lecture in Beverly tonight. The president of the Lyceum paid the lecture quite a compliment at its conclusion, but he did not know what an internal struggle anything of that kind costs me afterwards. * * * When praised I find no relief but in prayer. When most elated may I be most humble!

"Feb. 15. The presence of the Holy Spirit seemed marked and precious today.

"Feb. 16. Miss F., Mrs. S. and Mr. H. were present tonight, to talk on religion. The last thinks he has found the Savior.

"Feb. 22. The Divine Spirit seemed to be present, and I have seldom seen the love of God for lost man so vividly. My soul was kindled, and I felt as if I desired to proclaim this unspeakable love. The Lord be thanked for such an interview! Tonight I tried to preach the invitation, 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come,' etc.

"This is the last Sabbath Jane expects to be here for the present. I feel sad to think of her going away. She goes to Vermont, where, doubtless, the question

will soon be decided about her going on a mission to Canton. If called of the Lord, I can, I trust, give her up; and my prayer is that the Head of the Church will cause her to come to a right decision.

"March 2. Last night I had a singular dream. I was to preach. A large audience was before me. My object, in which I felt the deepest interest, and for which all my powers were kindled up, was to show the impossibility of a change of character after death. When I began, all eyes were directed toward me. The text was named — the theme and the subject opened — fervor and warm persuasiveness followed — the imagination kindled, and the soul seemed to move for the salvation of the hearers. But soon all eyes grew dull. One man took out a paper and began to read it; Dr. C. drew out his account-books and began balancing them; others, merchants and shop-keepers followed the example; some entered upon earnest conversations; some sported, and occasionally cast a sly look at the speaker; but the most seemed to be reproducing their daily business, so far as they could make it portable and bring it to the house of God. All had come prepared with something,— women with sewing, knitting, etc., and men with books and papers, etc. In a short time, in fine, the room was alive with the busy movements of worldlings, and I was addressing those too busy to hear me. I was speaking to traffic, business, gossip, amusement, and not to the souls of men. The painfulness of this condition soon awoke me.

"Then I thought that I had but the representation of what is really the spiritual audience we ministers often have to address. The *material* audience may be sober, motionless, pulpit-looking, devout-appearing persons; while the *spiritual* audience is tradesmen,

seamstresses, gallants, and lovers of the world. My dream made the inward and spiritual the outward and visible. What a sight it would be if we should be compelled to look into the hearts of our auditors, and see what casting of accounts, what laying of plans, what scenes of pleasure are enacting in them! How it would stifle our ardor!

"March 11. Heard Thomas Starr King this evening. R. and I went early, and saw the people assemble. At first I was reminded, as they came flocking in and regularly filled up the seats, of the systematic arrangement of ideas in a discourse. It seemed no unfit illustration of the divisions and paragraphs, each in turn filled out with thought; and all centering around the speaker and all looking at him, as all the thoughts should gather around some central one. But looking a little further, I discovered that there was no unity of age, or sympathy, or sex, or color, or condition in the partition of individuals. Different religions were side by side, different sexes, different colors, different ages. The seats indeed were filled, making an outward formal unity around the speaker. I therefore considered it were a better illustration of that *methodless* kind of writing which has no interior method, nothing but the *form* of method, such as separate paragraphs, chapters, title pages and covers give.

"Mr. King lectured on 'The character, labors and genius of Paul.' Brilliant, but sadly deficient in evangelical spirit. There was nothing intimating that the Apostle was moved by anything higher than genius; a perfect ignoring of all his spiritual claims, and all hand of God in his history. I wonder that as a literary performance there should have been such want of apprehension of the central principle of his life.

"June 6. [While sick.] I have felt that I could easily give up the world, the desire of carrying out life to a kind of worldly completeness or unity, the ambitious hopes, the large aims: all this I could easily yield. But to leave friends and have them mourning for me, — especially my dear Rebecca, and have her drooping and sorrowing over the void,— this seemed hard; but harder far to leave the work of Christ. My heart has clung to this. It seemed as if I owed so much to Jesus, and have done so little; that I desired life that I might be used in winning souls to Him. * * Life is made so miserable to the great proportion of the human family by sin, of which the Gospel furnishes the perfect cure, that it seems one who is laboring for the salvation of men can scarcely be spared. Yet how God's spirit and providence rebuke this argument of pride! A voice at once tells me: — 'I can get along without you. Souls can be saved without you; they have been; they will be. Thousands and tens of thousands, better than you, I have taken away in the bloom and freshness of their service, and the work has not faltered. I choose to use you for the present, and while you live, work and be humble.'

"So let me, Lord, ever be prepared to go at thy call, leaving all, and more than all, Christ's work, calmly in thy hands!

"June 13. [After hearing a sermon on 'Inspiration.'] He went over the whole ground, and the discourse was an hour long. The matter was good, the method discursive. He shoots with shot and not with ball, and his shot scatter.

"June 15. Was made happy to find Mrs. B. indulging in a hope. God often works when we have nothing to do with it. She has not been to meeting for

eighteen months, yet she has been for some time cherishing the secret hope. It is pleasant to have these unexpected revelations. They show that heaven has opened and a beam of light burst forth, which others failed to see.

"July 4, 1852. In the evening the fireworks were brilliant. I admired them much. I thought, however, they were fit emblems of earthly joy and greatness,—brilliant, corruscating for a time, but soon ending in darkness. To be just symbols of heaven they should rise ever higher and higher, and grow brighter and brighter, until at last in one triumphant burst of glory they melt into heaven. There was an impressive moral before me, and I thought how often the most brilliant is the shortest lived.

"July 6. This evening Brother —— sent in to the church a resignation of his office of ——, in view of the difficulties between him and Brother ——. His sensitive nature is much pained by the stiffness and stubbornness of the latter. O that Brother —— could see his heart,—could see how much of the old man there is there! He is a good man, but he knows his own heart less than any man I ever saw, who knows so many other things."

Parts of the months of July and August were spent at Calais, on vacation. These days of vacation in Vermont were always delightful to him. Often preaching in the village church on the Lord's day, he gave up the rest of the week to unreserved enjoyment of the familiar scenes and friends around him. An exception should be made, however, of the first week of many vacations. It was his custom to write a sermon for the first service after he should return to his pulpit, and to finish it before he had fairly entered upon his

vacation. Thus we find him making this record in his Journal: —

"East Calais, Thursday, July 23. Finished today a sermon on the Resurrection. It was very hard to write a sermon in vacation, but I knew it must be done, and began early Monday morning, and am now very thankful it is completed."

This forehandedness in pulpit preparation was characteristic of Dr. Dwinell throughout his ministry. He often had one, sometimes more than one, week's preparation in store.

On the Sabbath previous to leaving for one of his vacations, he writes: — "I gave the sermon I wrote last week, 'Shut up to the Gospel.' I wanted to save it till our return from Vermont, so as not to be obliged to write one during vacation, but the weather was too fair and the audience too large to allow me to think of preaching an old sermon."

Family parties and picnics, fishing excursions to Woodbury Pond, boat rides, excursions on foot, pitching and raking hay, picking berries on the hillsides, resting in the shade of familiar trees, reading and conversation, — these were some of the summer recreations of the hard-working Salem pastor.

"Saturday, July 31. Finished our most interesting and pleasant visit at home, and left for Winooski Falls, to visit Mr. Herrick.

The return to Salem was marked by a warm welcome home. This love of the South Church congregation for this pastor and his family never failed of warm expression whenever they returned after an absence. "How many pleasant greetings we have received on getting home! It seems we cannot doubt that our people love us. I have had today some feelings of unworthiness of such attachment."

"Aug. 22. Preached today on the 'Influence of Dissension on Religious Prosperity.' Text, James 3: 16. The state of things in our church and society has caused me much anxiety at times. I thought it my duty to preach a sermon on this general subject. I have carefully avoided all personal allusions, have written, not with the vision of *men* before my mind, but with that of *truth*. I trust the effort, *sodden* in prayer, may be owned of the Lord. I went tremblingly to Church, but felt assisted while there.

"Aug. 27. I have for the last three Friday evenings been endeavoring to expound Galatians. I may do better by and by, but I now make poor work of it, and it is quite unsatisfactory to the people. Many wry faces appear at the announcement of the subject. I *do* feel as if there *is* a way in which the Word of God can be made interesting by exposition, but fear I shall not find it. I wish I had more capability in that direction, or our people more patience.

"Sept. 5. Had a precious occasion in administering the Lord's Supper today, although at times nearly overpowered by my feelings. God give me more fortitude of mere physical sympathy, to bear what he reveals to my heart!

"Sept. 19. Received this morning the joyful intelligence that Melvin is indulging the hope that he is a Christian. I have long felt anxious for him. He has had the advantages of an education, and it seems so sad to have an educated man irreligious. Many are the prayers I have offered for him. I find an entry in my Journal (March 15th) that I would daily pray for his conviction and salvation. This purpose, when formed, was to continue a month. At the expiration of that time it was renewed, and continued a month long-

er ; then my faith and importunity gave over. But how the Lord has reproached me ! How he seems to chide my want of faith, and yet what a glorious chiding !

"Friday, Sept. 24. Finished Galatians tonight. Our people, at first, murmured a good deal to have me occupy Friday evening with exposition, but I thought it profitable. I think I have made some progress in learning the art of making exposition interesting and profitable ; but I will not give our people too much of a good thing, and hence for the present will return to the old course of lectures on diverse subjects.

"Oct. 29. Webster's funeral was today. I have never known a death of a public man which has awakened so many manifestations of regard in the community where I have lived. Webster was the pride of Massachusetts.

"Oct. 31. Dr. —— preached this morning on the death of Webster, giving many interesting reminiscences. It appears that he and Webster were three years in college together. * * *

"All the discourse relating to Webster was fresh, vigorous and highly interesting."

## CHAPTER VIII.

PASTORATE IN SALEM. CORRESPONDENCE.

"Nov. 3. Went to New York, to see Jane and Mr. Hale sail for California.

"Nov. 7. In the evening the Farewell Meeting was held in Dr. Smith's church. It was a solemn, happy and interesting meeting."

This company of Missionaries was the third to go out from the East to California, under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society. The party consisted of Revs. J. G. Hale, W. C. Pond, Samuel B. Bell, S. S. Harmon, James Pierpont, E. B. Walsworth, Thomas Condon and Obed Dickinson, with their wives, and two of them with three children each. In the farewell service Mr. Dwinell took a part. California, at that time, was little less than a foreign mission field. The departure of these sixteen Christian workers, whom Mr. Dwinell spoke of "as a precious gospel group," deeply interested him. It renewed his interest in California, where in his later years he labored side by side with some of these same Home Missionaries, whom the *Trade Wind* carried on their way to the future great commonwealth of the Pacific coast.

It was in April of this year that Mr. Dwinell began a series of letters to *The Pacific*, the oldest religious newspaper in California. His *nom de plume* was Naumkeag, the Indian name of Salem. Over thirty of these letters were written and published, treating of current

affairs in church and nation. He was influenced in writing them by a desire to help the brethren in the far West, in their efforts to establish Christian influences in the cities and mining camps that had so recently sprung into being.

These letters were cordially received. "I wish to express the gratitude of the editors of *The Pacific* for your kind letters," wrote one of the editorial staff. "They are highly appreciated, and are spoken of with interest here." "We are working for our lives in California," wrote this same friend. "I think we can save *The Pacific* with a 'pull all together'; but while we do it, or try to, in money matters, do help us with the pen."

A few years later came word from the same source: "The scope and contents of your former letters are what we need again. Not that we would tax you every mail or every month, perhaps, but that you would write a letter now and then, say four or six a year. We need help in our hard warfare, and your former faithful correspondence showed that you felt with us and for us in it. * * * We would like, if it were best, to subtract *you* from New England and add you to our little Pacific band; but if this may not be we will still ask you to give us the favor of half a dozen letters or so a year. * * * "

His pen soon announced to the readers of *The Pacific* "the fact of returning consciousness and activity," and more letters followed, which gave equal satisfaction with those that had preceded.

But during these years in Salem his pen was occasionally brought into requisition by papers nearer home. According to the testimony of some legislators, interested in the cause of Temperance, six articles writ-

ten by Mr. Dwinell, and published in the *Salem Register* in 1851–'52, were influential in arousing public opinion in favor of introducing into Massachusetts the "Maine Liquor Law." His interest in the cause of Temperance, as evinced by his addresses, and entries in his Journal, has already been referred to.

In 1855 the question of a lay delegation in the General Association of Massachusetts was raised, and settled in the negative. Thereupon it was proposed to form a General Conference, in which the *churches* as well as ministers should be represented. In the discussion that followed this proposition Dr. Dwinell gave vigorous expression to his love for the Congregational polity. In four articles, published in *The Congregationalist* of Boston, he advocated the formation of a General Conference. "It is in relation to its combining power, its ability to meet the social wants of a large Christian community, that Congregationalism in Massachusetts is faulty, if at all. As a system it needs to be complemented by something which shall not impair its individualizing power, nor the integrity of the individual churches, but which shall take them up into a greater and living unity, make them all throb with a common life, and, by a quick sympathy, experience each other's burdens. * * *

"We do not want ecclesiastical centralization; but centralization of some kind we must have. The habit of the age demands it, and it is not a habit to be regretted, nor to be resisted. It is for us merely a question of time.

* * * * * * * *

"A General Conference would be composed of pastors and *laymen*, thus having the very life blood of the churches in it. And, strange to say, Congregationalism in Massachusetts, which boasts, and justly, of its

power to develop and give individuality and strength to the character of laymen, has no general organization in which they are represented. The clergy have a general association, but the laity, of whose relative rank in our system so much is said, and who, theoretically, stand on the same ecclesiastical level with the pastors, are ignored and dropped out of the account in the only general denominational organization we have. This is a glaring inconsistency in our system."

These letters were, in fact, an earnest plea in behalf of the Congregational laymen of Massachusetts, without whose co-operation he felt that there could be no true fellowship among the churches.

For this fellowship within the demonination he plead early and late. In Massachusetts he labored to promote it through the General Conference. He firmly believed in applying the principle to Congregationalism in the nation, hence his interest in the National Council; and he most cordially welcomed the idea of occasional International Conferences like that in London in 1891, to which he was to have been a delegate, and before which he was invited to read a paper, his death occurring subsequent to the invitation. Elsewhere in this volume will be found an address upon Fellowship, the latest production of his pen previous to his death.

One further newspaper correspondence, occurring during his life in Salem, should have notice here.

Among Mr. Dwinell's classmates in Union Seminary was Alexander Parkins. In 1857 he sent to his old friend in Salem a copy of a newspaper published in Clarke County, Virginia, containing his salutatory as editor. In this editorial there was such a bold defense of the institution of slavery on moral grounds, that the Massachusetts pastor was moved to reply at length to

the arguments of his friend. This letter was published in the Virginia paper, and its author was invited—perhaps it were more correct to say challenged—to enter into a discussion of the moral aspects of slavery, through the columns of the paper. He was requested to prepare six letters, to which the editor promised to reply.

The challenge was accepted, and two letters were published, under the title of "Northern Deliverance," Numbers 1 and 2. The letters are able and telling. His residence in Tennessee had made him familiar with the system of slavery, and what he wrote was unfamiliar reading in a southern paper. The replies of the editor are interesting even after the lapse of a third of a century.

He refers to his northern correspondent as "no undistinguished member of that *Priestly Caste* at the North, which at this time in matters secular and political lords it over the northern mind with a more than priestly—an iron-clad domination. * * We are *the people*, as events will very soon prove, upon whom depend more than any others the destiny and progress of the race. We are the people of all others upon whom the world's eye, with hope and admiration, is resting. If there is any people of whom the world stands in awe at this time it is the Southern people of these United States." The letters from the North proved to be a red rag. The community evidently did not sustain the editor in publishing the Northern—now happily the National, view of slavery. The third letter was sent to the South, but never published, nor was any explanation ever rendered for the abrupt termination of the controversy.

We turn again to his Journal of those days, for in them we look behind the scenes of a busy public life,

and discover that he who appeared among his people as a devoted Ambassador of Jesus Christ was indeed in close communication with his Master and in deep sympathy with his work. He was ever enriching his own mind, that he might the better enjoy and present truth. He sought to lose himself in his work so that men might turn from the messenger to the message. "May I lose sight of self in the interests of thy kingdom!" "Read Chalmers. The fire still burns in my bones to do more for my Master, to save all the lost moments and put them to account." "Closed my sermon contrasting the Merit and the Christ Systems. Seldom have I felt more interest in a subject, and never have I felt more deeply my dependence on Christ as my only hope. If this sermon blesses my people as much as it has me, it will do not a little good."

"Preached to-night on the importance of the doctrine of Christ. Little blessed. Hindered by an effort to speak loud enough for a man hard of hearing to hear."

"This P. M. preached the sermon prepared week before last, comparing the two systems—Merit and Christ. Was assisted toward the close, and the truth seemed to be carried to many hearts."

Scarcely a month passed that he did not come into communication with some one whose conscience was aroused, whose questioning concerning the truth he sought to answer, and to whom the substance of his language was "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Without passing through marked seasons of religious revival, except in 1858, the church and congregation were kept in a healthful condition of growth and prosperity by the faithful ministrations of its pastors, and the activity of many of its members.

There were nearly two hundred accessions to the

South Church during the fourteen years of the joint pastorate of Drs. Emerson and Dwinell. Outside of large accessions during the great awakening of 1858 the additions averaged one a month for thirteen years

Theological controversy in Eastern Massachusetts, early in the century, had left its influence on the minds of many thoughtful ones; and it was then, as now, a thoughtful community. Out of his experience at Salem Mr. Dwinell had sufficient material for a volume of "Pastor's Sketches," in character not unlike those of Spencer. Men and women stood at the threshold of the church, held back not by the worldly spirit, nor by cherished evil habits, nor by the inconsistencies of Christians, but by subtle questions that demanded clear reply, or by alleged skepticism that proved to be faith eclipsed.

"Miss P—— called. Had been in great darkness, at times doubting the truth of revelation, of the salvation by Christ, of the existence of God, etc. She stated that this skepticism had given her great *anguish*. *Yes*, she said, *that is the word*. She said she had prayed over it, but her prayers gave her no relief, and she was about to give up in despair. I thought I would bring her to self knowledge. I asked her if she would give up what love to God and faith in Christ she had, be it much or little. She said, *Not for the world*, although she was afraid she had none. I then approached her in another way, by asking her what was the difference between the *desire* she had to believe and love Christ, and *loving* Him. I showed her that there was no difference; that the one involved the other, both being different aspects of the same thing. The cloud rose from her brow. She said that so dark and skeptical had been her thoughts, she had been afraid to divulge them to others."

On a certain Sabbath he had made a reference to Channing in his sermon. The following day he received a call from a parishioner who had misunderstood the reference. "She brought the third volume of his life to convince me of mistake. I had, however, previously examined the work, and knew clearly whereof I affirmed."

Of another he writes:—"His mind is fond of running into doctrinal difficulties and cavils; more so than of resting on Christ." Another came to him in great distress of mind, being troubled about the second advent of our Lord. To her inquiry, "What do you think of that doctrine?" her pastor replied: "It is not your business to settle this or that item of belief, but to seek *first* the kingdom of heaven, and then all needful things will follow in due course." Later she told him that from that time it seemed as if she had received a blow on her heart that had crushed her. "She hoped that I would say something that would divert her mind from the pressure of duty. But God made my word to deepen the influences of His Spirit in her heart. She said that it had cost her a great struggle to come here, and she had turned back three times, but finally persevered." This inquirer was long coming to the wicket gate, *but she came.*

These cases will serve as illustrations of the religious conviction and unrest of many Salem pilgrims, to whom Mr. Dwinell was an *Evangelist* accompanying them to the wicket gate; a *Good-will* opening the gate and pointing the way to the house of the Divine *Interpreter*, who reveals the "place somewhat ascending" upon which stands a cross, at the foot of which "the burden is loosed from off the shoulders and falls off the back."

## CHAPTER IX.

### REVISITS JONESBORO.

Six years had now passed since the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Dwinell. They had not revisited Jonesboro, the early home of the one, the scene of the other's life as an instructor.

Gradually the purpose was formed to make the long journey, and plans were made to spend the spring in Tennessee.

"A rich black silk dress came as a present to Rebecca. She thinks it is an indication of Providence that we should go to Tennessee this season. Miss Shepard was the one who moved in the matter. How active her benevolence and how warm her heart."

"Begun to think today about going to Tennessee this spring." After consultations with the Senior Pastor and the Church Committee the trip was taken, the church giving a tangible token of their personal interest in his welfare, and a renewed manifestation of their confidence in and attachment to their pastor and spiritual teacher.

The journey from New York was *via* Washington and Richmond, thence on the James river to Lynchburg, between banks claimed both by snow-banks and spring flowers. Out from the furious snows of a late northern April they came, after a week of travel, into the soft air of Tennessee. This change of climate and rest from labor were especially valuable to Mr. Dwi-

nell. The climate of Salem with its raw east winds had already begun to affect his throat and lungs unfavorably. Frequent colds that were not easily overcome had begun to cause him some anxiety. Conscientious to the last degree, nothing short of absolute necessity restrained him from meeting every engagement to preach, however severe the weather and however irritated his throat. The southern air was welcome balm, but as usual vacation found him preaching, and on the Sabbath he was oftener in the pulpit than in the pew.

On the return home, while traveling by packet on the James river, Mr. and Mrs. Dwinell obtained their last glimpse of slavery in its more repulsive form. In his Journal, the former refers to his great distress at seeing several large gangs of negroes—women and children as well as men—under slave-drivers, laboring in the corn and tobacco fields. In the old Jonesboro home which had been revisited, the humane master, upon his death-bed a few years before, had made provision whereby all the servants on the Maxwell estate should secure their freedom; but slavery in its milder as well as in its severer types was abhorrent to one who had been reared among the Green Mountains. "God does not make the new-born being a slave," he wrote; "it is the legal code which does that." "The system as it exists in the South is a system of enslaving as well as slave holding, and as such is inconsistent with the obvious rights of the enslaved, as such is unreasonable and unwarranted."

The home-coming was, as usual, a joyous one to the travelers and the waiting parish. The years that followed brought abundance of work, the details of which are sufficiently indicated in what has been already presented.

Among those who sought him out and visited him was his college friend, Rev. A. B. Rich, whom he calls his old friend and religious adviser, at that time pastor at Beverly. He was among the friends of whom he never lost sight. During the years '57 and '58 Rev. C. L. Goodell—then a student at Andover Seminary—came from time to time to the home in Salem. Concerning one of these visits Mr. Dwinell writes:

"June 27, 1858. Bro. Goodell of Andover Theological Seminary spent the Sabbath with me. He preached in the morning on the text, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life.' His voice and manner were very impressive and attractive, and his matter good and somewhat novel—at least fresh.

"In the evening he preached another excellent sermon: 'Teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' I think Brother Goodell is destined to be a useful laborer in the vineyard, and to make a more than ordinarily favorable impression."

Upon his return to Andover Mr. Goodell wrote to Mr. Dwinell a letter, which reveals his own consecrated spirit and his confidence in the counsels of his Salem friend: "Since my pleasant visit to Salem, I have thought much of what I said to you on the subject of place, and feared lest I seemed to you to deny my Savior, and aspire beyond my measure of strength or grace. I may deceive myself—it is very easy to on such a subject; but it is my daily prayer to be a useful and devoted minister of Christ, and to receive that discipline of God's hand, *whatever* it may be, which I need to overcome and lie passive in his hand, and yield an *entire* and *cheerful* obedience to his will. And now as the work opens before me, I would begin at the foot of the

cross, as I love my Savior and hope for strength only in Him. My real desire, in my consultation with you, is to spread before you the whole subject—since you were kind enough to manifest an interest in me, and also know all from experience—and receive your counsel, for I knew you would not consciously advise me wrong. I would know my whole duty to Christ as his servant, and meet it. I can have strength and be happy only as I do. But more than that, his *love constrains me*. I left you feeling that I had carried the impression that I was worthy, and could get what the world calls a good place, and that it was not my supreme desire to do my Master's will. Not for my own sake, but for *Christ's sake*, through whose grace alone I am what I am, I would not have you feel so. When I first thought of being a minister I was too proud to tell all my friends that I was to be a poor servant of my Master. It was a bitter sin. It has cost me much sorrow. Now that I am to commence the work indeed, I would not repeat my sin; for to Christ I owe *all*, and whatever else fails, I must not be untrue to Him. My day in Salem though a very anxious was a very happy one. I am not unmindful of your kind and considerate attention to me. I am happy that God has so blessed you in your labors, and shall always hear with pleasure of your growing usefulness in the cause of our Redeemer. * * *

"Ever truly yours,

"C. L. GOODELL."

The ordination of Mr. Goodell occurred at New Britain, Conn., Feb. 2, 1859. Mr. Dwinell was invited to sit on the Council and to preach the sermon. In his Journal he refers to the event, saying: "Bro. Goodell

appeared well in the examination, seeing through the questions, answering them briefly and to the point, and knowing when he had answered them. The preaching of the sermon I did not enjoy much, being too much fagged out to begin with. The other exercises passed off very well." Of the discourse Mr. Goodell wrote the following day: "Mr. Dwinell's sermon was excellent."

## CHAPTER X.

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR, CONTRIBUTOR.

In the autumn of 1858 Mr. Dwinell joined the Winthrop Club of Boston. Its objects are social, literary and æsthetic, from a religious point of view. It has included in its membership some of the most eminent Congregational ministers in the vicinity of Boston. At the time referred to Rev. A. L. Stone D.D. was President, and Rev. H. M. Dexter D.D. was Secretary. The fellowship of kindred minds and hearts in the Winthrop Club was a great stimulus to Mr. Dwinell. He felt honored by being received into membership with them, and was himself an honor to the Club. After his removal to California he was still treated as a member, and up to the time of his death received notices of their annual meetings.

Councils of ordination or of installation were not infrequent in the vicinity of Salem, and the South Church pastors often had a part in the public services. Literary institutes and lyceums sought the services of Mr. Dwinell from time to time. Occasionally he prepared with his usual carefulness an article to be offered for publication to the *Bibliotheca Sacra* or the *New Englander*, in each of which there were published, during his Salem pastorate, three articles.

In this connection it is interesting to trace the history of a rejected manuscript. At the time of his death he was one of the Associate Editors of the *Bibliotheca*

*Sacra*, and his contributions had been for years welcomed by the Editors in Chief; yet it was not always so, as will appear in extracts from his Journal. Success, oftener than we think, has its beginning in defeat. Disappointment is a spur to achievement.

"1853, April 2. Have been occupied this week in divers things, but mainly in preparing a plan and about one third finishing a sermon for Fast day on "The Claims of Religion on the State," a subject lying rather out of my line and calling for considerable fresh thought."

"April 7. Fast Day. I preached this morning on "The Claims of Religion on the State." Quite a large and attentive audience."

"June 4. In the P. M. I preached my Fast day sermon. I had been requested several times to repeat it, and that none might come in the P. M. expecting a fresh discourse, I gave notice of the repetition at the close of the morning service. I think there were those who were grateful for this notice, as their seats were unoccupied in the evening."

"Oct. 16. Preached in Lowell."

"Oct. 17. Came home *via* Andover. Had a disposition to offer my discussion, "The Claims of Religion on the State," to the editors of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for publication. I felt very timid in doing it, but fought my way up through all scruples, and resolved to call on Mr. Taylor, senior editor, but heard he was not in town after reaching Andover; hence there was no other course left but to beard the lion (Prof. Park—I was afraid of him) in his den. On calling at his house, however, I learned that he was not in town. I then called at Mr. Taylor's, and rejoiced to learn that he was within. He had no time to give to the subject

today, but wished me to leave the manuscript for future examination. This was much against my will. But my purpose was made up to offer it, and I would not back out. I feel in this way: if it is rejected it will do me good; if published, I believe it will do others good. So I very composedly abide the decision, sure, whatever it may be, it will be the means of good."

"Oct. 23. I received yesterday the manuscript I had left with Mr. Taylor in Andover, accompanied by a note in which he says he had read it with much interest, and he thought the views very important, and the train of thought very happy. It had not been submitted to Prof. Park, but was returned to me as I requested, for revision, etc. This quite encouraged me."

"Dec. 31. Received the manuscript (referred to above) from Prof. Park. *Rejected*, but eased off with complimentary roundings, such as, "*excellent*," "*very good*," fitted for the *New Englander*, etc., but too general to suit the character of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*." I trust that this experience will do me good, and moderate my ambition, if nothing more."

This article, rejected by the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, was subsequently accepted by the *New Englander*, and appeared in the issue for November, 1854.

Following is an extract:

"We have thus passed in review several of the particulars into which the great claim of religion, that the State should exert a vast uplifting moral influence, divides itself. We have seen that the State should not only meet the public conscience, but join on to it at the point of its highest and most healthful expression, and in such a way to carry it higher; that as far as it goes it should act in accordance with the principles of right and justice, and present to its subjects the sublime and

elevating spectacle of State innocence and righteousness; and that in all possible cases it should make the line of legislation coincident with the line of acknowleged moral principle, and thus bear up the public conscience to a loftier altitude.

"For the purpose of gathering the whole into one view, let us by rapid steps traverse again the region over which this discussion has led us. Religion claims of the State, as the golden consummation, that it should be regenerate and holy; but this result is reached only in the ideal future. Meanwhile it contents itself with subordinate and inferior demands; on the one hand negatively, that it should not fitfully and foolishly snatch at visionary millennial ideas, and force them into impracticable law; that it should not thrust itself between man and God, and embarrass his responsibility to Him; and that it should not interfere with those moral questions which are detached from the rights of others and the public weal: and on the other hand, positively, that it should join itself on the topmost wave of the public conscience to swell a higher tide; that it should act in strict accordance with justice and right; and so lift the people to a higher justice and right; and that it should in complex civil and moral cases be careful to act on the moral principle involved, and thus make law itself a vast moral leverage to lift them still higher heavenward.

"A State meeting these demands would be a sublime spectacle, such as the earth has not witnessed, and may not witness soon. But what part of these claims can religion dispense with? In what particular have they been exaggerated? Have the negative been made too low, or the positive too high? If, then, these are the claims of religion, we have here the principles on which

all good men should combine for harmonious and healthful political action. Here the radical and conservative should meet and join hands; the radical, for if these positions are true, legislation in advance of them would defeat its own ends, and dwarf rather than elevate society; the conservative, for if they are true, legislation below them would also defeat itself by coming short of a healthful moral vitality, and thus weaken and impair the State, and in the end destroy it.

"No doubt the noisy and inconsiderate importunities on the part of radicals, and the equally impatient and inconsiderate refusals on the part of the conservatives, would mutually give way and melt into one, if these opposing elements of society should arise to a calm and dispassionate contemplation and espousal of truth. And it is believed that if the friends of religion and the friends of the State would calmly look at the nature of the relation of the former to the latter, they might easily find a common line of procedure lying not far from one side of the one here indicated; walk in harmony and love; the State be made vigorous and healthful by their union; innocence be protected, conscience vindicated, and society borne rapidly forward up the ascending scale of intelligence, virtue and piety."

A year later the *New Englander* published a second article written by Mr. Dwinell. It has the title: "*Self-Development, Not Aggression, the True Policy of Our Nation.*"

"The characteristic difference between the two methods," he says, "may be briefly stated in this way: The one seeks by some means — by arms, acquisitions, alliances — to bring greatness *to* itself; the other by some means — by the arts and vitalities of peace — to bring greatness *out of* itself.

"The latter we regard as the true policy for every nation to adopt, but especially for this one."

The object of the article was to enforce and illustrate this position, and to point out some of the sources of danger that our country may eventually be drawn into by the opposite course.

"Patriotism," he says, "cannot be imported. The State cannot stipulate with its neighbors to have its citizens made thoughtful, intelligent and wise. It cannot by some brilliant stroke of arms rob them of their virtue, and distribute it within its own borders. It cannot seize on piety abroad, and compel it to grace its triumphal procession on its return home. It may gather from the nation choice, religious, moral and scientific teachers; but this does not make the people sound and strong at heart, sound and strong in mind and will. *That* can only be developed. It must be wrought out from within. It must be a growth, and requires time, and quiet, and effort. It is, therefore, a general principle, that true national strength is the result of growth and not of aggression."

In 1857 he ventured to "beard the lion in his den" once more. An article, "Advance in the Type of Revealed Religion," was accepted by Prof. Park and published. So able a critic as Prof. Shedd, then of Andover Seminary, wrote concerning it: "May I thank you for the great pleasure and profit I derived from your article in the last *Bibliotheca Sacra*. It has been read with much interest by thoughtful persons, I happen to know."

The concluding paragraphs of this article are as follows:

"It is then, one of the leading features of Jewish piety, that it busies itself in reverently copying forms.

It has a rule for everything. It has a chart of duty, and shows its genuineness by sincerely threading its lines and never crossing them. It is always looking at its map, and trying to steer its course according to it. It is a leading feature of Christian piety, on the other hand, that it aims to be true to Christian principle. It is not copying a form, but living a spiritual law. It thinks less of the deed than of the heart. It varies the act at pleasure, provided that it be a true expression of a true spirit. Under the one system the design was that the observance should draw the character after it and mould it; under the other, the design is first to secure a right character, and then allow right observance to flow from it. The one looked more at what man does; the other at what he is.

"Again, in the one case, true piety is exclusively to be looked for within a single visible national community, and true worship to center around a single temple; in the other, piety is not confined to communities but dispositions, nor worship to temples but hearts. Hence, in the one instance, much was thought of an uninterrupted line of outward descent; in the other, much of this, and only of this—a fresh and personal spiritual birth and life.

"We may also see the greater spirituality of the gospel piety in the greater spirituality of the gospel revelation. Truth is the food of piety. And the truth of the Old Testament, taken as a whole, is far less naked, concentrated, spiritual, than that of the New. In the one case it appears in the shell; in the other, in the kernel; in the one, thrown into outward and concrete forms; in the other, having a purer and more faithful expression. Even the moral law, which in the Old Testament is broken up and expanded into ten concrete

bulks, is in the New condensed and brought out in two simple spiritual elements—love to God and to man. In the former one finds truths, in the latter Truth.

"Moreover the piety of the earlier and ruder period was largely dependent on symbols and helps addressed to the senses. God instructed men in righteousness with sensible illustrations. The Mosaic was emphatically the pictorial dispensation addressed to piety in its childhood; and the designs were impressive, forcible, thrilling, rather than delicate, chaste, artistic. But during the gospel period such symbols are not relied on, and piety is left to go over to and rest on spiritual supports. God has carried it beyond the primer dispensation. Faith has little to aid it, short of the unseen and eternal. It has lost its material wings, and can fly only as it has spiritual ones.

"And again, the ideal future that fills the mind of the Christian is far more spiritual than that which fills the mind of the Jew. The latter had in view a scene of earthly splendors, and the pageantry and magnificence of an earthly Messiah, under whose realm all other nations should hide their heads. And his religious aspirations and experiences dropped down to a kindred level. But the ideal future of the former takes in the spiritual triumphs of the cross in this world, and the spiritual glory that is to follow in the next. Its reaches are spiritual, heavenly, divine; and hence his aspirations and experiences, swinging in a kindred orbit, rise to the spiritual, heavenly and divine also. The church is far, however, from having exhausted the spirituality of the gospel. Higher and even higher attainments in this direction lie before her. And here again we remark, that, to make them she needs no new revelation, only a higher reaching after and possessing

of the spiritual elements of the word of God already in her hands.

"In this way, then, we answer the question, 'How has God proceeded to give religion to man?' What wisdom is here displayed by Him! What adaptation! What benevolence! And how wise, too, to select a single people in the first instance, isolate them, and carry on a process of religious training with them alone, undistracted by foreign interference, till they had reached sufficient maturity to allow the removal of all restrictions, and receive the commission to carry the gospel to the ends of the earth. And how encouraging to the modern church, on whom this commission is devolved, to consider that, when she carries the gospel to the heathen, it is not elementary religion she gives them, but religion with thousands of years' growth upon it! It may require a century for her to give it to them, or for them to receive it; but when it is received they do not get the baldness and simplicity of the Patriarchal faith; they do not get Judaism, or the controversies of the Augustinian period; they do not get Monasticism, nor the superstitions of the Middle Ages, nor the intolerance of later times. They get the spiritual and living religion which we have. They step at a stride across all the distance traversed by the church in religious growth. They emerge at once from the moral region of the flood, or beyond it, to the summit of the nineteenth century.

"We close our rapid survey by remarking that it becomes the modern church to remember her true historical position. The ages have been struggling for her. The victories of the past are hers. All time has been in travail to give her birth. Her proper place and attitude is to stand on the summit of the religious achieve-

ments hitherto made, with her eye gleaming with Divine light, fixed on higher achievements in the future. Let her not turn backwards. Let her not take to her bosom any of the old and lower types of religion, nor hold to them with clutched hands. Let her live more in the future than the past, obeying the Divine direction which Moses was commanded to communicate to the ancient church, but which contains the spirit of God's perennial call to the church of every age: 'Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.'"

In the *New Englander* for November, 1857, there appears from Mr. Dwinell's pen, an able and forcible article on "Spiritualism Tested by Christianity."

Mr. Dwinell states at the outset that he shall enter into no controversy with Spiritualists in reference to the alleged phenomena or "manifestations." His position is, *admitting* more or less of them to be "pure" and genuine—a point which he does not here attempt to prove or disprove—that there is yet abundant evidence to satisfy a *Christian* community that they are not attributable to the agency of disembodied spirits. His controversy with Spiritualism is in regard to its claims as a *religious* system, not the phenomena involved.

The objections which he makes on this ground are: that it presents a religious system which is radically inconsistent with that of the Bible; that there is a fundamental defect in its logic—it being of that primitive and precipitate kind, where the love of wonder overpowers that of science; that it is a progression backwards, a reversal of chronology and history, to a style of culture and theology before and below Revelation; that the disclosures, both in manner and contents, clearly indicate the source of the intelligence in the phe-

nomena to be in the circle, not in the spirits outside of it; that it is simple materialism; and, lastly, that its influence in the lower, corporeal and mental sphere is injurious,—and in the higher, spiritual and religious sphere, unsettling and fatal. These several points are argued and illustrated with a force and felicity indicative of a strong, thoughtful and cultivated mind, and skillful reasoning powers.

In conclusion, Mr. Dwinell ventures some sensible advice in reference to the way in which this field of research should be occupied. "Here, it may be," he says, "is a subtle and difficult department of natural science to be explored and laid open. It is no reproach to the intelligence, the ability, or the honesty of persons in the ordinary walks of life, if they should feel that they are incompetent to do it. And no less incompetent are judges, lawyers, physicians and clergymen, who have been trained in other professions, and who, from the fact that they have succeeded and become eminent therein, where their specialty is, are not the more but the less qualified to investigate the subject. It is a vein for the working of the natural philosopher. None but those who intend to give years to it as a branch of science, and to study it, as far as in them lies, as Bowditch studied mathematics, or Newton astronomy, or Kant the mind, should throw away their time on it; for no good will come of superficial dabbling in it, only evil. Let the natural and mental philosopher take hold of it; and others, who may be destitute of the qualifications, leisure, or inclination thoroughly to investigate it, and who have *accredited* science at hand as much as they can master, can afford to await the results of his more thorough and successful studies."

"*Baptism a Consecratory Rite*" appeared in the *Bib-*

*liotheca Sacra* in January, 1858, and "Union of the Divine and the Human in the Externals of Christianity" was published in the same Quarterly in July, 1859.

At the meeting of the General Association of Massachusetts, in 1859, Mr. Dwinell read a paper on the "*Adaptation of Congregationalism for the Work of Home Missions.*" It was a time of much anxiety and feeling on the subject of co-operation with the Presbyterians. Wise, healthful words were needed from those who undertook to discuss the subject. The article attracted the attention of such men as Drs. Badger, Todd, Blagden and Pres. Humphrey, who expressed their gratification. It was repeatedly said that the paper gave the key-note to the meeting. At the request of the editors, it was soon published in the *Congregational Quarterly*, in October, 1859.

An essay on the "Importance of Christian Fellowship among the Churches," was read before the General Conference of Massachusetts at Springfield, in September, 1860, and was published with the minutes of that body.

The last of his published articles while in Salem was a sermon delivered to his own congregation, and at their request published as a pamphlet.

It is entitled "*Hope for Our Country.*" His address was delivered October 19, 1862, during dark and trying days in the Civil War.

Its words were those of the Christian Patriot, whose faith in the ultimate triumph of freedom and in the abiding unity of our country never failed him.

"I cannot believe," he says, "no, never, never, that this is the time when God will overthrow Freedom, and the ideas of Right and Humanity He has

been slowly working out into practice for thousands of years, and inaugurate the Evangel of Slavery the satanic creed of Despotism and Selfishness."

"Let us, then, hold up our faces where the light from above may fall on them and be reflected around us; and no longer carry them downward where earthly mists and exhalations darken them, and thus use us in diffusing and increasing the gloom. And as we thus become strong within, let those around us, let the Cause, let our Country have the benefit of it. Let us bear our part of the troubles of the times with firm hearts; quicken and encourage one another, and give the Government, our brave men in the field, and all in earnest in suppressing the rebellion, the advantage of a cheerful and hopeful spirit, warm sympathy, and effectual support and devotion. Thus shall we be serene, peaceful, hopeful, confident, and in the end successful."

## CHAPTER XI.

### CLOSE OF SALEM PASTORATE.

As might be supposed, a pastor so faithful, a preacher so able, a thinker so profound, was not shut up to Salem. Formally or informally, he was invited to several pastorates in New England and in the Mississippi Valley, and to a professorship in his *Alma Mater*, at Burlington.

In the Autumn of 1860 there came to him an urgent appeal to become pastor of the First Congregational Church in Oakland, California, a newly-organized congregation in the then small but growing city. This church, under the leadership of its two pastors,—first, Rev. George Mooar, D.D., and later Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D.,—has become the largest and one of the most prosperous churches of the Pilgrim faith on the Pacific Coast. The invitation to this young church received Mr. Dwinell's serious consideration, both because of his interest in California, and because of some unfavorable conditions of his own health, attributable to the harsh east winds in Salem. Personal friends supplemented with arguments the invitation of the church. "I am so deeply convinced," wrote one of these friends, "that you could do a great good by coming here now, that I do n't know how in any letter to express it. There is not in prospect a rapid growth into a large church, for the population is not enough, but it is a solid, sure beginning, and your

influence in state, moral, religious and educational matters will be wide and is much needed. * * * Here is a direct, solid call. May the Lord direct your way hither soon."

The time had not yet come when he felt that he could leave Salem. There were too many evidences of his usefulness, too deep a satisfaction in his work, too strong a tie binding him to the church and community, to convince him that this call from the far West was the call of God. Soon, however, he was driven out of Salem; not like Roger Williams, against whom the General Court in 1635 pronounced the sentence of exile, and who has made the name of his city of refuge a monument to Divine Providence, but like many of more recent times, whom the relentless east winds of Massachusetts Bay have driven westward to some Providence beyond the Rocky Mountains.

After being in Salem a few years, Mr. Dwinell began to be sensitive to the climate. In his Journal he made frequent reference to colds that affected his throat, occasionally interrupting his public ministrations for a Sabbath or two. Thus, in April, 1859, we read: — "Evening. Undertook to preach, but was so hoarse that I could only report the heads of the argument, after speaking awhile. The house was quite full, there being settees in the aisles. It was a great disappointment to me. The people showed much sympathy. Joseph H. Towne sent me home in a carriage."

"Oct. 9. Exchanged with Dr. Worcester. Gave '*Revelation of Christ in the Soul.*' Rainy. Had a cold and little freedom."

"Dec. 18. Mr. F was to preach for me this morning, but a severe eastern storm set in, and prevented

the arrangement from going into effect. I had to stir around, preaching an extempore sermon from a plan previously made. There were only about one hundred present, and as I had a cold the discourse went off rather poorly."

On the twenty-fifth of June, 1860, more serious symptoms of throat trouble appeared, which led him to lengthen his summer vacation in Vermont to two months. Concerning this summer's rest, he wrote: "On the whole, I have had a pleasant time, my health being sufficiently good to enjoy it. God has been very good to us, infinitely better than I deserve."

"Feb. 8, 1861. This was the 'Cold Friday' from time immemorial. It came on with a fearfully sudden change, the mercury sinking more than sixty degrees in less than a day. Yet this was the night for the re-opening of our church [after extensive repairs]. The house was quite well filled. I preached the sermon, defining our position in the religious world.

A few days later he refers to a cold in his head.

"March 3, A. M. Gave "*Going Back from Jesus.*" Was much interested in it, though somewhat hoarse."

"Evening. In consequence of hoarseness I did not think it best to attend the monthly concert."

"On the Saturday following the graver symptoms re-appeared. I at once thought that this was a signal of God's pleasure that I should not continue to preach in this climate, and felt resigned, or desired to be wholly resigned to the Divine will. I at once fell back on the sovereignty and goodness of God, and found wonderful support and comfort. I knew that though it intimated a great and most painful change to me personally, it was all right and for the best, and I desired to leave myself and my family wholly in his hands. I was

thankful especially that I had been permitted to labor here till our Society had become so nearly settled again in the church. After worship I informed Rebecca, and we both supposed some great change now unavoidable in our outward life."

Upon consulting a physician, who seems temporarily to have been consulted in the absence of the regular medical adviser of the family, Mr. Dwinell was led to look less seriously upon his own condition. "The doctor examined my throat, and said it was evident the hemorrhage was not in the lungs, but in the back part of the nose or throat; that it was not necessary to seek a change of climate, unless for other reasons I desired it; that I might continue to preach, and be governed by the effects."

Acting upon this unfortunate advice, Mr. Dwinell fulfilled an appointment the following day. "The house was warm and the air close. Between this and my desire to favor my voice I had not much ease or freedom in preaching. But I was enabled to get through the service, without feeling any sensible injury, God be praised! The house was quite full."

"Monday Morning. I have had no return of the hemorrhage. I desire to be thankful to God. But I never felt so much like laying myself as a lamb on the altar for God to take me and do with me as he pleases for his glory as under this trial. Oh! I should like to preach the gospel of the blessed Jesus; but God knows it all, and he sees the end from the beginning, and I shall not be laid aside a moment too soon, and when his time comes, I wish to go, saying: "*Thy will be done.*"

"March. 15. Brother John Chapman called today, and asked me if I had had any more trouble. I in-

formed him I had, and that I was put in great perplexity about it, not knowing whether to ask a leave of absence or send in my resignation, but fearing I should be obliged to do the one or the other. He said he was not prepared to give any advice. * * * Dr. S. advised a voyage."

"March 18. Decided today, on the strength of the advice of Dr. S. on Friday last, to request a leave of absence, or to send in my resignation for the purpose of having a rest, and perhaps traveling."

A few days later he consulted Dr. Jackson, a prominent specialist in Boston. This physician found no evidence of lung trouble, but concluded that the difficulty was in the upper part of the throat. He did not think it needful to stop preaching.

Uncertain what course to pursue, Mr. Dwinell called a meeting of the Society Committee and the Deacons, and referred the matter wholly to them. Personally, he regarded it as best to suspend all preaching for a few months, not on the ground of necessity but of expediency; as a vacation with travel abroad might do him more good than a much greater sacrifice later.

Relying upon the advice of his physicians, the representatives of the Church and Society unanimously desired him to continue his work, unless he should find from further experiment that he was suffering from such a course. This he consented to do.

A month later, the unwisdom of the course he was taking appeared. A renewal of the throat trouble led him to consult Dr. Bowditch of Boston, who advised him to cease preaching at once, and go into the country for a year.

"I came home, wrote my letter of resignation, and commended myself to God. It was the most painful

moment of my life, but I saw no other proper course. God reigns and he will take care of me and mine, and the dear church and people."

"April 14, A. M. Prof. Phelps preached on 'Regeneration as the work of the Spirit.' After service I gave him my letter of resignation, and asked him to read it in the afternoon."

"P. M. Remained at home during the service with all our family. A sad afternoon."

"Evening. I went to the Sabbath School concert. A good one. I wanted to be present with A—— and J—— and W——, as it might be the last opportunity."

"16th. Church meeting. The church did not vote to accept the resignation, but appointed a committee to confer with me, the general desire being that I should retain my pastoral connection with the church for a year, and then decide according to circumstances. I feel like leaving the whole matter in the hands of the Lord."

During the week following the "Proprietors" or Society voted unanimously, requesting him to withdraw the letter of resignation, and offering a year's leave of absence, with a salary of one thousand dollars. In this action the church unanimously concurred.

This prompt and generous action of his people was the more noteworthy, from the fact that it took place at the time when the outbreak of the civil war had made unstable all business interests throughout the country, and was absorbing the interest of all classes of people. It was, perhaps, the crowning evidence of the confidence and the devotion of those among whom he had lived, and for whom he had labored in the gospel.

On the twenty-sixth of April, 1861, he left Salem with his family for Calais, where he remained for over

a year in the old home on the hill—the home of his childhood, the scene of most of his summer vacations during his pastorate in Salem.

The year's rest had seemed to effect a cure.

On his return to Salem he wrote :

"Here I am again at my post. I have a long period blank in my Journal, but it is not blank in the goodness of God to me and mine, but all filled up with it. Every day of my year's vacation has been crowned with his mercy in bestowing on me the blessing sought—a restoration to health. And now, O my soul, praise the Lord ! I am well, and at my work again among my beloved people. God give me wisdom to work and yet preserve my health."

"Yesterday I preached ; A. M., 'Faith a Means of Purification,' P. M., 'The Coming Problems.' I preached easily."

He continued to preach and do pastoral work, greatly rejoicing in his apparent restoration to complete health. He felt as a prisoner of war might have felt in the mighty civil conflict then raging, who had been exchanged, and was out once more upon the tented field at the forefront of the battle. Indeed, his ministry, subsequent to his vacation, mingled devotion to the cross with enthusiasm for the flag. He could not, like his brethren, Rev. J. H. Thayer, then pastor of Crombie St. Church in Salem, and Rev. A. L. Stone in Boston, enlist as a chaplain, but from the pulpit he uttered "an outburst of patriotism" when the enlisting of soldiers in Salem was proceeding too slowly. He set forth the "Equality of Obligations to Our Country," in his own and neighboring pulpits. He delivered the powerful sermon on "Hope for Our Country" to which reference has already been made.

On the second day of January, 1863, he writes: "*Thank God!*" Bells ringing for the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. I bless God for it."

For eight or nine months he continued to labor diligently, successfully, and with rare devotion, but the winter winds and storms proved relentless. Before February was ended, it was proven conclusively that he must leave Salem.

In April he had a conference with Rev. Dr. Treat, then one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with reference to taking the General Agency for the Board in the Northwest. In May he visited Chicago, with this office in view, having been offered the position. Upon his return home, with the question still unsettled, he found a telegram awaiting him from the First Church of Christ (Congregational) in Sacramento, California, inviting him to take charge of the church for one year, with a view to settlement.

This call was made upon the recommendation of his friend, Rev. Isaac Langworthy. After consultation with some of his brethren in Boston, Mr. Dwinell accepted the call, and at once made preparation to leave Salem for Sacramento.

His letter resigning his pastorate contains these words: "This request is made at great sacrifice of feeling, for I part from tried friends, a forbearing and gracious co-laborer, the venerable senior pastor, and a devoted, considerate, noble people, who have made every expression of interest and esteem, charity and generosity to me and my family that I could possibly desire, and far more I feel than was deserved. I shall not leave, so far as I know, an enemy or cold friend;

and certain it is that there is not one toward whom I have the slightest ill-will or indifference. All my relations to the community, also, are most friendly and pleasant.

"But there are times when questions of duty must be settled on higher grounds. Personal feelings, the preference of affection, human attachments, should all be sacrificed for the prospect of a longer and at the same time a more concentrated and continuous service for Christ. * * * God reigns. I desire humbly and trustfully to commit myself and my future to him. But wherever I may go, I shall carry you, and these delightful and blessed years, — now nearly fourteen in all — spent among you, in my heart; and at the same time my heart will tarry with you."

In the reply of the Society it was said: "Nothing but the state of his health, which renders it necessary for him to seek a milder climate, with the hope of prolonging his life and usefulness, could induce us to consent to a separation of the pleasant and profitable relations between us."

The church gave similar expression to the general feeling of regret.

The Council called to advise with reference to the resignation convened on the twenty-fifth of May. Rev. A. B. Rich was Moderator, and Rev. H. M. Dexter was Scribe. In its official "result" Mr. Dwinell was commended as a pastor, preacher, and a man of very rare qualities; learned, thorough and effective in his pulpit ministrations; in his pastoral offices wise, sympathizing, laborious; in his relations as a citizen, influential, respected and beloved."

It was further stated: "We regard his departure from among us as a loss to the cause of Christ not only

in this city, but also in this State, throughout which his influence was beginning to be felt as that of an earnest, practical and evangelical expounder of the truth."

The Salem *Register* of the same date said: "The community will lose a valued citizen, and the clergy of this region a brother of marked ability, shining purity of character, and eminent Christian virtues."

It was said by his people in the resolutions accepting his resignation: "Though we thus break the holy bond of Pastor and people, we shall ever retain for him the warmest friendship and affection."

Such words are often spoken, but seldom are such promises fulfilled so literally and beautifully as in this case. Though the South Church has been exceedingly happy in its relations to Dr. Dwinell's successors,—at first Rev. E. S. Atwood D.D., who labored until death, and subsequently Rev. James F. Brodie, the present pastor,—the church and community gave enthusiastic welcome to their former pastor, whenever he came among them from his far western home. Special pains were taken by Dr. Atwood and the people to make his every return to them an occasion that should express their abiding affection.

The following original hymn sung at a service in 1874, while he was on a visit to Salem, will indicate the genuineness of their attachment:

Bring voice of song, and breath of flowers
To consecrate these joyful hours;
Here, where his early Bethel burns,
The long-gone wanderer returns.

Though Southern skies more softly glow,
And Southern waters murmur low,
And winds of balm blow sweet and straight
Through the wide open Golden Gate,

Yet nowhere hearts more warmly beat
Their welcome to his coming feet
Than here, where once of old he trod,
As messenger and man of God.

The years roll up, to memory's strain
The vanished past comes back again,
And former friendship, tried and true,
Makes haste its pledges to renew.

We run to open wide the door,
We bring the best of all our store,
The old and young with greetings come,—
O friend and brother, welcome home.

Evidence yet clearer of the hold which Dr. Dwinell had gained upon the affections of his friends in Salem appears in the Memorial Service held in the South Church shortly after his death. The services, largely attended, were conducted by Rev. Mr. Brodie, who said that upon coming to the church as pastor he had found unmistakable evidences of the most salutary influence Dr. Dwinell had exerted during his pastorate, whose power was still manifest in the church and community.

Rev. N. G. Clarke, D.D., spoke of Dr. Dwinell's early life.

Prof. J. Henry Thayer, who was pastor of the Crombie St. Church in Salem during the latter years of Dr. Dwinell's residence in Salem, spoke of his impressions of the latter, saying: — "He did not aim to be a pulpit orator, nor to take his people by storm. He was too thoughtful for that; he cultivated himself that he might cultivate his people, and was scholarly for their sake. He was conservative and of pronounced opinions. When he thought it best to preach extemporaneously, he was not swerved by expostulation; yet he was manly, and held the profound respect of

those who most differed with him. He had the courage of his convictions, as shown by the fact that when a colored man was to preach in Salem, at a period when the public had not yet realized that there is no color distinction in the power of Christ's Gospel, he attended and participated in the services, notwithstanding the objections interposed. * * In those days the ministers of Salem used to meet together to study the Bible in the original, as an aid in setting forth the truth, and it was here that Mr. Dwinell was a man of power. It is wonderful what success God has given to his faithful servants. In what other calling could such a meeting as this be gathered, in a town where one's labors had ceased more than twenty-five years ago? Ministers may gain inspiration from the grateful remembrance in which Dr. Dwinell is still held. There is less love of truth, less love of God and of man on earth today, because he has gone from it."

Other ministers who had been associated with Dr. Dwinell in Christian work in Essex County added their tribute of esteem, and gave their testimony to the rare fidelity, ability and success of his Salem pastorate.

Very tender memories of his character and work were communicated to Mrs. Dwinell from individual friends who had enjoyed his ministry a quarter of a century before, and a telegram and letter were sent to her from the South Church. In the latter, communicated through the pastor Rev. J. F. Brodie, and the Senior Deacon Amos H. Johnson, it was said:

"The sad intelligence of the sudden removal of Dr. Dwinell met us, as he would have desired, just as we were entering the house of God, which he had made to so many the very gate of heaven.

"It was our Children's Day service. The pulpit

from which his voice was heard for so many years in Christian worship and testimony was covered with flowers. It was to be a day of gladness. The sorrowful message brought a strain of sadness into the service. But the thought of him, with his work finished and his entrance effected upon the fullness of joy and blessedness above, was quite in harmony with the occasion, lending it a solemn depth and tenderness. It was much as if his form had appeared in our midst, surrounded by all its sacred and inspiring memories, and passing on had entered into the heavenly rest, in the hope of which he lived and worked. The very walls seemed to re-echo the voice with which he won the hearts of his people. The remembrance of his earnest, kindly interest in each member of his flock came back to intensify his former instruction and pleading. * * The South Church mourns with you in the sudden and heavy sorrow. To many of us it comes as a direct, personal bereavement. To us all it is the loss of one whose name is graven on the South Church walls, whose faithful ministry continues a rich heritage and strong inspiration in the church's life. * * * His life and work, his wishes for this church and people, will be devoutly and diligently cherished."

"It was his life here," wrote Mr. George R. Chapman, "to be doing his Lord's will, and the *scene* only of his work has changed. The work will be nothing new to him. * * The recognition of the great part of his old Salem church—how dear it must be to them and to him to again serve together their common Master and Lord!"

"None have better reason than we," wrote another of his warm personal friends in the Salem church, Mr. Joseph Hardy Towne, "to know Dr. Dwinell's worth,

and the value of his acquaintance and friendship, and we mourn his loss as that of a long-tried and very dear friend—none nearer or dearer outside of our family circle. To be in his company was always a delight. * * I am gratified, and no doubt you will be, to find that the memory of Dr. Dwinell is held in such loving remembrance by a people to whom he ministered so many years ago, and that his faithful pastorate is still fresh in the minds of so many of the people. We can hope, as Mr. Brodie expressed it in his prayer, that such memories may serve as an inspiration to us in the future."

Another recalls his ministrations to the sorrowful: "When I remember what sweet and holy words of comfort he spoke to me in hours of affliction, and to many another mourner, I wish it were in my power to help bear your burden of sorrow. I can only say that we loved him, and that we love you, and we weep with you."

These memories of Dr. Dwinell's pastorate, called out by his death twenty-seven years after that pastorate had closed, are introduced at this place as giving emphasis to the deep impression he made upon the people during the fourteen years he lived and labored in Salem.

They were years given to the study of the Word of God, and to communion with the Spirit of God. They were years of intellectual and spiritual growth. But much as he enjoyed study, he enjoyed work more; or perhaps it were better to say, study was ever a part of his work—it was never apart from his work. All his intellectual pursuits kept ever the great aim of his life in view; that aim was service. Hence he added to close study and the careful writing of discourses, free

intercourse with the people. Take, for example, the summary for 1856 recorded in his Journal, and it appears that his calls averaged more than two a day for a year in which he had preached seventy times.

"During the year I have made 678 calls, of which 320 were pastoral visits to families, and 278 to individuals who were sick or anxious, etc., and in 80 cases the persons on whom I called were not at home."

"A public man's success?" asks Robertson. "That which can be measured by feast days and the number of journals which espouse his cause? Deeper, deeper far must he work who works for Eternity. In the eye of that, nothing stands but gold—real work—all else perishes."

Dr. Dwinell rests from his labors, but his work in Salem abides.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SACRAMENTO, CALA.

## CHAPTER XII.

### NEW SCENES.

Sacramento, in 1863, was a city similar to Salem in amount of population, but in all other respects few places could be more dissimilar. Each contained not far from twenty thousand inhabitants; but in Salem the mass was fused, while in Sacramento the elements were difficult if not incapable of fusion. The Chinese with their peculiar customs, their pagan rites, their harsh speech and meagre fare, were described by Dr. Dwinell as "living in sight of the rest of the population, but yet separated from them by a deep gulf." "The Jew," he adds, "is here, and is true to his traditional habits and character." Representatives of nearly all nations were there, but few of them looked upon Sacramento or even California as their permanent home. "Society," wrote Dr. Dwinell, "in the strict sense of the term, is hardly formed in the State. The people are held together under social forms and usages, more by external bands than by internal. They know little about one another generally, even their neighbors, and take little interest in them, provided they are not troubled by them. * * * There is indifference to public sentiment, because public sentiment does not exist. * * * Yet, in any case of sickness or suffering, any call of humanity, no persons have warmer hearts or more responsive hands than these apparently cool and indifferent Californians.

The *appearance* of indifference belongs to the structure and history of society, not to the nature of the people, as I have occasion to know very well."

Into such a community, the beginnings of which were but fourteen years before his arrival, Dr. Dwinell came from one of the most staid cities of New England.

He was forty-two years of age, cultured, conservative, with lofty ideals, and frail in health. Could he take root in such California soil as we find analyzed by him above? Others, his companions in Christian service, had for the most part come to California direct from their respective seminaries, and knew only the unique conditions and flexible methods of Christian work on the Pacific Coast. They had "grown up with the country": but this New England pastor quickly found his place among them, and received from them a welcome so cordial that he soon felt that he had a part in the work so grandly begun by the Christian pioneers of California.

He was not long finding out that he had entered upon a field of vast importance. Those to whom he ministered recognized in their new pastor a man fitted in mind and heart to be their spiritual guide. The community felt the uplift of his public spirit, and not only the denominational life, but also the interdenominational activity of the whole state was quickened by his wise counsels and generous sympathies. He had made no mistake in coming to the Pacific Coast. He took root in California soil, and for twenty-seven years, like the *Sequoia gigantea*, stood erect, stalwart, beneficent, thoroughly Californian.

The First Church of Christ (Congregational) was the second of that denomination to be organized in California. In the year 1849 Rev. Joseph A. Benton, ar-

riving in the State, proceeded to Sacramento, then a a village of tents, preached to congregations gathered under a tree, and aided by some brethren organized a church. This church, in 1863, had increased in membership to about eighty, owned a substantial and commodious brick house of worship, and held a commanding and influential position in the capital city.

Dr. Dwinell, upon assuming the pastorate, at once attracted the attention and commanded the respect of all in the community. To speak particularly of his pastoral work in Sacramento would be to repeat much that has been said of his work in Salem. The same thoroughness of preparation for the pulpit, the same active sympathy with the people, the same consecration of strength and time to the work, marked this pastorate as that in Massachusetts.

His own words to his people after ten years of service reveal his spirit and methods, and make us acquainted with partial results.

"In strictly ministerial work among my own people I have found my highest pleasure, and to this I have given my best thoughts and energy and love. I have regarded preaching as having the first claims, after personal fidelity to Christ, and attention to the sick and sorrowing, and the burial of the dead. I have preached nearly nine hundred times on the Sabbath, in one form or another, mostly written sermons—sometimes extemporaneously, and sometimes in familiar addresses on missionary subjects or to the children. I have tried to preach Christ and to preach duty, to preach the Bible, and to bring you to the Bible. I have aimed to show you to yourselves, and to show Christianity to you, so that you will see what fits your soul, all its chambers and recesses, as a key the wards of a combination lock,

and so welcome it. And then I have carried the Gospel out in its practical applications in your homes, business, pleasures, personal habits, and many of the great social problems of the day. * * * In all my preaching I have never forgotten my respect for the Master, nor my respect for you, nor for myself, and come down from a high moral purpose to the shifts and tricks necessary for amusing and making you laugh. If I cannot respect a people enough to believe that they wish me to address them on a basis of manhood, and for their good and elevation, rather than come down and tickle them as in a show, I have no call to preach to them. You will bear me witness that I have shown you honor in this respect. We have gone up into the house of God together, and not into a circus or theater. * *

"It has been an incidental part of my work, and a strong desire, to develop the charities of the church and congregation. The contributions have been systematized, the missionary and Sabbath School concerts established, and appeals are regularly made for contributions to benevolent objects—from principle, from love to brother man—with moderate response. For giving to objects making a direct appeal to humanity or affection, objects at hand, I have found this people most hearty and generous; but for giving to causes far off, of which they have no personal knowledge, slow and cautious."

After reviewing some of the leading events of the decade—the first half of his pastorate—including the accession of one hundred and forty-five persons to the church, of whom seventy-three were received upon confession of faith, he continues: "I am aware that a more brilliant showing of outward results might have been made if my method of leading had been different,

if it had been more positive and commanding, if I had put in my personal will as the organizing principle of the Church and Society. But I have sought to act on an entirely different principle; to help you to do the governing, to bring you up to spiritual enterprises and measures by your own choice, and to reach results by a process that at the same time enlarges and ripens character and makes better men and women. We are on a journey to God, not to the enlargement of ecclesiastical ramparts and the increase of church furniture, and I prefer a method that best developes character and spiritual strength, though to gain it a pastor may seem to lose himself among his people."

In 1875 Rev. E. P. Hammond held a series of union meetings in Sacramento, in which Dr. Dwinell and the other pastors co-operated most heartily, and from which most beneficent results followed. In Feb., 1888, four years after Dr. Dwinell had removed to Oakland, Mr. Hammond revisited Sacramento on the same Evangelistic mission. As showing the heart of the man who went in and out among that people for twenty years, the following letter is given a place in this memorial:

"Pacific Theological Seminary,
"Oakland, Feb. 13, 1888.

"Rev. E. P. Hammond. Dear Brother: — You can hardly imagine the pleasure it gives me to know that you are again in Sacramento. I remember what blessing attended your labors when there before, and my heart still yearns over that people. I put twenty years—the best of my life, my thought and strength and activity — into that field, and I cannot but feel deeply, acutely for it. There are scores and hundreds of souls there that I have agonized over to help them

into the Kingdom, and they are still outside. For some of them I have prayed daily for more than twenty years, and my prayers are still unanswered. No wonder my heart leaps into my mouth when I think of you there, and of the churches and pastors uniting, and once more throwing the warm, broad appeals of the Gospel through that entire community. * * * I am constantly praying for you and your co-laborers, and the work. May the Lord bless you and the dear old church, and all the churches ; and may the whole city, baptized with fire, and flood, and politics, now be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

"Fraternally yours,

"I. E. DWINELL."

In his review of his pastorate on the last Sunday before his ministry ended, he declares : — "I have loved my work. I have loved the place. I have loved you. I have had a people worthy of being loved, and that one could not help but love. I have watched your personal histories, and kept my thoughts on your spiritual heart-beats, as a mother watches the unfolding of the character of her child, that she may know how to care for it and mold it. * * * And I have been aware of the return of this love. I have somehow felt your personal regard for me, as a pure atmosphere which one has no need to hear or perceive blowing to feel its stimulating and tonic effects. I have had your confidence. I have shared your generosity. When sick, I have been kindly relieved of duty. You have patiently borne the inconvenience and awaited my recovery. I have never asked a favor or indulgence you have not cheerfully granted. I do not believe a pastor ever had a more generous-minded people toward himself personally, than you have been to me."

Such was this Sacramento pastorate in its spirit and mutual relations between pastor and people. Through it "souls were regenerated, character beautified, homes blessed, society leavened." Of its details he spoke to his congregation at the farewell services: "I have met you in the sanctuary nearly seventeen hundred times on the Sabbath, and tried to take you away from absorption in mere secular interests, into the presence of God. * * * I have met you in private, from house to house, and in the happenings of the week, and spoken with you on the same supreme subject, heart touching heart. With two hundred and eighty-three of your number—one hundred and ten adults and one hundred and seventy-three children—I have gone with you upon the mount of consecration, and set them apart in baptism, on their own solemn faith or that of their parents, to the service of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I have joined with you in the sublime act when three hundred and sixty-one of you united with the church, covenanting with God and with his people for the service of Christ. Of these two hundred and fifty-one still remain on the church roll, and these, with the fifteen still remaining of the eighty-three on the roll when I came here, make two hundred and sixty-six in all now on our list; while only one of the original members of the church in 1849, A. C. Sweetser, remains.

"I have been with you also on memorable occasions of domestic joy. If I should call together the persons I have married during these twenty years, that I might preach to them on the duties of married life, and they should all come, there would be enough white-veiled brides and kid-gloved grooms to fill this church, and have an overflow meeting that would nearly fill the

lecture-room, for there would be one thousand and sixty persons present.

"I have gone to you in times of trouble also, when sorrow has invaded your homes, and you felt you needed all the kindly sympathy and help you could get, and were glad to be borne up into the presence of God for comfort. If all sounds should now be hushed, and the grave should give up its dead, at whose burial I have officiated, and you should make room for them, and retire and look on from afar, and see them file silently in * * * and fill this line of pews and that, every seat in the body of this church would be occupied with the six hundred and fifty-eight dear ones who have been taken from you, over whom we have bowed tenderly and sadly together in the pitying presence of the Savior, on the brink of the other world ourselves, before whose fluttering curtains we stood."

A beautiful tribute to this pastorate was offered by the great congregation assembled to listen to the farewell sermon. After its delivery Rev. H. H. Rice, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, spoke feelingly of the work of the retiring pastor, introducing the resolutions that follow. Rev. Mr. McKelvie, pastor of the Seventh St. M. E. Church, spoke on the subject of the resolutions, saying that Dr. Dwinell had not been pastor simply of the Congregational Church, but belonged to the whole people. At the conclusion of his remarks the resolutions were adopted by a rising vote of the entire audience:

"*Whereas*, it has seemed best to our friend and brother, Rev. Israel E. Dwinell, D.D., to close his labors as pastor in Sacramento, after a service of twenty years; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, by the Christian people of this community, as represented in this union meeting,

"First—That the work of Dr. Dwinell has been a great blessing, not only to the church which he has served with such unremitting faithfulness, but also to the whole city and the State of California.

"Second—That we shall cherish with gratitude the memory of his genial character, his Christian example, his intellectual power, his public counsels, and in general his wide-spread influence for good as a fellow citizen and as a minister of the Gospel of Christ.

"Third—That we part from him with the deepest sorrow and regret, which we believe to be shared alike by the people of all churches, all departments of business, and all stations in life.

"Fourth—That we tender to him and his beloved wife our heartfelt prayers for the richest blessings to attend them, wherever God in his providence may order their lot, and we send beforehand our congratulations to the community where they may select their home.

"Fifth—That this occasion solemnly calls upon us, without respect to denominational lines, to rededicate ourselves to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ in a holy life, for the upbuilding of his heavenly kingdom."

In the earlier years of this pastorate there were few gray heads in the congregation. The young and middle aged filled the pews, as they also filled the important business positions in the city. It was an active, restless community—some surging like the sea, coming and going and returning again, now to San Francisco, now to a newly discovered mine, now to a daring business venture; others passing through the city as if borne on the current of the river, lingering for a little like a fruitful branch held back by the eddy, to sweep onward and beyond sight at length toward bay and ocean.

He who would reach and bless this moving throng must not be unmindful of "the stranger within the gate." Dr. Dwinell was quick to discover and "not forgetful to entertain strangers." He realized that his hearer of today might be amid other scenes to-morrow —in mine or on ranch, or speeding along across an ocean or a continent, for a time beyond the range of Christian ordinances.

Many of these transient members of his congregation could testify to the kindly, helpful interest of this pastor in their spiritual and material prosperity.

One of the number who, since that time, has made a distinguished record for himself by investigating and revealing the condition of Russian exiles in Siberia, spent several months in Sacramento in the year 1865. He was then, in early manhood, *en route* to Siberia, with a party about to survey a route for an overland telegraph northward from San Francisco, along the Pacific Coast, thence *via* Behring Strait across Siberia. In Dr. Dwinell, George Kennan found a congenial friend, whose Christian fellowship he sought; and desiring publicly to confess his Christian faith, before proceeding on his long and perilous journey, he was received into the membership of the Congregational Church in Sacramento by the pastor.

Two years later, while on board the barque *Onward*, at sea off Ghijiga Gulf, he wrote to Dr. Dwinell, and brief extracts will be sufficient to show his appreciation of the interest shown in him by the pastor:

"It may be by this time that you have nearly, if not quite, forgotten the young man who united with your church in the spring of 1865, just previous to his departure with the first of the W. U. Telegraph Company's exploring parties for Northeastern Siberia.

Our short acquaintance may not have made upon your mind so deep an impression as your kindness and cordial sympathy did upon mine, but still I hope that the peculiar circumstances under which I became known to you and eventually united with your church have not suffered you to entirely forget me.

"I intended long before this to have written you, but my life in Siberia has been spent in almost constant travel on dog sledges over the vast steppes which lie in the interior, and has afforded me few opportunities and fewer facilities for communication with friends, or indeed with any portion of the civilized world.

"I would not have you infer, however, from my long silence that I have forgotten you, or that I cease to remember with emotions of liveliest gratitude the help, sympathy and friendship which cheered and encouraged me in the right path, when I was "a stranger in a strange land." Many times while sitting by the lonely camp-fire, watching out the long hours of an Arctic night on some desolate steppe, I have thought of the friends in Sacramento, and cherished the hope that I might in God's time see them again.

* * * * * * * *

"I cannot express to you, my dear pastor, how hard it is to live as a Christian ought to live in this country where there are neither churches, Sabbath Schools, Christian society, nor any helps to a Christian life, which the poorest in America enjoys. * * * We may never meet again on earth, but I shall always remember you with gratitude, and by God's help and mercy I hope to meet you sometime in another world."

In reply to a letter from Dr. Dwinell, Mr. Kennan, a year later from his home in Ohio, refers to "the cordiality and hearty kindness" of his Sacramento friends.

Testimony like this is not only encouraging to a faithful pastor, but is a word in season to any Christian worker who may read these pages, and whose bread cast upon the waters he has not yet found. There are men scattered up and down the earth to whom a word in season has been spoken, which led to their conversion, or fortified their faith, or comforted them in their sorrows. From them may come no written testimony, yet they hold in grateful memory the pastor, teacher, friend, whose life touched theirs and blessed it. Too often the testimony, if given, is delayed till the ear of him who blessed is deaf, and the heart that throbbed with Christian sympathy has ceased to beat.

Many such expressions of appreciation came to Dr. Dwinell through all the years of his ministry, and when the tidings of his death reached distant and former parishioners their grateful words of appreciation came to the stricken home as the doves come flying to the place where they have been fed, when the bell in the tower of St. Mark tolls two.

"My dear former Pastor, how I loved him. His consistent life, lovely spirit, sympathizing heart, we shall miss so much."

"Though he was so far away, I still looked upon him as my dear pastor."

"He was connected with so many events in our lives, sad and joyous, and to each gave such a sacredness, that we feel that a beautiful presence has passed from our lives."

"I shall never forget his kindness and sympathy—how like a dear, loving brother he was to me."

"We shall never forget his lessons of love and sympathy, which we have heard him express so many

times. Surely a great and good man has fallen, but his works do follow him."

"I cannot tell you how much I have missed him all these years of his absence. His counsel still remains with me, and always will as long as I live."

> "We loved him — learned on his sweet life to lean,
> Yet dare not mourn that such a life should cease
> When the Great Reaper takes His ripened grain."

"C. has always loved and revered Dr. Dwinell as his ideal of perfect manhood, of greatness, of excellence."

"He walked very near to his dear Savior."

"We all know how sweetly and reverently he always listened to know what the Lord would have him do. I don't believe he ever willfully disobeyed God."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

California's moral crust is of unequal thickness. Seismic disturbances in public sentiment or in legislation are not uncommon. The builders of the commonwealth have not all realized the insecurity of a State from whose structure have been omitted the eternal principles of right.

Some sessions of the Legislature at Sacramento have been a seismograph registering the shocks and undulatory motions that threatened the honor of the State, and caused to lay prostrate the polished stones of Christian principle.

At such times it was of inestimable value to the State to have in the leading pulpit of the Capital city men like Dr. Dwinell, and his predecessor Dr. Benton, who as watchmen upon the towers of Zion were quick to feel the shock, faithful to warn legislators and their constituents, and wise to plan for rebuilding the shaken walls of civic virtue.

When in 1868 an effort was made in the Legislature to repeal the Sabbath laws of the State, Dr. Dwinell, from his pulpit in Sacramento, and through the secular and religious press showed that society, as well as individual Christians, has an interest in the continuance of Sunday laws. "It is clear," he says, "if the State adopts a policy which tends to break up the Christian Sabbath it breaks up the casket which holds its jewel."

At another time he wrote in *The Pacific:* "We must be American or nothing. And now is the time to speak out. Let every county, town and precinct speak out. Let every Christian citizen and patriot speak out. Let one overwhelming voice from all parts of the State say to the Legislature, now in session: 'Make no war upon the American Sabbath. Let this vital, fundamental, time-honored, inherited, American institution stand. Do not attempt its overthrow, to erect in its place an illusive, destructive, cosmopolitan spectre.'"

The effort made in the Legislature against the Sabbath failed at that time, but a few years later was renewed and succeeded.

In the summer of 1882, and again during the following winter and spring, when the attack upon the American Sabbath was renewed in the Legislature, Dr. Dwinell preached and wrote in defense of the day. Two sermons of this period are of special interest and power. Both were delivered in Sacramento; the first while the repeal of the Sunday law was still pending in the Legislature. Its title was "The Repeal of the Law a blow at Public Morals." The second sermon, delivered after the repeal had been accomplished, had for its title, "California Pulling Down the Sabbath Sign. What shall we do about it?"

Both of these sermons were published in *The Pacific.* The former was published also in the Sacramento *Bee.*

The daily press of Sacramento often requested for publication those sermons of Dr. Dwinell's which treated of subjects especially in the mind of the public at the time. This gave the preacher an audience that reached out into the whole city, into many parts of the State, and into the halls of legislation.

Several of these discourses were delivered in 1878, when the oratory of the "Sand-lot" in San Francisco was arousing the spirit of discontent among some classes of citizens. The topics were: — "Incipient Communism—a Portent of the Times." "Communism Ripe—Fulfillment of the Portent of the Times." "The Conflict between Capital and Labor, and how to Remove it." In referring to the first of these the editor of the Sacramento *Record-Union* called the effort one of Dr. Dwinell's best.

It was thoughtful, incisive, bold, based on historical events, and its conclusions were drawn with logical and irresistible force. He pointed out the symptoms which betoken a communistic spirit in California and other States. He sketched the chief elements of the Commune, diagnosed the situation, and clearly showed the cause and the tendency of the present attempt to array classes against each other; to crush out individuality; to override divine personal rights; to belittle Christianity; to set up the practice of State interference with private rights at the demand of the selfish interests of a majority; to establish the unsound doctrine that the State is the only safe capitalist, and that it may regulate the hours and price of labor, and adjust the rewards and relations of capital and labor. These were but a few of the points touched upon, but indicate in part the scope and character of the sermon.

The conclusion of this discourse is: "I have confidence in the American people generally, and in Californians—in their virtue, intelligence, good sense, and self-recovering power—that though they may blunder a little, and experiment a little, just try the taste of the rind of Communism, they will find it so crude and bitter, and entirely un-American and foreign to all

their relish, that they will speedily hurl it from them, and have nothing more to do with it. We are not going to cast off all our political traditions and approved methods, and sacred regard for rights and duties, and love of personal liberty, and imprison ourselves in the absolutism of a multitude. Never, while Bunker Hill remains, and the memory of Washington survives, and the blood of the Revolutionary fathers flows in our veins, and the thrill of freedom is remembered in our own souls! Never, while the church and the schoolhouse stand!"

In his sermon on the conflict between capital and labor he takes this hopeful view of the solution of the problem: "There is a self-adjusting power in the economic system under Christian civilization. All its laws, all its forces of adaptation and self-recovery, are not annihilated. Chaos is not coming, because a crisis has come and the necessity of a re-adjustment of productive forces. The real wants of the country, to be supplied by the co-operation of capital and labor, are as many as they ever were in time of peace, and are increasing every year. There is room for all the country's capital and all the country's labor. When the two have had time to sort themselves out of the *debris*, adapt themselves to the new relations, make sure of the old enterprises and find out the new ones demanded by the real wants of business, they will again be on relatively good terms with each other, and both relatively content. What is immediately wanted is a little patient waiting, forbearance, good-will and hopefulness on both sides, till the self-adjusting and self-recovering powers of the economic world have had an opportunity to act."

Other economic questions were treated by him in

the pulpit and through his pen. When, after prolonged agitation, a new Constitution had been adopted by the people of California, and many were feeling troubled by the change, Dr. Dwinell had a message for his people, and through the columns of the *Record-Union* to the general public, on "*The Duty and Privilege of Californians.*" He urged upon the leaders of public thought, upon political chiefs, legislators, and the sovereign people, the duty of conserving and perpetuating the vitalities of the commonwealth, and of carrying the State over to the new order without crippling it. "We should shun the method of catastrophes and breaks. We should not manipulate the delicate interests of business and finance with earthquakes. We should not form radical changes in jurisprudence and local government with thunder and lightning. * * We must be faithful to the new Constitution, according to its presumptive meaning, till it is wisely modified; but we must be faithful to the higher, diviner, older Constitution under it as well, and so move gently, continuously, wisely, for this is the presumptive meaning of both."

As a representative Christian citizen of California, his opinion was sought by several religious journals east of the Rocky Mountains. His view of what has often been on the Pacific Coast a burning question was clearly expressed as early as 1879, in an article from his pen, appearing in *The Congregationalist*. "There are few persons who have studied the Chinese question in California, as a far-reaching social problem, who would like to have the number of Chinese increase in California. All of our better people believe in treating them well, doing them good, and Christianizing them as far as possible, and in maintaining all treaty stipu-

lations with the Chinese government, till the treaty can be wisely and honorably modified. They feel there is no need of hot haste in checking the immigration, for any reason of social order, polit cal economy, or Christian statesmanship. It would doubtless occasion more distress to the American population in California to remove the Chinese summarily, even if that could be done without injury to them and with their good-will, before other good laborers could be found to take their places in the families and elsewhere, than their presence here has caused ever since their arrival. In fact, if there were no fear that there might be a great increase of their number, I imagine the majority of the people in the State would regard their presence with indifference. But when we remember that most of them come from a small district about Hong Kong, that the gates of China have never yet been practically open for the egress of her oppressed and often-famished millions, and that here their condition, civil and material, is so much improved, it seems the part of wise statesmanship to restrict the incongruous occupation before its proportions put it beyond control."

Eight years later he gives to *The Congregationalist* what he regarded as the sober Christian view in California on the Chinese question. Restriction, rather than exclusion, on the one hand, or unlimited immigration on the other, continued to be his position. "It is not a desirable immigration to encourage." "These views," he says, in conclusion, "are those of the class making most sacrifice and doing most to Christianize the Chinese and do them good."

The work of the American Missionary Association, as conducted among the Chinese, through its auxiliary, the California Chinese Mission, greatly interested

Dr. Dwinell. Christian schools, in their behalf, and especially a Mission School in Sacramento, found in him a friend and advocate. His personal presence and words of encouragement, as well as regular Sunday evening instruction of Chinese by members of his family, are evidence of his faith in the power of the Gospel over the Chinaman in America. In speaking of the beginning of this work, and some of the happy results that had come under his personal observation, he said: "The wedge is entering the Chinese Empire."

During his long pastorate in Sacramento no worthy cause failed to find in him a ready advocate. When the city's health was imperilled by bad sewerage, he followed up the suggestion of a daily paper, and called a meeting of citizens "interested in the adoption of some effective and economical system of sewerage, to meet in the Court House to consider the subject."

Representative citizens assembled, and a full discussion was had of various schemes, Dr. Dwinell showing in his address that he was as familiar with the principles of city sanitation as with systems of theology. When a library association in San Francisco obtained a special dispensation from the Legislature to conduct a lottery under the guise of a grand gift concert, producing a general infection throughout the State, Dr. Dwinell, from his pulpit and in the public press, declared against *mixed ethics*. "It is not pleasant, friends, fellow citizens," he said, "to criticise popular public movements; but a minister must look sharply after the moral as well as the spiritual driftings of the community, and evermore try to keep before his hearers the higher light and the better way. He lives to make men and society better; to help them in their Godward relations. And if there is anything which

the industry, morality and religion of Californians needs, it is to have their desire for sudden and large, and perhaps mysterious, gains sobered down. From the settlement of the State, this has been our fatal fever. Our mines, our speculations, our experimental husbandry, our El Dorado mirages of various sorts, have burned out the heart and the brain of multitudes. Only recently the pulse has begun to beat more naturally, and feverish adventure to give place to more sober industry. Now this scheme * * * causes a relapse throughout the State, and sets the blood on fire again. * * * It will be a good day for California when her citizens can afford to wait to be rich through honorable industry. This will promote wealth, health, sanity, morality and religion."

Such a sermon and the occasion for it suggest the marked contrast between the pastorates in Salem and in Sacramento, between the bewitched communities of the Seventeenth and the Nineteenth Centuries. It is not every man who could rank among the foremost citizens of two communities so unlike. It is not every pastor who could devote his early manhood to the quiet tasks of a venerable parish, and his later manhood to intricate and pressing labors that belong without as well as within a youthful parish in a restless State. But the man from Salem was the right man for Sacramento, for California. He proved himself a sociologist as well as a theologian. Finding, in 1873, that the State Prison was fast filling with youthful offenders, he called public attention to the need of a Reform School. In 1874 he drew up a Reform School bill, containing twenty-three sections, procured its introduction into the Legislature, and used his pen in advocacy of the measure.

When speculative excitement was running high in 1875, and multitudes were investing in stock of the "bonanza" mines, a clear voice, giving forth no uncertain sound, was heard from the Congregational pulpit of Sacramento. "Be sure there is nothing better in all the secular realm than a life of industry,—good, solid industry, and a heroic practice of the industrial virtues. A better manhood is built up under them than under any other kind of secular training. Society flourishes better on this basis, and you go up from it more naturally and successfully to all the grand culture, tastes, accomplishments and services which adorn earth or fit for heaven."

Whatever interested Sacramento, interested Dr. Dwinell. He loved the city. His sympathies were with faithful Christian workers of whatever name. With all good citizens he co-operated for the building up of institutions, for the cultivation of intellectual life, for the repression of crime, for the promotion of public education. He took an active part in the organization of the Sacramento Protestant Orphan Asylum, Mrs. Dwinell being for several years President of the Board of Lady Managers.

He led in the organization of the Sacramento Literary Institute, designed to promote literary culture by means of courses of lectures. Of the Agassiz Institute, a literary society called into existence as a result of a visit of Louis Agassiz to Sacramento, Dr. Dwinell was an active and interested member.

"Was there a noted visitor to be introduced? It was most generally Dr. Dwinell who stood beside him upon the platform, and in a few well-chosen and scholarly words made the public acquainted with the person and his history. Was there a crisis in the Na-

tion's history, such as that of the death of President Garfield? It was Dr. Dwinell who was called upon to lift the people out of their despondency, and point out to them how the eternal principles of justice and of righteousness would secure vindication, notwithstanding what single hand might fail and what new pilot be called to the helm of State. Was it a moment of peculiar civil agitation, when an inoffensive citizen had been murdered by a crazed assassin? It was again Dr. Dwinell who was called upon to address the throng which gathered at the obsequies, and to counsel forbearance, and a firm reliance upon the enginery of the law."—Rev. C. P. Massey, Jr., in *Memorial Sermon*.

He took great satisfaction in meeting weekly with his brethren of all denominations in the city. Here the bond of sympathy between the churches was strengthened. Here each pastor learned what the others were doing, and together they planned for the common good, and presented a united front to all forms of organized evil.

To write further of this Sacramento pastorate would be a delightful occupation, but enough has been said to reveal its spirit, to exhibit its strength, and to show its far-reaching influence.

He prepared and preached able sermons; he attended most minutely to the social and distinctively pastoral duties of his position, especially devoting himself to the sick and afflicted in his parish; and yet, as we have seen, met the multitudinous claims of Christianity and civilization that engaged his attention beyond the limits of his own city. His sermons which were published in the daily papers of Sacramento would fill a volume. His sermons and communications

that appeared in *The Pacific* of San Francisco would fill several volumes. He was well known to readers of religious papers in the Eastern States, and his articles in the religious Quarterlies heretofore referred to appeared not infrequently, up to the time of his death.

It is a pastorate especially marked and beneficent; a work to thank God for, especially when it is remembered that at its beginning his life hung in the balance, and throughout the score of years he was never physically robust.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AN INSTITUTION-BUILDER.

In his boyhood, Dr. Dwinell, as we have seen, hungered for a liberal education, and surmounted obstacles great and numerous, in order that he might thoroughly equip his mind with the profoundest knowledge and broadest culture attainable. Through all after years he recognized his indebtedness to the institutions in which he had been educated.

There was nothing, however, in his environment at Salem to call out his energies in the direction of helping plant and maintain institutions of learning. He was in the midst of schools, for the most part centers of Christian culture, accessible to all classes of young people; schools that had proved their right to live by the struggles out of which they had emerged, and by the noble lives they had helped to develop. In his own city are the Essex Institute, the Peabody Academy of Science, and one of the State Normal Schools. Within the county of Essex are the famous Andover schools, Phillips Academy for boys, the Theological Seminary, and the Abbot Academy for girls. There, too, is Bradford Academy,—the oldest seminary for young women in the country, where is cherished the memory of Mrs. Judson and Harriet Newell with a tenderness akin to that of Mary Lyon at Mt. Holyoke Seminary; while Harvard University, Amherst College and a galaxy of lesser institutions are but a few miles away.

California presented a striking contrast to all this in 1863. Famous, the world over, for its wealth, the State claimed no citizen of means whose heart inclined him to give largely to educational work. The College of California, the outgrowth of a union of effort among several denominations, chief of which were the Congregational and (New School) Presbyterians, had not yet graduated its first class. Its main feeder, the College School in Oakland, was conspicuous not only for its excellence, but also for its solitariness.

As a denomination, Congregationalists in California possessed but a fraction of an educational institution. Around this, however, they rallied with enthusiasm and hope, and in their weakness were ready to extend their system of Christian education upon the same union basis.

The General Association of California in the year 1864 gave voice to the deepening conviction that a Theological Seminary in the State was already a necessity. Its committee on education, of which Rev. W. C. Pond was chairman, suggested "that the time is coming and now is, when a Theological Seminary should be a matter of definite consideration with reference to practical action." Upon their recommendation a standing committee was appointed to take the matter in hand.

The following year a committee, consisting of Rev. I. E. Dwinell, Rev. Geo. Mooar and Mr. J. M. Haven reported in favor of making overtures to representatives of various religious bodies in California, with reference to some system of co-operation in founding a Theological Seminary. They also recommended that inquiries be made whether it was practicable to place the proposed Seminary in close relationship to the Col-

lege of California. These and other recommendations were adopted.

In October, 1865, at Sacramento, a committee, consisting of Dr. Dwinell and Rev. W. C. Pond, reported a definite plan for the organization of a Congregational Theological Seminary Association, whose mission should be the establishing and maintaining a Congregational Theological Seminary in California. The General Association, in adopting their report, resolved that immediate steps be taken to establish the proposed Theological Seminary; that a meeting of friends of the object be held the following day, and that a committee be appointed to present to that meeting a suitable constitution.

On Thursday, October 11, 1866, the Seminary Association was organized, the constitution of which was recommended by a committee of which Dr. Dwinell was chairman.

During the year previous, Dr. Dwinell, in behalf of the committee, wrote to representatives of five denominations, asking whether their respective denominations would probably favor the establishment of a Union Seminary in San Francisco. In no case did he receive a favorable reply, nor did a proposition looking to some close connection of a denominational seminary with the College of California meet with favor on the part of its president.

The question which now presented itself was: "Shall the Congregationalists assume this enterprise alone? Shall we interpret the attitude of the other denominations as a providential indication that we have no further duty in the premises, or as a providential hint of the way in which we are to discharge our duty?"

"The want of a Theological Seminary in our State remains the same, an absolute necessity, in order to provide our population with a ministry sympathetic and homogeneous, and to meet the fact that Christianity everywhere carries with it the germs of its own equipment into every new country widely separated from old Christian centers, and the law that as soon as possible it must develop them there. If we (in California) cannot produce our ministers, we shall soon be incompetent to build our churches or say our prayers. Christianity must work out its ideas, evolve its germs, meet its necessities, or it droops.

"Does not Providence, in leading others to decline co-operation, direct us to undertake this work? We do not suggest, under the present aspect of facts, any other than a Congregational Seminary. It seems then that, if we ought to have a thorough and adequate Theological Seminary, the Congregationalists are the party to inaugurate a direct movement.

"The financial problem presents greater embarassments. We have few wealthy church members, and not a large church membership all told, and many of them are doing already as much as their means will justify. It would be best to begin in a humble way, avoid the expense of building, and have not more than two professors, perhaps but one, and these professorships should be endowed. It is believed that we could command the means to do so much very soon, and that Providence would provide increased means as our necessities should demand. It would be reasonable to hope that we might have some large donations. We might calculate on the warmest sympathy of all Congregationalists. Many benevolent persons not members of any church, but interested in the welfare

of the State, would aid the enterprise ; doubtless, also, some members of other denominations; and we should receive some contributions from persons in the Eastern States. On general grounds, to make the bonds of sympathy and vitality between the institution and the churches as strong as possible, it would be best to have a collection taken up in each Congregational Church every year for some object in connection with the Seminary, and this would incidentally pour a stream into the treasury."

Thus he pleads before the General Association of California in favor of establishing a seminary of sacred learning, and it is interesting to look back and see how literally almost all of his recommendations and predictions have been fulfilled.

The Pacific Theological Seminary was opened for instruction in 1869. The twelve trustees,—of whom Dr. Dwinell, until the time of his death, was one,—decided to begin the institution in an humble way. To avoid the expense of building they rented rooms on the fourth floor of a building on Montgomery street in San Francisco. At first but one professor was elected, soon a second, and these professorships were endowed. Not for twenty years was a third professorship endowed. After three years the present beautiful site of the seminary was bought, and the institution transferred to Oakland. From time to time large donations have been received. The seminary has had assurances of the warmest sympathy of Congregationalists, and large aid to the enterprise has come from men not members of any church, but interested in the welfare of the State. From Eastern States have come many thousands of dollars into the treasury, and annually contributions to the seminary have been received from some of the churches, and "Seminary Sunday" has a

recognized place in the Congregational calendar of California.

Dr. Dwinell was twice called to a professorship in the seminary. In the autumn of 1868 the trustees were ready to elect the first professor in the embryo institution. All eyes turned to the pastor in Sacramento, whose influence had been so weighty in the gradual development of plans for the founding and maintaining of the seminary.

By the unanimous vote of the Board, Dr. Dwinell was chosen to be the first professor. This action of the Board was communicated to him in the following letter by a committee consisting of Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., and J. A. Benton:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 19, 1868.

"DR. I. E. DWINELL,

"*Rev. and Dear Sir:*—The Trustees of the California Theological Seminary, guided by the action of the Seminary Association, at its recent annual meeting in the city of Oakland, have elected you as first professor or acting president of the seminary. They reached this result with entire unanimity, and with the most earnest hope that you will accede to their wishes and accept the appointment.

"The undersigned were chosen a committee to acquaint you with the action of the trustees, and solicit your favorable consideration of their proposals.

"We are instructed to offer you a salary of three thousand dollars per annum, payable monthly in U. S. gold coin; and to apprise you that it is the wish of the trustees that your first effort should be directed to the completion of the first endowment of $25,000. They believe that the successful issue of this effort will leave you at liberty to commence a course of the-

ological instruction by the 1st of January, 1869. Already, since the action of the trustees, we have received a subscription of $1000 to our Seminary Fund.

"The undersigned can urge nothing in regard to the strong and pressing claims of the institution whose practical working is thus sought to be inaugurated, which does not already rest with equal force upon your own mind. We feel fully the importance of the field of pastoral labor which you now occupy, and know the success and faithfulness of your service in that field. We can understand something of the sacrifice it will be for an attached and united people to relinquish such a ministry, and the violence to your own heart of sundering ties so dear and sacred, of such long continuance.

"But it is our judgment that the good to be accomplished in laying the foundation of a system of theological instruction in such an institution as is proposed, and helping to equip successive bands of spiritual laborers for this great harvest field of the farthest West now white unto the reaping, may well outweigh with yourself and the beloved church of which you are pastor all the persuasives that hold you fast in that fellowship.

"We beseech God to give you to us and to the cause which we plead.

"It is the desire of the Trustees, if you accept this appointment, that you should enter upon the duties of the office to which they invite you as near to the 1st of November as you can bring the conclusion of your present engagements.

"Fraternally yours,

"In behalf of the Trustees of the Theo. Sem. of Cal.

"A. L. Stone.

"J. A. Benton."

His reply shows how he magnified the importance of the field to which he had been called. It does not show how he shrank from leaving an important pastorate among a people who loved him most enthusiastically, to enter an untried field and an institution as yet without a pupil. His letter of resignation as pastor at Sacramento reveals this. The letter of acceptance is as follows :

"*To Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., and Rev. J. A. Benton, Com. of Trustees of Cal. Theol. Sem. Ass'n,*

"DEAR BRETHREN :

"With much painstaking and prayer I have considered the action of the Trustees of the Cal. Theol. Seminary, communicated to me in your letter dated Oct. 19th inst., inviting me to be the first professor or acting president of the Seminary.

"I shrink from the arduousness of such an undertaking, in 'the days of small things,' of an institution of this kind, among a people who generally have little preparation or sympathy for it, and little appreciation of its necessity.

"But the importance of the enterprise in relation to the whole future of Christianity and civilization on this coast, and the influence which this western side of the continent is to have on the eastern, and also on the commerce of the Pacific and the destiny of the races to the west of us, makes me feel that it may be my duty to accept, and to work with you and others in the capacity named, in founding a school for the training of Christian ministers for this vast field.

"If I refuse to do so, I am afraid I shall grieve Christ. But if Christ calls to this work, he calls not one person but the churches. He calls the Christian

people of California. In calling me you only accept Christ's call, you do not fulfill and terminate it; it still is resting on you. This conviction gives me heart and hope. I shall only be a fellow worker in a common cause, working with you, working with and for the churches, in some respects your and their organ. But without these bonds of a living sympathy and union and co-operation, I shall be powerless and useless. Only a few things I can do, the rest you and the good people of California and the land must do.

"Soon I trust you will be able to call other and better hands to share your work in the Seminary with me. I shall need them and welcome them.

"With the conviction that this is to be a co-work, and with the understanding, which need hardly be named, that the institution is to be conducted on a broad catholic basis of Christian learning, in spirit to be conservative of the wisdom and the truth of the past, in methods and applications to be alive to the wants of the time and region, it is my intention at an early day to tender my resignation as pastor, and request a council to advise on the question of my dismission. I prefer, however, not to enter into the service of the trustees till the 1st of January, and then as a professor."

The letter resigning the pastorate in order to accept the professorship is as follows:

"*To the First Congregational Church of Christ in Sacramento, and the Society connected therewith,*

"Dear Brethren and Friends:

"In consequence of the action of the Trustees of the California Theological Seminary Association, requesting me to become the first professor of the Seminary, and to be ready to begin a course of instruction on the

1st of January, I have concluded, after much reflection and prayer, that it is my duty to tender you the resignation of my pastoral office with a view to accepting.

"It is but just to say that I have not sought nor desired the proposed change, and that I have come to this conclusion with misgiving and sorrow. You have borne yourselves toward me and my family kindly and generously. I have become warmly attached to you, to my work here and the place; and now to leave as pastor a united, devoted, generous people, increasing in strength and ability, and just coming into possession of long-sought blessings,—in a place which has been struggling up against great obstacles, but is now entering on a career of large and unquestioned prosperity, a position commanding public respect and honor and abounding in the solace of noble Christian communings,—and engage in an enterprise which must be very humble at first, which fails to impress even many good people as a prime necessity, which rests on faith in ideas and spiritual forces, faith in God and in his kingdom on earth, and which aims principally at the good of the future and at future results, and this with no motives of wealth or ease or gain or more attractive labor or greater immediate usefulness influencing the decision, requires no little moral courage, and with the uncertainties still enveloping many of the elements of the subject, more sacrifice than I have at all times felt like making.

"But I reflect on the sublime position which Providence indicates that this State is to hold in the civilization of the future, as a citadel of the American Republic on the Pacific Coast, the key to the Orient, and the western side of the moral balance-wheel of the Continent. I foresee that it is to be occupied by teeming

millions, some of whom, a mixed population, are on the way from the ends of the earth, and know that these must be met and moulded by Christian institutions and influences or we shall lose our grand opportunity and fail of our sublime mission. I remember that to do this we must begin at the commencement of the life of the States, and dig deep and build strong and lay moral foundations, and that among the most essential of these is the means for raising up a supply of Christian ministers for all the counties, towns and settlements now existing, and hereafter to be in this vast domain, and that years must be consumed before any adequate supply can be secured, even if we begin now. I call all this to mind, and I feel that the work of training young men for the Christian ministry under these circumstances may have more imperative claims on me than the ministerial work of a single parish, and that the service of laying the foundation (though it be for the present out of sight,) for a future supply of preachers of the gospel may be more pleasing to the Master and more useful to the future generations than to occupy a single pulpit, though it be a conspicuous and important one.

"Accordingly I tender you my resignation, to take effect on the first of January, and request you to unite with me in calling a council to advise in the premises, and, if deemed best, to recommend the termination of the pastoral relation at that time.

"Yours in Christian love and fellowship,

"I. E. DWINELL.

"Sacramento, Nov. 17, 1868."

At the thought of losing this beloved pastor and honored citizen all Sacramento arose as one man. His

church and congregation took immediate measures to induce him to withdraw his resignation. Business men not connected with his parish joined in the effort to persuade him to remain in Sacramento. Meetings were called, and a committee of the church and also a joint committee of the church and society presented to him the unanimous request of the church, the congregation and the society that he should withdraw the resignation. The sympathy, affection and appreciation of his labors, as disclosed at this time, were very gratifying to him. Less of a Puritan than he might at once have yielded to such an exhibition of enthusiastic devotion. "I fully appreciate these kindly feelings," is his reply to the church and society, "but the question of duty in reference to the call to the Theological Seminary is one that so relates to the interests of all the churches on this coast that I do not feel at liberty to decline it without the advice of a council."

He then urges that the question be discussed in the community, and be carried before the council as one that in great measure was to turn, not on personal considerations, but on the relative claims of the fields. "Therefore with all love and good-will to the church and society, and with due deference to the action of a council, to whom the question may be submitted, I now make my resignation, as much as in me lies, final."

On the fifteenth day of December an Ecclesiastical Council of Congregational Churches assembled at the church in Sacramento. A large congregation of Sacramentans assembled also.

Members of the council, prominent among them Dr. A. L. Stone, sought to convince the church that the call of the seminary to their pastor was none other

than the call of God. The feeling of the church was, however, so intense, and the evidence of Dr. Dwinell's eminent usefulness as a pastor in the capital of California was so strong, that the most ardent advocates in the council of Dr. Dwinell's transfer to the seminary could not advise the dissolution of the pastoral relation.

To the great joy of his church, and the general satisfaction of the community, Dr. Dwinell remained in Sacramento.

His second call to a professorship was at the close of his long pastorate at Sacramento. The chair to which he was called in 1868 was soon filled by Rev. J. A. Benton, the immediate and only predecessor of Dr. Dwinell in the pastorate of the Sacramento church. Subsequently Rev. Geo. Mooar, then pastor of the First Congregational Church in Oakland, was called to a professorship. For years, while the need of more instruction was very great, the way did not open for securing it. Meantime the seminary had been sending year by year young men into California churches, and the mission fields of Mexico, Africa and China. A score of students were annually in attendance. Dr. Dwinell having returned from months of travel in Palestine and Europe, was scarcely back in California again, when the trustees of the seminary called him to the chair of Homiletics—a chair not yet endowed. This position he accepted, and began instruction in September, 1884. The permanent endowment of his professorship was subsequently given, out of personal esteem for him by his friends, Messrs. C. P. Huntington, Moses Hopkins and Mrs. Charles Crocker, the first and the last of whom had been attendants, in former days, upon his ministry in Sacramento. This

chair he occupied, with great enjoyment on his part and with great satisfaction to his pupils, until his life work was ended.

In his two-fold relation to the seminary as trustee and teacher, he aimed to build up a Christian institution that should be upon a firm financial basis, and that should be the peer of any in the land in thoroughness of instruction, in catholicity of spirit, and in evangelical influence over young men. To this end he builded unceasingly alongside his brethren in the boards of trustees and instruction. Letters and memoranda that he has left behind show that in season and out of season he brought the seminary, its needs and its progress, to the attention of men and women, East and West, whom he hoped to interest in its welfare. Letters not a few were written to young men, whose attention was attracted or hoped to be drawn to the Christian ministry. While in Honolulu, less than a year before his death, he plead for the foundation of an Hawaiian scholarship, by means of which natives of the Islands might receive preparation in America for a ministry among their own people. He felt that the seminaries in the United States have a mission not only along the western coast of America, but also among the islands of the Pacific, and in Japan and China. But while he sought gifts for the institution from others, he himself withheld not his own offerings. He gave generously while living, and left to be bestowed after his death one thousand dollars as a permanent fund for the seminary library.

His best gift, however, was himself. The strength of his intellect, the richness of his culture, the clearness of his judgment, his experience, his influence among men, and his living faith in God were always

upon the altar, ready to be offered in behalf of the seminary. While recalling gratefully the noble services and sacrifices of others who stood side by side with him in establishing and maintaining the Pacific Theological Seminary, one cannot fail to recognize the great influence of Dr. Dwinell in the organization and subsequent upbuilding of this School of the Prophets. It was fitting that he who, for more than a score of years, had labored *for* the seminary, should be found at life's close laboring *within* its walls. He built not only *for* young men, but shared with others in building *them* up, that they might safely be set for the defense of the gospel.

The Seminary was no sooner fairly established than the Trustees organized a boarding and day school for boys, known first as Golden Gate Academy, and later as Hopkins Academy. This school shared Dr. Dwinell's wise counsels and earnest prayers, but, for the most part, its interests are so allied to those of the seminary, that much of what has already been said concerning one applies to both.

For three years, however, from 1884 to 1887, Dr. and Mrs. Dwinell lived at the Academy, their daughter Mrs. Jewett, with her family, having their home there, Mr. Jewett being at that time principal of the school.

During these years Dr. Dwinell was brought into close and pleasant relations to the young men and boys. His interest in them frequently manifested itself. He met them socially and in their meetings for prayer. He addressed them from time to time,—now on his travels, or some other subject of interest to them, and again with tenderness of speech exalting in their hearts the wisdom and love of the Great Teacher.

Many of those who were then pupils in the academy have spoken or written most appreciatively of the good friend who went in and out among them during those three years. Thus he built himself into the lives of young men, and planned and prayed that this preparatory school might be a nursery of strong Christian character, as well as a center of high intellectual training.

From the day that the College of California, a Christian institution, was surrendered to the University of California—a State institution entirely secular,—Dr. Dwinell felt that the work of founding a Christian college in the State must be again undertaken. He greatly deplored and regretted the loss to the Christian community of the vantage ground that had been gained with great difficulty. With clear vision he saw that California Congregationalists would suffer immeasurably without a college of high rank, that should take the place waiting for it between the Christian Academy and the Theological Seminary. More than this, he felt that the tendency to secularism, to materialism, to infidelity in other forms, was destined to gain momentum on the Pacific coast, unless the Christian church used every means in its power to withstand the tendency. He felt that as Christianity has been the guiding star of our historic civilization, so also must it be here and elsewhere its moving spirit. "What we want and must have," he wrote, "to save the State, is all the agencies and forces of the Gospel of Christ in full, broad play over the plains and among the mountains. This Christian influence, penetrating the homes, the schools, the places of business; moulding the character of the young and the old; making the people kind and righteous; lifting them up in character and worth and wisdom—this will save the State."

With such convictions burdening him, it is easily to be seen why he insisted that the chain of Christian institutions, within the denomination to which he belonged, should have all its links.

A few months before his death he prepared a series of propositions on a Christian College, which were to be presented, in behalf of a committee of which he was chairman, to the General Association of California at its approaching meeting. He did not live to present them, but the paper was submitted to the Association. It was the last time he was represented in the councils of the churches of California. Being dead he yet spoke, pleading that one more institution of learning dedicated to Christ and His Church be founded by Californian Congregationalists. The propositions referred to are as follows :

### A Christian College.

"1. There must be Christian schools of the collegiate rank, to furnish leaders of Christian thought and Christian enterprises. If Christianity gives up the educational problem, and abandons the education of those who are to be its leaders and defenders to institutions where Christianity is ignored, it is doomed. It must provide the highest and best educational helps, where its friends can drink wisdom from the very fount of God, in order to live.

2. Civilization, as well as Christianity, demands the Christian college. If the public welfare requires that there should be Christian ministers, editors, teachers, and managers of Christian institutions and enterprises, and if the State would suffer a total moral collapse if there were not men trained to occupy these positions, there must be the Christian college somewhere to furnish them.

3. There is at present no prospect of any such institution to meet the wants of our Congregational churches in all the northern part of our State; yet this part of the State is as large as all of New England, and contains three-fourths of the area and of the population of the whole State, and more than three-fourths of its wealth.

4. The higher Christian education has ever been regarded as a special mission of Congregationalists. Elsewhere one of their first enterprises in settling a new State has been to found a Christian college. They have not only provided for their own wants, but furnished an overplus for other denominations and the good of the State at large. Yet forty years have elapsed, and this hereditary privilege and honor of Congregationalists still lies before us in this rich and teeming and wealthy land.

5. The Christian college is in no sense antagonistic to the State institutions. It helps them and is in turn helped by them.

6. The Congregational college is in its whole spirit and genius simply Christian; all other Christian colleges are sectarian in comparison.

7. If we do not provide for Christian education in this part of the State, other denominations will; and we shall be dependent on them, or be obliged to send our sons away; or we shall abandon the desire of having any leadership in raising up master-minds for coming generations.

8. The critical period of education is when the pupil is passing out from the absorbing age, the age of receiving instruction, to the age of thinking for himself, and crystalizing his thoughts around his own personality, and becoming the master of himself. That

is the time when he needs especially to be under the quickening influences of the Christian college, to put him safely on his feet.

9. Experience is beginning to show that the effectiveness of education is not so much dependent on the number of elective courses offered to the student, as upon the personal enthusiasm centered on a limited number of the last disciplinary studies. The small college, with its concentration and magnetism, has often proved more than a match for the large college, with its platitudes and thinness and looseness.

10. The university idea and method, aspired after by so many ambitious colleges, is properly fit only for those who have passed the college grade. Thrust forward and down from its proper place — professional studies and the higher reaches of science and philosophy — to collegiate studies, it is out of place, and is weakening and distracting to the highest educational force.

11. It is a mistake to suppose that it is necessary that a large sum should be in sight to justify the beginning of a Christian college. Very few of the 333 Christian colleges in the United States began in that way. They began poor, and struggled on through many years of poverty. That is the normal way for a Christian college to begin, expanding as it needs expansion and knows how to expand. In this way fewer mistakes are made, more of the self-sacrificing spirit enters it, and it stands in warmer relation to the churches.

12. Education in the Christian college costs the public, the founders, less than education in the State institutions. Rev. H. D. Jenkins has shown in the *Interior* that education in the 55 state and secular institutions of the highest grade in the United States, with

their 10,824 students, costs the public $200 a year to educate a pupil; while in the 333 Christian colleges, with 38,355 students, it costs only $90 a year each.

13. The starting of a college in an earnest and determined way, on faith and self-sacrifice, though with a small beginning, will soon become a center of sympathy and effort — something for the friends of Christian education to work around and towards. There may be years of hard struggle, but the time will come when wealthy men will be glad to give their hundreds of thousands to it.

14. What is first of all needed is the conviction that we must have a Christian college, and then throw ourselves upon our wits and the leadings of Providence to find out the best way to secure one.

15. If $50,000 could be raised to put a first-class professor in Hopkins Academy, to carry students forward in collegiate studies, a beginning might be made to meet wants that already exist. As the want increased, the question might still be an open one, whether to build up the college on the basis of Hopkins Academy, or transfer the professorship to another organization, and have the college an entirely separate institution."

Many of these propositions read like axioms. They need no demonstration, they admit of no argument. Together they carry great weight, and without doubt only the pressing necessities of the institutions already founded have interfered with efforts to found in Central California a college like Pomona and Forest Grove.

Still another institution of learning claimed the counsels of Dr. Dwinell. When the founders of Mills Seminary in California placed that prosperous school

for young ladies in the hands of a permanent Board of Trustees, Dr. Dwinell, upon the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Mills, accepted a position as Trustee, and in time became the second President of the Board.

Later, the institution received a charter as a college for young women, and at the time of his death Dr. Dwinell was Vice-President of the Board of Trustees.

The following tributes sufficiently explain his relation to the college, and his labors in its behalf:

[Extract from a sermon preached in Mills College by Rev. Geo. Mooar, D.D., from the text, "I have no man like minded who will naturally care for your state."]

"Is it any wonder that a man so full in his endowment should have the passion for taking part in such institutions as this, and certain rare qualifications for the part he was to take? That part was not, indeed, like that which the founders of this institution or the great donors elsewhere have had. It was the part of counsel, of careful scrutiny, of helpful suggestion, made not by one who stood outside or afar off, but by one who had so identified himself with the work begun and in progress here that he could no more forget it than his right hand could forget its cunning. And it was so ordered that the very last remains of bodily and mental strength that were left to be consumed in any public service were consumed on this spot, offered up indeed on this very platform. For he went immediately hence to learn that the harp of a thousand strings could keep in tune no longer.

The reason, certainly the reason above all others, why he came to be so identified here, was that he was assured that these grounds, buildings and foundations

had been consecrated to the Name which is above every name. For while there was so much in the intellect of Dr. Dwinell to admire, and his training and acquirement were so sympathetic with all learning as to make him at home among scientific and literary men anywhere, yet the most admirable thing to us who knew him day by day was his simple but most thorough Christian loyalty. He was like-minded with Paul and Timothy, because he had "the mind which was also in Christ Jesus," and which is so wonderfully set forth in a passage of the same Philippian Epistle. This loyalty was one of conviction and of consistency; it penetrated his life like leaven, and had been in life's discipline kneaded into every particle. But it was adoration also. More than once in the quiet of our morning hour of prayer at the seminary, this self-restrained man was barely able, even in his suppressed emotion, to finish the praise and petition with which his soul was charged.

Could such a man count a young man or young woman in any highest sense educated, even though accomplished in the sciences and the arts, if the heart and mind had never felt the power, persuasion and moulding of the love that passeth knowledge?"

At a meeting of the Trustees of Mills College, the following report of a special committee was adopted:

### In Memoriam.

"The Trustees of Mills College hereby place on record their sense of the loss sustained in the death of the late Dr. Israel E. Dwinell, a member of their Board. His decease was not only a great loss to this institution,

but having by his eminent attainments as a scholar, divine and author won both a state and national reputation, his loss was also recognized in this wider sense.

Dr. Dwinell had devoted the maturer years of his life to pastorates in Salem, Mass., and in Sacramento, closing his active and useful life as a professor in the Theological Seminary at Oakland, and as Vice-President and Chairman of the Educational Committee of this Board. His services in the latter office were rendered at a critical time in the history of the institution.

Dr. Dwinell was a wise counselor and a steadfast friend. He had the clearest convictions of duty, and he followed these bravely and honestly, uninfluenced by clamor or unfriendly criticism. He had that clear discernment and sharp spiritual insight—the clarified vision—that seemed to fulfill the Scripture declaration that the path of the just shall be brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Dr. Dwinell gave freely his time and energies to this college. His last public service was rendered in its behalf. He had carefully taken account of its larger field of usefulness, and its great opportunities. To him the institution had become of far greater importance than any individual interest. He appreciated the munificent gift which had been made by the founders to the public. He stood in the relation of a foster parent, and to the last he cherished this child of his love as the apple of his eye. He watched over its interests. His sense of the trust was uppermost. He would not consent that caprice, hypocrisy, or any want of moral fibre should stand in the way of its prosperity. He was faithful unto the end. He was everywhere the Christian gentleman, the accomplished

scholar, and the steadfast friend of all who had won his confidence.

He has gone before, but there is left to us that memory of his unselfish work, and the grace and beauty of a noble life.

WM. C. BARTLETT,
Chairman of the Committee."

## CHAPTER XV.

### A CHRISTIAN LEADER.

For many years Dr. Dwinell was a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Throughout his ministry he was a generous contributor to its treasury. Unceasingly he sought to raise the standard of benevolent giving in his congregation, and by "monthly concerts" of prayer, by frequent sermons, and by the distribution of missionary literature, he sought to arouse interest in the work of the American Board. Whenever possible he attended its annual meetings, and was prominent in its discussions.

He came to the defense of the Prudential Committee in the controversy introduced at the meeting of the Board at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1886, not because he deprecated investigation and discussion of doctrines and of methods, but because he felt that the issue pressed at Des Moines and subsequently was "in the interest of a policy that is absolutely revolutionary." It was not that a questionable doctrine was broached, but that he felt it was being "diligently propagated," to the injury of the cause of Missions. "The American Board," he felt, "was founded, among other things, on the belief that probation is limited to this life. * * The Apostle Paul preached a gospel that was good news for sinners in this life. All the other Apostles and primitive disciples, so far as we have any

intimation, preached a gospel that was good news for sinners in this world. * * * The Prudential Committee will do well to wait for further instructions before it becomes a party to sending out one who, though he comes in the guise of an apostle or an angel from heaven, preaches any other gospel than that which Christ and the apostles preached."

This was his position. The hypothesis of probation after death would have arrested his attention, and might have arrayed against it his powerful pen, under any circumstances; but his active participation in a controversy that for several years threatened the unity of the Congregational denomination was brought about through the attitude of the "New Departure" movement toward the American Board.

This movement in all its relations deeply interested and pained Dr. Dwinell. Although far removed, geographically, from Andover and Boston, he quickly stood in the foremost rank of those who controverted the Andover hypothesis. By voice in meetings of the American Board, and by pen in the religious press, he maintained the historical position of the Congregational churches, as expressed by their confessions of faith, or implied, as he believed, by their silence,—that the judgment turns upon the deeds done in the body.

In *The Independent*, *The Advance* and *The Pacific* he presented his views on the subject at issue, with a strength of argument that, by many, was regarded as unanswerable. Especially vigorous and effective were several articles in *The Independent*, entitled, "Side Lights on Questions under Discussion." In one of these is a passage that may be taken as representing his idea of true Conservatism:—"Progress is only such movement as is along the line of *Truth*. The

cause which is the subject of this progress is, at every point of that line, in a state of unstable equilibrium, having elements in it which mighty forces from beneath fasten on and tug at to draw it on, at first apparently forward, but really down, down, toward perdition, and elements which celestial forces, finer, more spiritual, more divine, fasten on to draw it upward. It is only by eternal vigilance and self-sacrifice by the friends of Truth, at all these points, that the forces from beneath, which have *Progress* for their watchword, are resisted, and the celestial forces, which lead to real *Progress*, followed. The great progress which theology has made during the last century and a half it has made by a mighty resistance, at a thousand points, to tendencies and drifts which were pulling it in the direction of error, and which were heralded by their advocates as measures of Progress. * * *

"How presumptuous, how fatal, in the face of the facts of history, to assume that mere stepping onward is a movement in the direction of the day!

"Holding to the Truth, even at a snail's pace, with the eye fixed on it and the face beaming with it, not mere stepping, stepping, stepping onward, no matter how rapidly or grandly, in an unknown direction, is the one divine and eternal mark of the party of progress. To find the progressive party, then, we must look for those who meet the tests of truth. These, we Congregationalists, by all our traditions and genius, believe we find in *God's Word*. They who hold to the light and to the tests *issuing from that*, are the ones who are headed toward the *Coming Day*."

Dr. Dwinell's motives in entering into such a controversy as is referred to above are truthfully expressed in an editorial in *The Pacific*, written by his friend and

colaborer, Rev. Dr. Benton. "He would stand for nothing except in conscience. He must regard himself as ethically right, or he would not *move* at all; and when he felt that the right was with himself he would not *be moved* at all. In the recent conflicts that have disturbed the American Board, for instance, as a Corporate Member, the conservative side seemed to him gigantically the side of honor, right and righteousness, and his whole nature poured itself into pen, speech and action for that side of the conflict, and for the success of the Board in the line of its antecedents."

In other directions Dr. Dwinell was prominent as a Christian leader. An early advocate of the National Council of Congregational Churches, he took part in those held in Oberlin in 1871, in New Haven in 1874, and in Worcester in 1889. At New Haven he was an Assistant Moderator. At Worcester he preached the opening sermon.

His text was from Isaiah 55 : 4; "Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples." His subject was "*Christ among the Peoples.*"

In this sermon, speaking of the part the denomination to which he belonged has in Christian work for the country and the world, he says: — "It certainly will not be by our numbers or ecclesiastical importance that we shall act a prominent part in that bright future, but by our ideas, principles, spirit—the Christ in us. Palestine was an insignificant territory, yet it gave religion to the world; Greece, but a patch of soil, yet it developed ideas of grace and beauty for the race. It is not size that determines leadership.

"Our influence in the kingdom of God has already far outreached our numbers. We have put not a little

life into other denominations, not only by scions grafted in them, but by radiation and diffusion of spirit. The Congregational genius—orderly liberty and willing harmony, or freedom and unity—has invaded and tinged all the other bodies of Christians in the land. The Congregational spirit is a sun among the polities; and whether seen on its daily rounds, at its rising above Plymouth Rock, or glittering from the lakes in meridian splendor, or as it goes out at the Golden Gate for the Islands and Japan, on its way round the earth, it is everywhere the same sun. Its influence belts the globe. Christ is Congregationalizing the denominations, and cardinals, bishops, assemblies, conferences are gradually yielding before the omnipresent, gigantic, conscious lay-awakening it fosters. The Evangelical Alliance, the Pan-Presbyterian Councils, the conventions in the interest of Christian and ecclesiastical union, are monuments Congregationalwise—possibly forecast gleams of something larger, richer, diviner hereafter. Every one sees the tendency, every one knows it, though every one may not give due credit to the historical source. * * *

"So much we have now to give [autonomy of the individual ecclesiastical systems and the principle of fellowship]. Whatever more we shall be able to give will depend on how much more of Christ we shall have centered and compacted in us to give Henceforth, church organization, to be successful, must be around Christ. The church of the future can have no other center."

This sermon, entire, is printed with the Minutes of the National Council of 1889.

Dr. Dwinell was one of the Committee on Credentials which had before it, at Worcester, the vexed

question of the reception of delegates from the General Conference (white) of Georgia, which had not hitherto affiliated with the General Association (colored) that had been recognized already by the Council.

At the time of his death Dr. Dwinell was a delegate to the International Congregational Conference held subsequent to his death in London, and had been selected to present a paper before that body.

In 1887 Dr. Dwinell was called to occupy a chair in one of the leading Theological Seminaries of New England. The vacancy, temporary, was likely to result, and did result, in a permanent opening, which on many accounts it would have been a great satisfaction to Dr. Dwinell to fill. For several weeks he weighed the question carefully, but finally his love for Pacific Seminary, and his regard for the necessities of the work on the Pacific Coast, led him to decline the very flattering invitation from the East, although the chair he filled in Oakland was still unendowed, and the Institution was, as yet, unable to offer its Faculty of instruction adequate compensation for their services.

Among the reasons for declining the invitation, as recorded in his diary, are disappointment to the students at Oakland, and temporary injury to the Seminary.

Thus in State and Nation, and beyond the seas, he was called to high and honorable service, and was recognized as a Christian leader, whom Robert Browning might have had in mind when he wrote :

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### TRAVELS ABROAD.

At the conclusion of his pastorate Dr. and Mrs. Dwinell removed temporarily to Redwood, spending several months at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Wilcox.

Freed from pastoral care, Dr. Dwinell kept up his studious habits, writing much and reading more, yet enjoying much during the passing months the home life, the church services, and strolls and drives in the beautiful valley.

In January following, accompanied by Mrs. Dwinell, he left California for a visit to Europe and the Orient.

Going East *via* New Orleans and Nashville, where they made a brief visit with Mrs. Dwinell's brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Allen, to whom Dr. Dwinell makes reference in his account of his wedding, they proceeded to New York, whence they sailed for Liverpool.

In accordance with an understanding previously reached, they hurried on to Jerusalem, in order to overtake and thereafter accompany Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Goodell in their travels through the Orient.

Their journey included Egypt and the Holy Land, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Italy, Switzerland, France, Great Britain and Ireland. They were absent from home about seven months.

It was a period of rare enjoyment and profit to the

travelers. Dr. Dwinell—always observant, not of places only but also of peoples, their social, industrial, and religious condition—while absent wrote two series of letters to the press in San Francisco, twenty in all. Of these, twelve appeared in the *Evening Bulletin*, and eight in *The Pacific*.

His review of the characteristics of the chief cities which he visited is given in the twelfth and last of the letters to the *Bulletin*. It is original and poetical in all its descriptions, and is reproduced here as it reveals a style full of imagery not often found in his more weighty writings. It is as follows :

"WHY THE PAINTINGS OF THE GREAT MASTERS SURVIVE. CHARACTERISTICS OF FOREIGN CITIES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1, 1884.

From Naples we made a tour through Central and Northern Italy, France and Great Britain, stopping at many of the important and historical and artistic centers, seeing the sights. This brings me more within the range of your other correspondents, and of things more familiar to your readers. Besides, we were more interested in visiting the museums and galleries of art, and I confess my incompetency to enter this vast realm, and give any detailed, independent accounts to your readers. I shall content myself with a general observation on works of art, and a rapid characterization of the cities we have visited, making to them the goodly salaam.

I have been everywhere struck with this fact, that the works of the great masters, which have been recognized by the ages as having supreme merit, and

which are held up as the world's master-pieces, are marked by great simplicity, and an entire absence of the sensational or appeals to foreign grounds of interest. The artist throws away everything that does not help bring out the ideal conception. He thinks more of expression, soul, character, than of striking attitudes, drapery, circumstances ; though these things are carefully thought of, subordinated and harmonized to the leading idea, not to attract attention to themselves. So simple are the great works, and so little that is meretricious is there about them, that at first one is likely to feel a little disappointment in seeing them ; and not till he ceases to expect the striking, and is in a good mood to rise calmly and collectedly to the ideal world, can he see and feel their supreme worth. The sensationalist dies ; the true artist who despises the cheap applause of the day, arising from sensational appeals, lives, and after generations pronounce him great. Does not the same principle apply in other departments—in poetry, in oratory, in character, in a useful life ? If Praxitiles, Phidias, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Canova, Thorwalsden, must subordinate the sensational to the ideal, the striking to the true, must not the orator do it, and the preacher, and that greater artist who is engaged in shaping his own self-hood or living a good life among men ?

### Individuality of Great Cities.

Having traveled and visited many cities, I find, as I look back over them, that each stands out with an individuality of its own. Something in its situation, its conduct, its population, its appearance, casts over it a distinctive color, in which it spontaneously rises

before my imagination. It is interesting to me to look back over the stately array, and see them as a procession of fair women, arrayed in these fresh and characteristic colors. These distinctive colors are not exhaustive. They do not exclude other tints ; they are not so pronounced that other persons might not see and designate them differently ; but they are there, and I will give those of some of the most prominent of the cities.

Alexandria sits demurely by the sea, an oriental maiden attracted to the sandy shore of the Mediterranean, to barter her spices, silks, mats, with the infidel, concluding to remain there and wander no more.

Jaffa lifts up her head from a rocky cliff, and with one hand salutes the Mediterranean, and with the other welcomes the caravans from Damascus and Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is still the child of faith, dwelling where little grows, where there is naturally little trade or commerce, or manufacturing ; drawing her supplies mysteriously from the rocks and skies ; yet different races, different religions, different civilizations believe in her and huddle together about her, awaiting something that does not appear.

Jerusalem, sitting alone on the rocky mountain side of Judea, is the sublime child of faith, coming of faith in the past, looking forward to the future by faith.

Damascus is the fair Naiad issuing from the Abana or Baroda, mysteriously changing its musical waters into olive groves, tropical luxuriance and a teeming population, and sitting in queenly robes, with her feet in the sands of the desert of the Hauran, amidst mosques and minarets and robed men, smoking the nargileh on divans, or by playing fountains and cooling streams.

Beirut, standing proudly on a peninsula-shaped headland on one side of a beautiful crescent bay, is the commercial or moral mistress of Syria, sending the currents of life up the French highway to Damascus, as the heart sends the blood through the arteries to the head.

Smyrna is the mistress of two ages and civilizations, reposing on a quiet plateau by the sea, welcoming the commerce of the West, guarding the grave of Polycarp, and the manners and forms of the East.

Constantinople, at a distance, is the sightliest of the cities, but on approaching near you see she wears a mask, and behind that mask you perceive restlessness, discontent, perfidy, and sullen waiting for revolution or chaos.

Athens is the bride of the cities. She holds in one hand a broken marble, pointing to the ruins of her art in the heroic ages—the art which has conquered the world—and in the other, the scepter of new springing power.

Naples, as we approach it by steamer from the South and around the point, rises up out of the sea as a charming, timid apparition, shrinking away from Vesuvius, who holds a smoking firebrand in one hand shaking it over her head, and yet afraid to go in the other direction, as he thrusts his other hand into his subterranean pocket, touching secret springs that let off convulsions in Ischia and the regions beyond her.

Rome, the attractive, the interesting, the historic, the hider and revealer of the secrets of her mother, the "Mistress of the World," sitting in a royal way on her seven hills, full as she is of art and history, is nothing else in form so much as she is a saint. She is the high priestess in her tent of the cities of the earth.

Religion is scrolled upon her buildings outside and inside, on her streets, on her calendar, on her garments, on her food and manners. I do not know how far this sainthood strikes in, or what it is worth. I speak only of color.

Florence, one of the queens, reposes half asleep, half awake, in a beautiful cradle of the Appenines, dreaming over the splendors of the past, displaying still a matchless profusion of art treasures, and beguiling those who come under the influence of her charms through labyrinths of plastic and painted beauty.

Venice, the daughter of commerce, sits with her feet in the Adriatic, snuffing the breezes of the sea, browned and weather-beaten, and her white robes soiled, as she has toyed with the gondoliers and water-sprites so long.

Paris is the city of sentiment. Not so much ideas or principles, or even prudence or policy, as sentiment reigns. The inspiration of her patriotism is the love of glory; of her letters and her arts, the desire to gratify artificial demands and tastes, rather than to portray ideal truth, or to exalt humanity; of her efforts in dress and manners, to create and maintain a blind, imperial goddess, Fashion, and compel others to worship at her shrine. Sentiment is the height and depth, length and breadth of the popular feeling. It is curious to note that painters and sculptors in Paris do not rely on the expression of soul, of character in their works, so much as on extrinsic circumstances, sensational attitudes, combinations, adjuncts. If you see a statue of liberty on a column in a public square, she is represented as standing on tiptoe on one foot, throwing the other far up in the air behind, leaning far forward with a flaming torch in her hand, and her wings

spread, as if eager to leave the spot and fly away to the ends of the earth; while your whole thought is absorbed in the figure, and you have no interest in the face. You see no character, no truth, no ideal. You have a sensational display. Yet Paris, in her clean robes, is attractive and beautiful.

London is the irreducible mystery. I have been in it longer than in any other foreign city, traversed it more in all directions and all ways, and it is a mystery to me still. Its "streets," "roads," "rows," "places," "courts," "squares,"—all these terms being used in different places with a constancy of application and an apparent absence of any reason for it, in many cases quite wonderful—run in all directions, having neither plan nor system. They are straight, crooked, curved; they have outlets; they have none; they are intercepted by gates, bars, and posts. Some are open for foot passengers only, some for pleasure carriages, not for cabs; some for all these and not for trucks; and a personal knowledge of each is necessary to know which. The city has grown,—it has not been built. It reminds me of the devil-fish, a good-natured devil-fish, a devil-fish with the devil left out. It began by a small fortress on the eminence now known as Ludgate or Tower Hill, called *Llyn-dun* or "Hill Fortress by the Pool." It was soon surrounded in the region by many hamlets and villages, each with its own arrangement of streets, and with peculiar exclusive rights of some of its citizens in the ownership of land and other properties. Now it was its nature to grow indefinitely, and, as it grew, it stretched out its arms, and drew itself around first one and then another of these towns, not to devour and absorb them, not to crush them, or destroy their peculiar local individuality and autonomy,

but, on the contrary, to introduce its own vitality, resources and power into it. London, consequently, is the combination of hundreds of separate villages, with all their original streets having their first names, vested rights and peculiarities intact. London first lost itself in them, and then they lost themselves in London. Hence, as you travel over it, you find hundreds of separate commercial centers, manufacturing centers, educational centers, literary and artistic centers, and eleemosynary and governmental centers. There is nothing elsewhere like it in the world. Like the English political constitution, it has grown, and not been made.

Here, also, is the secret of its strength, and of the vitality of the articulation of its parts; of the wonder that four and a half millions of people—more than the population of all Scotland—can live together in peace and harmony under one roof, while no one mind or government grasps the situation, or looks upon more than one side of the civil mystery, the side nearest it. A bill is now before Parliament for the formation of one centralized government over the whole city, but it is doubtful whether as much may not be lost in the want of flexibility and adaptation of such a system, as may be gained in overcoming the present want of unity and questions of conflicting jurisdiction; while the amount of local responsibility and interest for the management of municipal affairs would be very much diminished.

Liverpool is the child of the modern era, of the new civilization, the civilization of cotton and commerce, manufacturing and money making. For the past one hundred and twenty years it has regularly doubled its population, and its wealth every twenty years. It is England looking out to America and the world; it is American in its spirit and genius, looking in upon

England, and astonishing it with its activity and enterprise.

Edinburgh, the gaily attired daughter of the North, has charms that none of her sisters have. In situation, she is of the type of the highlands. Architecturally, though using stone exclusively, she has overcome its difficulties, and arrayed herself most picturesquely. Her airy gables, dormer windows, turrets and high cylinder chimneys, together with the intermingling of buildings of various forms and sizes, breaking the monotony of blocks and streets, and bringing out striking reliefs and effects, produce a general appearance, as one glances over its wide stretches of buildings, of one vast interconnected Gothic pile. Doubtless, the architecture of separate buildings looked at in detail would be quite open to criticism on the basis of any one classic standard ; but in general effect, when one is not hypercritical, and is ready to be pleased with what is picturesque and attractive in combination, Edinburgh is a beautiful city. The separate leaves of a tree may not be beautiful, the individual limbs may not be attractive, the single tree may be open to criticism, but the combination of leaves, limbs and trees in a forest, when viewed at a distance, is nearly always beautiful. Critics, who carry the eye of a Ruskin to each building and each part of the building, may criticise Edinburgh and go into raptures over Venice ; but an eye that contemplates the effect of combination will pronounce Edinburgh a beautiful city, in comparison with the monotonous streets of Venice.

Glasgow, as a city of residences, a seat of thought and architectural beauty, is far inferior to Edinburgh, but as a commercial center it is far superior. It is in Scotland what Liverpool is in England. It is the head

of Scotland in the realm of the furnace, the loom and the counting-room.

Belfast is the sprightly Irish linen girl. She spins, weaves, embroiders, bleaches, displays the most snowy and delicate fabrics. While her sisters in the south of the Green Isles are dejected, apprehensive, pallid, she is confident and joyous. In spite of the tariff laws she wraps her snowy tissues around the sons and daughters of America, and multiplies her wealth and enlarges her borders. Long may the Irish linen girl, the last of my foreign city acquaintances, live and thrive, a bright witness to wailing, hysterical, desperate Ireland that industry, temperance and the disposition to make the best of things may lead even them to contentment, civil order and prosperity.

The following letter is the last of a series of eight that were published in *The Pacific*, of San Francisco.

## Missions in Turkey.

Constantinople is a live Protestant missionary center. Like Beirut, its influence in this respect is felt far and wide. But the intensity of the missionary life is far less visible in Constantinople than in Beirut. In Beirut the strong men of the mission have been kept close together in a much smaller city, populated by fewer nationalities, having but one ruling language, the Arabic, in which all the missionary operations can be carried on, with no great natural barrier obstructing the subtle, diffusive influence of Christianity running through the community, and dividing into separate and mutually repulsive groups. The result is, that after sixty years of strong, concentrated, patient work,

Beirut is a conspicuous, throbbing center of missionary power. It shines as a lighthouse in the dark region, the light brightest at its source, and gradually fading out, though its beams can be distinctly traced forty, sixty, and a hundred miles back in the interior. In Constantinople, on the other hand, while the men have been just as eminent for strength, learning, wisdom and piety, they have been buried in a population of a million of people, made up of three or four disconnected co-ordinate races, and six or eight other subordinate ones, with no prevalent languages, with absolute barriers dropped down through society, across which it is next to impossible for influence to pass ; and what they do to produce any perceptible effect on the place must be done separately and independently, by a prodigal multiplication of effort on the Mussulmen by the use of the Turkish language here, and the Arabic there ; on the Armenians by the help of their tongue, on the Greeks by the means of the Greek. Besides, they have been at the seat of the Turkish Government, and most exposed to its watchings, suspicions, obstructions and procrastinations.

Yet, what I call the Turkish Mission, grouping all the separate stations and missions in the empire under one head, has gained in strength and power wonderfully. The missionaries have quietly gone on mastering the languages of the divided heterogeneous population, so as to be able to reach all their neighbors, till a missionary who can preach or teach in only one foreign tongue is regarded as having but a limited preparation, and one, Mrs. Baldwin of the Brousa School, told me she could teach equally well in the Turkish, Armenian or Greek, besides the English. They have put the Bible into all the leading tongues, in good scholarly and yet popular translations.

They have planted schools, colleges and seminaries for the training of young men for the ministry, young ladies for teachers, and both for other useful positions. They have a large Bible House and printing establishment, employing about forty men, and scatter by sale one hundred thousand publications a year among the people, besides papers. Robert College has over two hundred young men, of more than twelve races, all but about forty of whom are in the college course; and when I looked on them as they assembled for morning worship, and heard them all read in concert a psalm in English—the whole instruction is in the English tongue—with slow, appreciative, emphatic, rhythmic utterance, it was an inspiring scene. The Girls' School at Scutari, just across the Bosporus, though not so large, is doing a hardly less hopeful and noble work for the women of Turkey. Here, too, the instruction is in English, that the girls may be not only educated, but educated in a language that has a literature worth reading, and making it possible for them to have intercourse with the nations having the most influence in modern civilization. This enginery, and much more, is visible about Constantinople, but the moral and civil effects on the social system as a whole are not very conspicuous in the vicinity. About Constantinople is the hiding of the moral power of the Turkish mission. It breaks out farther away in the interior. The influence which seems lost in the noisy and bitter metropolis becomes mighty and transforming in the remote districts and more homogeneous communities. If Beirut is a lighthouse shining far inland, but with ever fainter rays, Constantinople may be compared to gas works, which are comparatively invisible themselves, and have invisible connections, but cause jets of light to spring

up, and illuminate many points far from them. And yet there are changes going on in Constantinople under the influence of missionaries which show that it is not wholly lost. In passing through the Turkish bazaars, I saw a long succession of stalls packed with Turkish books of all sizes and styles and kinds of binding, an assortment as varied and numerous, I should say, in that one section, as all of Bancroft's in San Francisco would make. Such a sight, a missionary who had been in Turkey more than twenty years, who was with me, said was unknown and impossible when he went there. There is an unconscious quickening of the Turkish intellect under the influences from abroad; and it is the revolutionary religious ideas from abroad that are most feared in Turkey, and which have most to do with this renaissance. The teaching of a pure morality and benevolent living by the missionaries is gradually passing over into the teachings of the Turks, and influencing the standard of every-day living; and not a few among them, especially of the young men, are secret inquirers after the truth. The leaven is hidden, but it is at work, and I could recount cases, if it were wise to do so, which would gladden Christian hearts.

But the national and civil influence of our government in the Levant does not help our missionaries. The Turk does not respect right; he respects ironclads and bombshells. The other powers with which he has had to do have prodded his sides when he has been insolent or surly. America has taken it meekly, and talked with him about it on paper; and now the Turk has no respect for the paper talks, nor the power that relies on them. The consequence is, our Minister, General Wallace, who had tried to protect American rights, has found himself without influence with the

Sultan and Porte, and Americans feel humiliated in the East, and experience innumerable hardships and delays in carrying any measure through to a practical issue that requires the sanction of the government. In many cases they have sought the aid of the officials of the British Government, when matters required prompt action. General Wallace has found his position so hampered and uncomfortable that he has asked leave of absence, and gone home to the United States, and it is hoped by Americans in Turkey that, under his representations, our country will adopt a more vigorous policy in its dealings with that government.

The result of my observations and intercourse with American missionaries in the East is, that they are a remarkably choice body of men and women. They are in earnest for Christ and his truth ; they are bright, strong, scholarly, and have a marked and positive individuality, and yet work together in peace. Such men as Dr. Riggs, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Woods, Dr. Herrick, Dr. Dwight, of the Mission, and President Washburn, of Robert College, and Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, of the Brousa, whom I met, and others whose acquaintance I did not make, are persons who would make an impression and be a power in any community. The world cannot now appreciate the work which they are doing. After ages will reveal its proportions and beauty. Yet these noble workmen have their discouragements. They cannot see the hidings of their moral power. A fresh eye sometimes sees the significance of facts which a familiar eye overlooks. Besides, these missionaries have been annoyed by a natural result of their success. The native converts, rising from bondage to spiritual liberty, like boys making the transition from childhood to young manhood, trouble them by knowing very

much, and being very wise, and wanting to have things in their own way very much. But these annoyances, while inevitable, and sure to come sooner or later, and while they have led to much discussion, have now at least a temporary rest, under the influence of the investigations and the reports in connection with the American Board last year. Things are moving on smoothly now on the surface. There is no doubt there are different views of policy and wisdom, but the work could not have had the characteristics of Protestant Christianity if there were not.

While on this journey abroad he wrote the following letter to his grandchildren, which is here given a place, not only because these same grandchildren take an interest in this memorial volume, but also because his letter shows his interest in them, and his efforts to write that which would please them:

"PARIS, FRANCE, June 8, 1884.

"DEAR GRANDCHILDREN, BLANCHE, GERTRUDE, MARY AND EDSON.

"I put your names down in this order, because I think you will get this letter in this order.

"I have seen a great many little children since we saw you, but I have seen none that I liked so much as you. In fact, I think we have four of the nicest little grandchildren in the world, and how glad your grandma and I shall be to get back and see you.

"Today is Sunday, and we are in a country where we cannot tell what people say. We wanted to go to church where a man preaches so that we can understand him; but just as we were all ready it began to rain very hard. We could not go to church, and we felt very badly.

"You can't tell how droll it is to be among people and not be able to tell what they say, nor to tell them what you want to. Yesterday your grandma and I went to ride in an omnibus, to visit a place where there was once a great prison, called the Bastile. When the man came to collect the fare, I handed him what I had been told was the fare. He took it, and jabbered away at me something I knew nothing about, shook his head, looked at the money, turned it over, and reached out his hand for more. I gave him more. He shook his head. I gave him more, and that was not right, and there was more jabbering. By that time all the passengers were looking at me and smiling. I then put my hand into my pocket, and took out a handful of money and reached it out to him to help himself to as much as he wanted. He put back what I had given him, and selected some more money,—just what was enough,—and by that time all the passengers were laughing. * * * * This is one of the trials of being with persons you can't talk with. When with them, we have to get along with signs. But in two or three days we expect to go where people can understand us.

"Gertrude and Mary, we were very glad to get your letters, with the pictures so pretty on the back of it. We are glad to know that you all pray for us every day, as we do for you, and we hope the dear Savior will enable us to go home soon, and find you all well, and the same dear, good little children.

"Your loving grandpa,

"I. E. DWINELL."

Another letter, written later from his old home to a grandchild, is inserted here, although not connected

with his foreign travels. It was written for her ninth birthday, when he was in his sixty-ninth year.

"DEAR MARY:

"Nine wishes for my dear granddaughter. A pyramid of character.

9
Health
Happiness
Politeness
Gentleness
Kindness
Usefulness
Obedience
Truthfulness
Goodness

69

"Yours, 69 to 9."

In that birthday budget was a letter from her grandmother, that introduces another of the grandchildren.

"I have been thinking of you tonight, when you was a little baby just like your little cousin Lily Clarissa. It does n't seem long since then. Again, I look forward nine years. When baby Lily is nine, how old will Mary be? I don't quite like to look so far on. There may be a great many changes in that time.

> "I do not ask to see the distant scene;
> One step enough for me."

In the summer of 1889, Dr. and Mrs. Dwinell visited the Hawaiian Islands, enjoying for several weeks delightful fellowship with friends, new and old, in the Island Kingdom. Dr. Dwinell supplied the pulpit of

the Union Congregational Church during the vacation of his esteemed friend, Rev. E. G. Beckwith, D.D., the pastor of the church. During this visit occurred an armed rebellion, which aimed at the overthrow of the government of King Kalakaua. In these events Dr. Dwinell took a deep interest. He wrote two letters to the *Evening Bulletin*, of San Francisco, in which he vividly described and commented upon the exciting scenes. In the weekly prayer meeting of the church to which he was temporarily ministering, he paid beautiful tribute to the Christian influences that have given vigor and vitality to the civil institutions of Hawaii. "Christianity," he said, "creates in the community, far beyond the circle of its professed subjects, civic virtue and integrity—men of principle and patriotism, ready to spring into the breach and meet any public danger at the peril of their lives. In Christian communities, only a part of Christianity is in the acknowledged disciples. A large part has floated off, without visible connections, into the humanities, the integrities, the loyalties to the things social and political of the public at large. It is this emanation from Christianity which makes all the difference between the social and civic atmosphere of a Christian land and of a pagan land. The events of Tuesday show very clearly what an inlay of solid political worth Christianity, with its associate forces, has put into this land [Hawaii]. While it carries with it elements which wickedness may appropriate and use, as in this case, it also carries with it the means for the speedy expulsion of the mischief. * * * *

"While good men must lament the occurrence [of the day before], they may well take courage from the reflection that the civil and political system that has

sprung up on these Islands is not a football, to be played with by political adventurers, but has substantial and abiding foundations in the virtue of the people."

His observations, of which these are extracts, were so well received, that he was requested to commit them to writing that they might be published. They appeared in *The Friend* of Honolulu.

In whatever land Dr. Dwinell traveled, he took a deep interest in all that affected the well-being of the people. In the Orient, on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, and in the Hawaiian Islands, he entered at once and without reserve into liveliest sympathy with all the moral and religious forces that are working out under God the renovation of society, and the elevation of individual lives. He loved travel, but he loved more that wider fellowship with noble souls in all lands to which travel introduced him.

He was thoroughly American, but it was Christian America holding forth the Word of Life, — liberty-loving America enlightening the world,—which in his eyes gave to the Stars and Stripes their supreme beauty. Wherever, therefore, he met those who were endeavoring to make other lands Christian and liberty-loving, there he felt at home, and ever after took them and their work into the inner sanctuary of his heart.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### PROFESSORSHIP AT OAKLAND.

HAVING begun his life of service as a teacher of youth in public and private schools, it was fitting that he should be found at its close a teacher of teachers.

Thirty-five years had intervened since he left the teacher's desk, when he was inducted into the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the Pacific Theological Seminary. Here, delightfully to himself, and with great acceptance to his pupils, he passed his last years of earthly life.

Associated with him in the faculty were his personal friends and fellow-laborers through a score of years, Revs. Joseph A. Benton, D.D., and George Mooar, D.D. Both of these his brethren had been identified with the Seminary from its very inception, and to both the Institution owes a debt of gratitude for labors and sacrifices of inestimable value.

Prof. Benton, after unremitting and absorbing service, the memory of which will abide in the churches of California, entered upon his heavenly reward April 8, 1892, having been for twenty-two years a Professor in the Seminary.

Prof. Mooar, leaving the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Oakland, in 1870, entered at once the professorship of Theology in this youthful institution, where—a survivor of his associates, Benton and Dwinell—he continues to give to the Institution

the wealth of a large mind and the counsel of a wise judgment. For six years these three brethren stood in very close relation to each other, not only in their work of instruction, but also in their connection with Plymouth Avenue Church, of which all were members, Dr. Mooar being pastor, and in other religious and literary associations.

On Seminary Hill, facing the School of the Prophets, Prof. Dwinell built, less than three years before his death, his last earthly home. It was in all respects an attractive place. Within, children and grandchildren, coming from their scattered homes, found warm welcome. Students, during those years, will never forget how quickly they were made to feel at home within those hospitable walls, and all friends coming thither realized that here was used "hospitality without grudging."

Without there was the charm of flowers; but rarer than these was the unexcelled panorama of hill and plain, of cities near and far, of bay and Golden Gate, between whose pillared sides flow in and out the waters of the great Pacific.

No vision from the heights of Nebo could have charmed the leader of God's people more than the outlook from this home on the hill charmed him who was ere long to pass over Jordan to possess the land

"Where shines undimm'd one blissful day."

Here, if anywhere, one might dream. Here the poet might derive inspiration, for from the study windows in the second story the view was unbroken toward East and South and West; but Prof. Dwinell was a worker not a dreamer. He was not a poet, and yet one little waif, bearing date 1882, has been found among

Residence of Dr. I. E. Dwinell, Oakland, Cala.

his papers, which shows that there was in his mind a poetic vein almost wholly undeveloped.

These lines were written while recovering from illness, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Wilcox, who at that time resided in Redwood :

" My little birdie coming wild from hill
Or vale, and eating crumbs out of this hand,
Extended pale and sickly-from my room,—
With glance deep-peering into friendly eyes !
I love the confidence which now I see
Doth reign, back of the violence of man,
Between thy heart and mine, a sign of what
Once was, before the sin of man sent woe
And distrust through the earth ; a prophecy
Of what shall be, because the blood of Christ
Shall wash away that sin and all its wails.
Come, preacher of good will and peace, across
The chasm 'tween thee and thine and human kind !
Proclaim the readiness to forget, upon
Your side, the injuries of ages ! Avow
The bonds of kindred, springing not by long
And slow descents from some ignobler source
Of earth, discovered after patient search,
But coming fresh, as it hath pleased Him
Out from the hand of the Eternal One."

REDWOOD, July 10, 1882.

As a teacher, it was Prof. Dwinell's habit to draw out from his class their own ideas. This done, he would correct misapprehensions, suggest improvements, criticise kindly, and conclude with valuable instructions.

Thus, if the subject was " Preaching Without Notes," he would give out the subject a day beforehand. At the recitation, he would call upon one to read his plan. This would be followed by criticisms of the plan by each one in the class, his own criticism and

instruction concluding the exercise. The result was to stimulate independent thought. In his hands it was a fertile method.

His work in the department of Elocution was of great importance. Once a month he provided for public exercises, consisting of declamations, debates, sermons, etc. A critic from outside the Seminary was appointed to pass upon points made. He made much of these exercises, and they were looked forward to with great interest by students and their friends.

He made but little if any use of text-books. In Homiletics, he referred to such authors as Vinet, Phelps, Broadus, etc. He urged the students to read widely, but he sought especially that all should gather what they could by reflection.

He expected from the Seniors one written sermon a month. This he first read privately, and marked passages to which he wished to call attention. He then read over the sermon with the writer, offering his commendations and criticisms.

Sometimes he would give out a text for a sermon, and ask the pupils to study it but write nothing down, and the following day expect an outline on the plan to be given before the class by each one. Aside from more ordinary subjects, he would give out such topics as, "A Drunkard's Funeral," or, "The Reception of Young People into the Church."

He gave students practice in reading aloud from the Bible. The fortieth Psalm illustrates the kind of passages to be read. Various hymns were also read aloud, for his criticism on the reading.

In Pastoral Theology, a similar course was adopted. He would ask from a class their ideas on various subjects, such as the Sunday School, funerals, or the prayer

meeting, and near the close of the hour give his own suggestions on the subject.

The classes were not large, and some of the students required instruction in studies outside the curriculum of the Seminary, but he gave to each from the wealth of his richly stored mind all the devotion of a divinely enkindled heart, all the patience and persistence of a great soul. He knew how to communicate instruction, and how to lead out of narrow self, and up into the higher realm of mental freedom and reverent investigation, those that were on the way to the gospel ministry. His instruction brought those whom he taught nearer to the Great Preacher. The Bible was seen to be full of sermons by Jesus, by Paul, by prophets, whose *methods* of discourse, as well as *themes*, became models for the preacher of today.

His position made him a critic of his pupils, but he was a kind critic. With clearness of vision, he quickly saw the excellencies and defects of the initial efforts of the young men, and with rare tact he was able to call the attention of the writers to what they lacked, while not withholding praise. In this he was not unlike Prof. Phelps—a recognized master of criticism.

Concerning these six years of instruction, Prof. Benton has written: "To this work he gave himself with ardor and energy, and with great personal enjoyment; and, of course, to the full satisfaction of the officers of the Seminary, and the finest advantage of its pupils: to say nothing of their esteem and admiration, since he brought to them knowledge, experience, character, wisdom, and the uplift of a great nature."

Prof. Dwinell impressed all his pupils as a friend. He was always accessible to them, and gave much voluntary help to all who needed it, and wise counsel to

all who sought it. In this, of course, he was not alone. All of the Faculty shared in this helpful service of a paternal character, and each will live in the hearts of many whom he has befriended, encouraged and wisely guided.

Words of testimony from those who have been his students, show that not only while students in the Seminary, but also, when as pastors perplexities surrounded them, they sought, obtained and appreciated his help and sympathy.

"I owe it very largely to Dr. Dwinell that I am in the Gospel ministry, for, when nearly discouraged by a sense of personal unfitness, I was considering some other calling, his kind words of sympathy and advice heartened me again, and I entered the Seminary. I owe a great debt of gratitude to the sainted man."

"Worcester, Mass. REV. LEON D. BLISS."

"I cannot tell, but you can appreciate, how much I have been helped by his life. His memory will be a call upward to hundreds and thousands."

"Clayton. REV. EDSON DWINELL HALE."

"Dr. Dwinell was as a father to me—he was so good and kind. I could go to him when in difficulty, feeling assured that I could get help. I went many a time, and always received counsel, strength and aid—yes, much comfort. Only a few weeks ago I sent him an article to criticise, and his criticism was so kind and his remarks so good that it was a treasure to me indeed. Later, I asked for advice about certain church matters, and in his reply there was manifested the same generous spirit of true heartedness and superior wisdom.

"Sebastopol, Cal. REV. WILLIAM ROGERS."

"Dr. Dwinell made the impression upon his pupils that he was a deep student; yet he always informed them that he was a learner. He taught the students to rely upon their own resources, and to keep high ideas before them.

"He was master of every subject he undertook to teach. It was a great treat to have him as a teacher. He was a great help to me in my studies. He was clear and simple in statement. He was patient and thorough with us all. I shall look back to the days and months that I spent in his class-room with great joy and thankfulness.

"He was quick to discern the progress of his students, and had a personal interest in and sympathy with his students. He used to visit their rooms, to talk and pray with them. Personally, I am very greatly indebted to him. There was a time when, if it had not been for him, I should have had to leave the Seminary. He and his family have shown me great kindness from time to time.

"Alameda. REV. WM. N. HUFFMAN."

While devoting himself to the duties of the professorship, Dr. Dwinell entered heartily into religious work, especially in connection with Plymouth Avenue Church, of which he became a member.

In the Sunday School he taught a class of young men connected with the Hopkins Academy. In the weekly prayer-meeting he took an active part, and in whatever affected the welfare of the church he was always interested. He enjoyed attendance upon meetings of the "Monday Club" of Congregational ministers, held weekly in San Francisco, and of the "Congregational Club," whose observance of "Forefathers'

Day," by addresses and social festivities, had his warmest sympathy. Several of his most scholarly and valuable addresses were prepared for these occasions.

He was a member, also, of "The Berkeley Club," composed of literary gentlemen in professional and business life, who met semi-monthly for discussion of high themes. Here, whatever gauntlet might be thrown down by any from whom Dr. Dwinell differed, he never feared to take it up, and the lance he handled was always sturdily and skillfully wielded in behalf of whatever his intellect and heart approved as truth.

In Oakland, as in Sacramento, he was often called to participate in Councils of ordination, in services of dedication, and to preach on these or other special occasions. He took an active interest in efforts to secure Sabbath observance, to suppress the saloon, and to promote good local government.

He wrote much for the religious press, and not infrequently prepared articles for the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

In addition to all this, he seemed to be in the outskirts of the parish that had claimed his zealous care for twenty years. Former Sacramentans abound in Oakland, in San Francisco, and throughout the State. Repeated calls were made upon him, while in Oakland, to officiate at marriages and baptisms, and to attend funerals in the families of former parishioners and fellow-citizens. Whenever possible he responded to the call, especially when the shadows crossed the thresholds of those among whom he had labored in the past. Cottage and palace alike, could their walls talk, might speak of his faithful counsels and words of Christian sympathy.

This large constituency scattered throughout the State had its counterpart in New England, Salem and

Sacramento, forming the two centers of an ellipse within which the influence of Dr. Dwinell lived in hearts whom he had blessed and comforted.

This influence of Dr. Dwinell, so tenacious and far-reaching, was altogether beneficent. Because to so many who knew him it has proved a benign influence, it has been to the writer of this memorial not only a loving service of personal affection, but also a joyful Christian service, to help perpetuate that influence among his fellow men, and especially among the young men of this generation. It is not death to die at the close of a life like this.

"When a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him,
Lies upon the paths of men."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CLOSE OF LIFE.

On the 12th of May, the Seminary year closed. On that and the preceding day Dr. Dwinell conducted the examinations in his own department, was present at the examinations by the other professors, attended a meeting of trustees, offered the prayer at the Anniversary exercises, and was present at a reception tendered to the students and their friends at the residence of Prof. Benton. In addition to this, in conjunction with Mrs. Dwinell, he entertained friends most hospitably at his own pleasant home.

All this, at the close of a busy and laborious year, made the vacation look very attractive to him. Within a few days Mr. and Mrs. Dwinell went to the home of their daughter, Mrs. Jewett, near Vacaville, for needed rest and recreation. It was rarely the case that Dr. Dwinell did not plan for vacation work, in the way of special reading or writing upon some vital topics uppermost in his mind, but on this occasion his watchword seemed to be *rest*. The warm sunshine, the vineclad porch, the burdened fruit trees, the nodding grain, the quiet drives, were peculiarly attractive to him. He undertook no study, he read less than usual, he went in and out of that home for a few brief days unburdened by care, except for the loved ones about him.

On Sunday evening, May 18th, there came into this home to bless the hearts of parents and grandparents

little Rebekah, his ninth grandchild. One after another, these grandchildren had received the seal of baptism at his hand. But so closely followed the time of his departure upon the coming of this little child, that he did not perform for her this service. Very tenderly, however, did he take the infant of days from her grandmother and namesake on one occasion, and hold her in his arms, his countenance all aglow as he talked to her, and caused her to smile. The scene, which attracted the attention of that home circle at the time, recalls the entry which he made in his journal when little Rebekah's mother was born: "I find that I am disposed to love her at once, The affection does not wait to grow, as in the case of our little Eddie, but pours forth in full strength at once."

On Thursday, the 22nd of May, Dr. and Mrs. Dwinell went to Oakland, expecting to return to Vacaville in a few days for further rest and enjoyment. But the rest he sought was soon to be found in the Heavenly Home, and the enjoyment entered upon that which is eternal.

The two weeks that followed wrought swiftly their great work.

Reference has been made in these pages to Mills College and Seminary. At this time, the institution was just emerging from troubles that had claimed the deepest solicitude of its Board of Trustees, and attracted wide-spread public attention. The crisis had scarcely passed, when Commencement Day arrived. Dr. Dwinell had not the strength to meet the excitements and burdens incident to the position of trustee at that time. Yet so deep was his interest in the institution, that he gave no thought to his own strength in his service of the college. Many duties, some of

them taxing him to the utmost, claimed his closest attention.

In the presence of a large audience he presented diplomas to the graduates, and briefly and beautifully addressed them.

On his way home he stopped at the office of his son-in-law, Dr. Wilcox, and asked for an examination of the action of his heart. This was found to be very rapid and very weak. Absolute rest was insisted upon, and an early return to Vacaville was urged; but other and exhausting labors were requested of him in connection with the college difficulties, and he complied, when he should have been entirely free from all excitement.

But the time had come when the earthly service was about to be exchanged for the higher service that awaits the saints.

On Friday morning he felt too weak to rise. Soon the enfeebled heart began to labor in vain to renew the life currents that were ebbing. Congested lungs added to the complications. A struggle for breath, which grew in intensity, began. The agonies of the conflict gave token of what the result must be.

The week that intervened between his yielding to the force of the disease and his death, displayed the consummation of his gentleness, heroism and faith. Although in mortal agony himself he never, for a moment, forgot the comfort of those about him. He talked of the coming change with her whose love, tender and strong, had enveloped him as an atmosphere, and ministered to her grief by his own courageous faith. He had a word of grateful appreciation for every service rendered by all who were about him. He sent messages of affection to the absent. He noted

the singing of the birds. When, on account of his struggle for breath, his bed was moved near the bay window of his chamber (adjoining the front room, which was his study), he looked out upon the eastern hills toward Piedmont, and exclaimed in broken sentences, "Beautiful hills! beautiful hills! I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills—not these hills, but those of which these are emblematic."

Morning and evening, as was their wont, the family gathered with him for household worship. The passages familiar to him, in Hebrew or Greek as well as in English, were not only his comfort, but also used by him for the comfort of those about him. In all his distress he held fast to Him in whom he believed, and by whom he was girded for the last conflict.

On Saturday morning, the 7th of June, the conflict ended. For those who had ministered to him with sleepless devotion, and for her whom sickness had deprived of the sweet solace of sharing these vigils, it was an hour of grief, sweetened with blessed memories and all the comforts that such a triumph of faith in a risen Lord could give. To him it was the hour of release and victory.

In that last week of suffering there had been erected in his sick chamber the triumphal arch of the Christian victor, through which this pure and lofty soul passed, with the majesty of a Christian conqueror, on his way to the capital of his Master's kingdom. On the afternoon of Monday, the 9th of June, simple funeral services were held in the home. Rev. E. C. Oakley, pastor of Plymouth Avenue Church, read passages of Scripture. Rev. Samuel H. Willey, D.D., paid loving tribute to his life-long friend. Prof. George Mooar, D. D., one of Dr. Dwinell's co-laborers in the Semi-

nary, tenderly commended the living to the God of all comfort. Representatives of the Boards of Trust of the Pacific Seminary and Mills College, and representatives of the Berkeley Club, of which he was a member, were his pall bearers. His body rests in Mountain View Cemetery at Oakland. His grave is marked by a simple massive monument, on which this inscription briefly tells the passer-by who and what sort of a man he was :

ISRAEL E. DWINELL.

East Calais, Vt., October 24, 1820.

Oakland, Cal., June 7, 1890.

---

2 TIMOTHY, 4:7.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,
I have kept the faith.

## CHAPTER XIX.

GENEALOGY.

1. Michael Dunnel, b. France, d. Topsfield, Mass., 1717.
2. Thomas Doenell, (written also Dwennel and Dwonill,) the fourth of nine children, b. 1672, m. Dinah Brimsdell of Lynn, d. Topsfield, 1747.
3. Jonathan Dunnell, eldest of nine children, b. June, 1702, m. Mehitable Kennay, d. Millbury, Mass., 1782.
4. Archelaus Dwinel, the fourth of eleven children, b. Topsfield, 1731, m. Martha Perkins, d. (in French and Indian War) Nov. 13, 1758, aged 27.
5. Archelaus Dwinel, Jr., eldest of three children, b. Boxford, 1754, m. Olive Hall, daughter of Deacon Willis Hall, of Sutton, d. Marshfield, Vt. He was a soldier under Washington.
6. Israel Dwinell, third of six children, b. Croyden, N. H., Oct. 8, 1789, m. April 1, 1813, Phila Gilman, of Marshfield, Vt. She died June 1, 1864. He died Feb. 20, 1874.
7. Their children:
   Alcander resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.
   Ira S. resides East Calais, Vt.
   Solon, d. in infancy.
   *Israel Edson*, b. East Calais, Oct. 24, 1820, m. Sept. 12, 1848, at Jonesboro, Tenn., Rebecca Eliza Allen Maxwell, daughter of Samuel and

Hester L. (Grear) Maxwell. I. E. D., d. Oakland, Cal., June 7, 1890.

Albert resides East Calais.

Melvin, d. Rome, Georgia, Dec. 28, 1887.

Levi Gilman resides East Calais.

Phila Jane, m. Rev. John Gardiner Hale; resides Redlands, Cal.

Nuel Byron, d. East Calais, aged 13.

Edgar, d. in infancy.

8. Children of Israel Edson and Rebecca E. Dwinell.
   (1) Edson, b. Salem, Mass., d. Salem.
   (2) Alice Hester, b. Salem, m. at Sacramento, Cal., Rev. Henry E. Jewett.
   (3) Jane Rebecca, b. Salem, m. at Sacramento, Wilbur J. Wilcox, M.D.
   (4) William, b. Salem, m. at Sacramento, Florence, daughter of W. K. and Blanche Knight.
   (5) Lillie, b. Salem, m. at Sacramento, Robert H. Hawley, d. Sacramento, Oct. 24, 1885.
   (6) Albert, b. Salem; d. Salem, 1863.

9. Grandchildren of Israel Edson and Rebecca E. Dwinell.

Gertrude Maxwell Jewett.

Mary Fairbanks Jewett.

Rebekah Edith Dwinell Jewett.

Edson Dwinell Wilcox.

Lee Wilcox, d. in infancy.

Wilbur J. Wilcox, Jr., d. in infancy.

Henry Wilcox, d. in infancy.

Elizabeth (Lily) Clarissa Wilcox.

Blanche Maxwell Dwinell.

Franklin Fairbanks Jewett.

## CHAPTER XX.

### "APPRECIATED BY OTHERS."

"I HAD known him from my boyhood. We were born in the same country town, studied together at the same Academy and later in the University, where he was two years in advance of me. His later life just realized the promise of his youth—a boy and youth of singular sweetness and purity of character—a born gentleman if ever there were one; of unusual mental ability, of untiring diligence and faithfulness in everything he undertook, a leader in all religious enterprises in college, an accomplished writer, happy in debate, valuing truth and his convictions all the more that he had come to them as the result of patient thought and careful discussion, always and everywhere the humble, earnest, consecrated Christian. Such was Israel Edson Dwinell, my loved and honored townsman and friend.

"But why speak of him to you and his bereaved kindred? Only to let you know how warmly he was appreciated by others.

"Boston, Mass. REV. N. G. CLARK, D.D.
Sec'y A. B. C. F. M."

"So one more saint has joined the assembly of just men made perfect! You and your children are feeling the sharp pangs of separation and bereavement, but some of us whose thoughts of him linger about the old days of his Salem feebleness feel their hearts swell not

only with memories of his personal kindness and fellowship, but with gratitude to God for the mercy that has spared him all these subsequent years, and given him the strength, and enterprise, and endurance of body and spirit, to achieve the noble and varied work of his well-rounded life. Surely, you can catch even in your grief something of the contagion of grateful joy with which others think of him. * * * I should like to tell you how much his unvarying kindliness and sweetness and manly Christian strength were to me in the opening days of my limited ministry at Salem. PROF. J. HENRY THAYER.

"Cambridge, Mass."

"He was my *best* friend, the last of the three dearest gentlemen friends of my life-time. * * * My dearest, longest, truest friend. It seems to me to break the strongest link that binds me to life and its work. * * * How much you will find in his life to make you glad in your grief!

"Short Hills, N. J. REV. A. B. RICH."

"It is indeed a *personal* bereavement, and I crave the privilege of mingling my tears with yours. He was very dear to me ever since I knew him in Salem. * * * I have rejoiced in his prosperity, which, under God, was his legitimate desert. It was with the highest pleasure that my wife and I met him last autumn, at the meeting of the American Board in N. Y. There was the same cordiality of manner, the same sweet smile, the same loving spirit that characterized our relations to each other so long ago.

"East Taunton, Mass. REV. E. W. ALLEN."

"We remember with true pleasure the pure life, the gentle and considerate friend, the safe counsellor, the good man, the loving husband, the affectionate and devoted father, the consistent Christian, the faithful pastor, the true man in every relation of life. * * * God bless and comfort you all. JOSEPH ALLEN.

"Nashville, Tenn."

"Other men surpassed him as popular orators, but very few surpassed him as a clear, logical thinker and discriminating writer. And his goodness was even greater than his greatness. He always wanted the *right* to prevail, and he wanted to *see* the right, whether in accordance with his previous views or not. * * * His honesty led him to investigate and apply what he regarded as just principles to the interpretation of God's Word. And so, in everything, he sought to be just right. REV. JOHN G. HALE.

"Redlands, Cal."

"I think his memory will always be an inspiration to all who knew him. It was not only his scholarship and his goodness that distinguished him, but that lovableness and sympathy which made him the friend of all he met. * * * I think he must be one of the 'Angels excelling in strength.'

"Redlands, Cal. MISS MARY G. HALE."

"His life, so noble, so good, so full of love and faith, will still bless all who have felt its influence. What blessed comfort there is for you, even in the depths of your loneliness and sorrow. MRS. J. F. ELLIS.

"Forest Grove, Oregon."

"He has rounded out to three-score years a most useful life, and has gone to rest in the fullness of his powers, his usefulness and his fame. * * * Why should I not say, except in sympathy with your sorrow and bereavement, as Dr. Riggs did when he heard of my father-in-law's death, 'I congratulate him!'

"Marsoovan, Turkey. REV. GEO. F. HERRICK."

"Please count Mrs. Hammond and myself among the sincere mourners for your husband. Never before in our lives were we so strongly attached on so short an acquaintance as to you and your husband. * * * Accept our heartfelt sympathies.

"Evanston, Ill. MR. & MRS. H. L. HAMMOND."

"I loved to walk and talk with him—to feel the influence of the spirit which he breathed. I loved to hear him preach. The peculiar quality and flavor of his sermons were grateful to me. * * * I know from some friends in the First Presbyterian Church how they enjoyed and valued his sermons and his presence among them. REV. WM. H. KIRK.

"Orange, N. J."

"I presume that gold piece which he gave me the day I left Oakland was the last gift he gave. I trust it may be sacred to the Lord and bring his special blessing. MRS. A. S. STEELE.

"Steele Home, Chattanooga, Tenn."

"I never failed to enjoy richly his rare truth of character, his ample, varied and growing powers, his quick, clear insight into the meaning and drift of religious events, his broad views, his appreciation of persons

and characters, and his unswerving pursuit of the ends of truth and righteousness.

"Grinnell, Iowa. Rev. Geo. F. Magoon, D.D."

"I loved him tenderly as I believe everybody did who knew him well. I cannot tell you how dear he was to me. There is no brother minister, anywhere, with whom I have found myself in closer sympathy than with my dear brother Dwinell. His rare culture and his beautiful spirit were wondrously winning to me, and his fidelity to duty was always an inspiration. I have never known any man whose teaching and whose example I could more confidently follow. Almost an ideal Christian brother he has seemed to me. * * * I think of his and your visit in Honolulu last summer with exceeding pleasure, and I count it one of the rare privileges of my pastoral life to have had those few weeks of his pulpit ministrations. Every sermon gave one new admiration for him and drew me toward him with increasing love.

"He will never be forgotten by the good people here, among whom he left only the most delightful memories. Rev. E. G. Beckwith, D.D.

"Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands."

"We shall miss his influence and his pen, which were always wielded as I think on the right side of the great issues of the day. * * * You do not weep alone. I am sure all your husband's ministerial brethren and a multitude of Christian friends mourn his loss with you, for he was universally beloved and respected. Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D.

"Stockton, Cal."

"It is our privilege to have known him, and mine to have spent many hours in company with him and yourself in your delightful home on the hill. I will ever remember the delightful conversations of these visits. REV. ISAAC PIERSON.

"Missionary in China."

"Massachusetts feels California's loss. * * * To your beloved husband came the inspiration and the opportunity to say the bravest and most touching word uttered in all that great meeting at Springfield. I felt then and feel now that the Holy Spirit put special honor on him. REV. EWING O. TADE.

"East Granville, Mass."

"I beg to express my deep sympathy for you and yours in the sudden and severe bereavement brought upon you by the unanticipated death of Dr. Dwinell. * * * Having enjoyed for many years an acquaintance with the Doctor, you may realize the gratification I should have in seeing his kindly face again, but which may not be. * * * Mrs. Hopkins joins me in feelings of sympathy and sorrow.

"San Francisco. MOSES HOPKINS."

"Your departed husband lived a life of unusual usefulness, and exerted an influence for good that will *abide*. I am thankful it was my privilege to know him so long and so well, and to be associated with him in the Institution to which he gave his last years of toil. JAMES M. HAVEN.

"San Francisco."

"The comfort is deep that comes from the assurance that the glorified drop their anxieties and fears, while

they may retain all their interest in the subjects of their earthly labors and solicitudes. * * * Please accept our sincerest sympathy.

"Vacaville. REV. HENRY W. JONES."

"With prayer and sympathy I greet you in the sacred fellowship of suffering.

"Only a few months ago your beloved sent me gracious words of comfort in my trial hour. May the everlasting arms sustain you!

"Los Angeles. REV. R. G. HUTCHINS, D.D."

"You have lost a precious husband; the church and country a most efficient and faithful leader, but heaven is richer for such an one! MRS. C. L. GOODDELL.

"Boston."

"You are comforted as but few can be, in knowing how fully the whole church of God mourns with you. *The loss is great*, but his works do follow and will. * * * It was so much to take: yes, but was it not also much to give? And the Lord took. He also gave, and evermore will you bless His name for so great a gift. MRS. HORACE FAIRBANKS.

"St. Johnsbury, Vt."

"The benediction which he always left whenever we met can never cease to be ours, for death does not take our real things from us. * * * Through your tears you can smile over the triumphs of faith your eyes have seen, and you rejoice in the victory won—the entrance into those halls 'conjubilant with song.'

MRS. FRANKLIN FAIRBANKS.

"St. Johnsbury, Vt."

"It seemed to me that he was a man who walked with God, who was governed by high and noble motives, and whose very presence was an inspiration to all that was pure and lovely and of good report.

"San Francisco. MRS. W. C. POND."

"It is so mysterious that one so good and so useful should be removed. The Seminary has received a great blow, and met with a heavy loss.

"Oakland. MRS. J. K. MCLEAN."

"We all thank God for the precious legacy your dear husband has left to the church and the world, the record of his grand, noble life. * * * There is a very keen sense of loss and disappointment, that he should be taken from the work that needed him so much, but God knows best.

"San Francisco. MRS. J. H. WARREN."

"God will be very near to you into the light of whose presence your sainted husband has entered.

"Lowell, Mass. MISS LUCY FAY."

"* * * Your beloved husband, honored, revered, loved by every one, full of usefulness to the Church of God and to his family, is laid away. * * * May the Lord sustain you. MRS. S. S. SMITH.

"San Francisco."

"Grand, seems the term to apply to him in personal appearance, ability, purity, nobility, and loveliness of character. * * * It will help us to know he assisted to dedicate our building, and to form the society.

"Galt, Cal. DR. AND MRS. O. HARVEY."

"The news of the death of your husband was received with deep regret by the members of Grace Congregational Church of this place, and we condole with you most sincerely on the sad event. If the sympathy of friends can be any consolation under the trying circumstances, be assured that we all share in your sorrow for his loss. * * *

HELEN A. STEINMETZ, Sec'y.

"Mission San Jose, Cal."

"His kindness to me will never be forgotten.

"Lordsburg, N. M. CHARLES W. WILCOX."

"Many of his kind words of advice and counsel, given to us young people at the weekly prayer-meetings in the chapel will be remembered as long as I live.

"Oakland. ARTHUR P. ALEXANDER."

"My brother, I know, received much help and blessing from him, as did many other young men who have gone forth girded and strengthened by his teaching to preach the Word. Just the last day Dr. Dwinell was out he met Mr. G., and asked him among the last things 'to give Mr. Dorward *his love* when we write,' and I am sure my brother will find much comfort in the message. MRS. S. C. GODDARD.

"Oakland."

Among the parishioners of Dr. Dwinell for several years was one who, for a season, was a member of his church, and who, after a course of study at the Pacific Seminary, became minister of the Unitarian Society of Sacramento.

Upon the death of Dr. Dwinell, this pastor, Rev. C.

P. Massey, Jr., delivered to his congregation a memorial discourse, full of tender reminiscence and loving appreciation, which he entitled "A Tribute of Friendship to Character." One extract has appeared elsewhere in this Memorial. A few others are gladly given a place here. "There are men," he said, "whom no conventions of society, whom no restrictions of party or creed, can absolutely constrain, and who, because of the firm principles which steady their minds, and of the lofty ideals which inspire their souls, become competent and trusted advisers in all the graver experiences of life.

"Such an one was the late Dr. Dwinell,—a man whom his church and even his community did not contain, for the influence of his words went out not only up and down this coast, but penetrated to those circles of thought in the older communities where scholarship discusses the profoundest problems that can engage the attention of the human mind.

"It was soon after my coming to Sacramento that I became acquainted with this gentleman. The acquaintance ripened during the subsequent years of his residence here, and had much to do with the shaping of my own after-career. * * * The genius of the man, the dignity of his carriage, the charm of his scholarship, the righteousness of his purpose—all attracted me, and I soon began to count as red-letter days in my experience those upon which some interview was enjoyed, and intimate exchange was had of the thoughts nearest our souls. * * * Whatever his theology was, we knew we could trust him; that his word was his bond; that the friend who needed his assistance he would not desert; that his life was pure and high, and that the influence of it went out to make

first his household, and then his church, and then his city, better for his presence.

"The key-note of his character was heavenly faithfulness, and it covered all the landscape of his home life, as well as his public life, with moral and spiritual bloom. He was a man of calm and tranquil mien, with that high-bred courtesy which always shows itself in quiet dignity of speech and bearing. He had a kind and sympathetic nature, and possessed in abundant measure those rare graces that naturally grow in the soil of such a heart. He was as true as steel, and his simple word was equivalent to the most solemn vow. He was a teacher and preacher of truth and righteousness, not only in word, but in deed. His whole life was one of fragrant beauty, love and service; and as the sunset came, and the twilight dropped down, it was but the harbinger of a bright coming morning—the prophecy of a fast-approaching dawn. To this saintly soul that had reached its three-score and ten years there had come no withering nor blight; but only richness and ripeness. He was translated in the plentitude of his powers. It was life's insensible completeness, not a dwarfing of nature, but its perfection; not a fading, but a re-flourishing. What wonder that the autumnal glories were decked with a smile of welcome, and the solemn rustle was full of heavenly music! * * *"

"Let us thank God for the sacred testimony of such a life—a life that reveals the celestial, the realm of perfect bliss, the land of everlasting joy!"

"Death to such is transition. Hope fledges for flight,
Love bursts into transport, Faith swells into sight;
Prayer glides into rapture, all sighing shall cease;
And Patience shall melt to a radiance of peace.

"San Francisco. MRS. SARAH B. COOPER."

"During the twenty years in which he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento, his life was a noble record of duty carefully and lovingly done, of wise teaching of the *truth*, simple and strong, told with dignity, eloquence and fervor. * * * Never, during the years of Dr. Dwinell's pastorate, did he fail to give rich, strong mental and spiritual food to those who came to the Sabbath feast; none who hungered and thirsted for meat and drink, for wise and spiritual counsel, for Christian help and uplifting, ever went away unsatisfied, or with the vague, restless feeling that they had not found what they craved; but were, on the contrary, filled, and that abundantly. * * * After all is said, only those who lived under Dr. Dwinell's beneficent teaching and widely-disseminated influence during those years can know how perfect was his life in that special sphere of action, how large, how full, how faithful was his ministry, how complete his forgetfulness of self, his absorption of anything like a selfish, personal ambition, in the lofty desire to preach God's truth as it was committed to him.

MISS CARRIE WARREN.

"Alameda, Cal."

"His reputation as a scholar, thinker, and writer was wider than his own denomination. In fineness of temper, breadth and catholicity of judgment, and in well-bred courtesy, he was the model of a Christian gentleman." SAN FRANCISCO DAILY BULLETIN, (Editorial).

"The death of Dr. Dwinell, so long a resident of Sacramento, removes one of those thoroughly upright

and pure men whose lives are examples of good, and guides to all humanity."

SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION,
(Editorial).

"His influence was always for good, and when the pages of his life are turned, there will be found no spot to mar or deface them."

SACRAMENTO LEADER, (Editorial).

"He was a man singularly beloved and admired."

OAKLAND DAILY ENQUIRER, (Editorial).

From VICTORIA INSTITUTE, London, England.

"MADAM:

"I am desired by the Council to express the regret with which they have learned of the loss of one of this Institute's specially-valued members, Dr. Dwinell, the value of whose work in the cause of truth first attracted the attention of the Council, and caused them to invite him to become a member of this Society. Although they may not otherwise intrude, they venture to at least join with those who respect and honor his memory.

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"FRANCIS PETRIE,

"Honorary Secretary to the Council."

From BERKLEY CLUB, Oakland, Cal.

"It is widely felt that in the death of Dr. I. E. Dwinell California lost a foremost scholar, educator, clergyman and citizen, who came to the State twenty-seven years ago, already one of the leading men of

thought in the New England pulpit, and who maintained at our capital city, as well as in his later residence at Oakland, that deserved reputation.

"The Berkeley Club has reason to remember him as punctual in attendance, courteous and friendly in bearing; when he opened discussion, as thorough, painstaking, original in conception and in style; when he followed discussion as penetrating to the heart of the subjects and suggestive in his comments, always endeavoring to see all themes in the light of their fundamental principles; though curious and searching as to the secondary causes in processes which make the world seem a continuous chain, yet reverent and tender in the habitual recognition of Him in whom he felt that all things have their being; in communion with whom he sought purity of heart, and in whose Redeeming Love he rested with the peace of a child.

"Recognizing our personal loss in his absence from us, we express our sympathy with those who miss him in the closer circle and dearer ties of home.

"GEORGE MOGAR,
"CHARLES WOODBURY,
"Committee."

"PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
"Oakland, Cal., Sept. 5, 1890.

"DEAR MRS. DWINELL:

"At this, the beginning of another session of the Seminary, we are about to take up our studies, and, in a very peculiar manner, feel the inexpressible loss we have sustained in the removal of our late dear Professor Dwinell.

"God has been very kind to the Seminary in sending another to take up the work, but that does not lessen

our sense of loss, nor fill the place in our hearts which he held, not only as a teacher but as a friend. We trust that we may honor his memory by carrying out those instructions we were privileged to receive from his lips, and find in imitating him a greater incentive to a more Christ-like, self-denying life.

"And let us express our sympathy with you in your bereavement, which we feel to be ours also.

"God alone can wipe the tears from our eyes, heal our heart-wounds, and make up to us for our loss, until the glad day of re-union dawns. This we are persuaded He will do, and so answer our prayers on your behalf.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT W. NEWLANDS,
CHAS. L. EBY,
In the name of the Students of the
Pacific Theological Seminary.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

*Whereas*, Since our meeting in May last, it has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from this life our brother, Rev. Israel E. Dwinell, D.D., a member of this Board:

*Resolved*, That we put upon record our sincere and heartfelt sorrow at his loss: making note of the fact that this is the first instance in which a member of this Board has been called away by death.

*Resolved, further*, That it was through his agency in large measure, together with that of others equally interested, that the Pacific Theological Seminary was planned and established.

*Resolved*, That as a member of this Board for more than twenty years and from its very organization, he has been scrupulously attentive to all the interests of the institution, active in securing endowments, patient and thorough in studying and transacting its business, discriminating and careful as to the doctrinal views held and taught in the Seminary, unselfish and untiring in work for it, and at all times hopeful of its enlargement, permanence and growing usefulness.

*Resolved*, that in remembering the Seminary in his will,* he has borne most emphatic testimony to his love for the institution, and to his sense of its great importance.

*Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved and afflicted family, and assure them that we largely share in their sorrow.

### Resolutions passed by the Upper Bay Association.

*Resolved*, That while recognizing the wisdom and love no less than the sovereignty of the great Head of the Church, the tidings of the decease of the Rev. Dr. I. E. Dwinell fall upon the Association as a great sorrow.

The nobleness of his personal character and the purity of his life have endeared him to all who knew him, and his acknowledged intellectual and spiritual power, as scholar, teacher and orator, has made him beyond as well as within his own state and denomination a trusted Christian leader, whose loss will be deeply felt throughout the country.

*Resolved*, That we respectfully tender to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy.

* The sum of $1,000.00 for a permanent Library Fund.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA, October, 1890.

The eminent character, high position, and valuable services of the late Dr. Dwinell deserve a Memorial prepared with superior care, and put in a permanent form. But it is not fitting that the first meeting of the General Association of California since his death should be dissolved, without putting on record some recognition of his worth, especially as he was related to our churches.

He came into our State after he had already gained in Massachusetts, by a pastorate of fourteen years, a high degree of confidence. At once he took—indeed, he had long taken—the interests of these churches into his heart. His heart was large; his vision of the mission and opportunity which the Kingdom of Christ has here was large. In his own church at Sacramento he was attentive to every detail of his pastoral care. Yet, when after twenty years of service he resigned his charge, it was said not merely that his particular congregation was bereaved, but that Sacramento had lost its chief citizen. For though our brother was a theologian, and of a strenuous type, yet his Christian doctrine made him all the more alive to every subject that concerns the better life of men. At the same time, as befitted his calling, the emphasis of his activity was spent along the lines of the denomination with which he was connected. He was a Puritan in his conception of organized Christianity. Catholic in his sympathies, yet he ever stood for the characteristic features of our free polity. But his distinctive service consisted in strengthening and fastening the ties of fellowship, and the last paper from his hand was de-

voted to a careful statement of the principles of that fellowship.

He was ardently and broadly interested in every one of the lines of our denominational and missionary effort. More than any other one of our California ministry was he influential in the general convocations of our churches at the East. He represented us in most of the National Councils, and on recent notable occasions at the sessions of the American Board.

Among the things which lay most on his heart was the Higher Christian Education. At the General Association of 1865 he was Chairman of the Committee which advised the formation of the Theological Seminary, and was Chairman of the Committee which drew up the original constitution for it, that was adopted the following year at Sacramento. He was then made a Trustee, and remained such to his death; and, surely, his fellow Professors and his Students bear united testimony to his hallowed devotion as Professor during these later, alas, too brief years. But his interest in the Higher Education deepened into the intense conviction that the Congregational Churches should, in some way, establish and endow a college. Meanwhile, he had been most faithfully sharing and leading in the plans by which Dr. and Mrs. Mills were building the college for women that bears their name.

The services which Dr. Dwinell rendered to these causes were the services of a great man. His mind was that of a philosopher, which cannot rest till it sees all things in their principles. At the same time he had the genius of industry and of perseverance, which is willing to take minute pains in the gathering of data. No matter what subject might be introduced for discussion, those who knew him expected that when he

spoke the subject would be opened from a wider view, and in some special illumination. If his doctrinal views seemed strenuous, and in these later days have been strenuously maintained, yet they were maintained not in the zeal of a partisan, nor even in the logical consistency of a mere system, but because, in his sight, the very laws of thought and the very life of the written Word required it. How admirably he has set forth his positions many will remember, who listened to his vivid language in public address, and who read his lucid papers in the various journals and reviews.

Most of all, we would recall how the gentleness of the Divine Love had given him the greatness of character, the fine sense of duty, the courtesy of the Christian gentleman and brother, the life that is hid with Christ in God.

GEO. MOOAR,
*For Committee.*

"We leave thee with a trust serene
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move;
While with thy childlike faith we lean
On Him whose dearest name is Love."

*Whittier.*

# SERMONS.

I.

## *CHRISTIANITY A RELIGION OF EXPECTANCY.

[Concerning this sermon, it was said in the *Congregationalist*, editorially, Nov. 18, 1875: "It seems to us as hardly too great praise to say of it, that it deserves to go into the permanent literature of the Church, by the side of the late Pres. Wayland's famous discourse upon The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise."]

*"For ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you."—Deut. 12: 9.*

The attitude of Christianity is that of expectancy. It is not a religion that looks backward. Its standards, its ideals, its Golden Age, are not in the past, but in the future. This is a peculiarity of revealed religion in every age. The patriarch was trained to look into the dim distance, to a better time coming. Moses rose higher, and saw more distinctly, but his eye was still on the future. Isaiah ascended to a higher point of outlook, but looked forward. Even Christ, when he came and disclosed the nature of his mission, taught that it was not his object to lull and satisfy human expectations, but to arouse them still more; and He lifted a veil disclosing a higher glory in the ages to follow. There was nothing in his teachings or life calculated

*Preached before the General Association of California, at San Francisco, Oct. 5, 1875.

to convey the impression that He regarded that period as the consummation of human history, and that there was nothing for mankind in the coming age to do but to look back to it, and linger under its shadows, lamenting its evanescence, and delaying as long as possible its vanishing glory. Rather, He himself stood forth a greater prophet than all, wand in hand, pointing his disciples and the world to a higher future and a nobler age. The Evangelists and Apostles in their writings catch the same spirit of expectancy and off-look, and urge the church to prepare for the full-day splendors of the kingdom of God on earth, and the second coming of Christ. They hold up, indeed, the earthly, historical mission of Jesus as grand; grand in itself, but far more grand as explaining and justifying the higher expectations to which it points forward, and for which it furnishes the ground.

This habit of revelation, of leading good people to look to the future, not to the past, is a habit that runs through its books, and the ages covered by its recitals. Adam gazed vaguely forward for an unknown deliverer; and the last writer in the Bible, in the last book, on the last page, closes the Christian revelation, gazing into the future, and saying: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus"; and yet he had the historical Christ, and the great redemption, and the most divinely-seeded epoch of history behind him.

### THE SAME IN EVERY AGE.

The passage which I have selected for my text presents the host of God of the remote Mosaic age in this attitude. But it is their attitude in every age; and the text will apply to them now as well as then. Taking it, then, as a representative text, true of the genius of

revealed religion, true of the spirit of Christianity, we are reminded in it that the object of pious admiration and zeal at the present time is not in the past, but in the future ; that our mission as followers of Christ is not to recover a vanishing good, but to gird up ourselves, and go forward to a coming good ; that Christianity has its priceless blessing still before the world, and not behind it ; "for ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you." This is language to persons on a march, a great host under marching regimen, moving, or expecting at any moment to move, out of present quarters on to advanced positions, taking with them what they have gained by experience, and their goods, and leaving what is useless. They may camp at times, and build tabernacles, and linger on the way ; but the blessing on which they have set their souls is before them, and soon comes the summons for a multitudinous movement, and there is an advance all along the line. Many things are thrown away ; but seldom anything valuable ; seldom anything that is not better left than carried ; for it is not a retreat, but an advance under a divine leader.

### A MISTAKEN OPINION.

This is, indeed, very different from a common opinion. Many persons imagine that Christianity is carrying a standard that points towards the back ages. They think it is seeking an object that belongs to the past, from which mankind are slowly retreating, which is becoming more and more remote, and looks more and more obscure and insignificant, like a railroad station on the level plains, at which you gaze as you recede from it, standing on the platform of the last car,

till the parallel rails seem to run together, and the town becomes a speck on the horizon, or a film of dust floating in the air near you, and you rub your eyes to tell which. So they regard the objects of Christianity, as settling down, and vanishing in the distance, to be found soon only on the guide-books and historical records; having present influence only by virtue of tradition, education, association, and a certain tenacity of life which keeps a begun faith of mankind from dying out when its uses are over; and to be seen now only by those on the rear of the train, and looking back. It is a great mistake, and arises from an utter misconception of the spirit and genius of Christianity. Christianity is looking forward. It is out in front of the train, pointing the advanced disciples, pointing the church, pointing the world, ahead, to the unattained and incomparable blessings, and saying ever: "Forward; on, on."

Would you look into this matter? Would you consider some of the particulars? I will specify certain points in which Christianity as existing among men is leading them from its own past up to a higher future, and holding before mankind its own sublimer objects, to arouse their faith and devotedness.

### THE WORKS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Take, then, the *works* of Christianity. Is she content with what has been done, the enterprises undertaken in her name, the blessings her followers have bestowed on society, and the range of nations among which they have scattered them? By no means. She does not feel that her work is done, or that she is putting a finishing touch to it here and there, or repeating a dead routine of inherited labors. Her work rises before her as a vision,—stupendous, urgent, grand; and

her cry to her followers is: "Onward to the neglected masses, the half-Christianized population, the unapproached districts. Bring the people to Christ. Give them light. Raise them to the Christian tone. Carry the gospel to the ends of the earth, and make its might and beauty felt wherever it goes." And Christian people in making these advances are recasting from time to time, their methods, and adopting new ones. Some of the old work, also, they are no longer doing, or doing with less energy, preparing, under the fresh divine inspiration, for the new work to which they have a higher call. So Christians are ever marching, or liable to be marching, out of old service up to new and higher, which God keeps before them.

### SOCIAL IDEALS.

Turn to the *social ideals* of Christianity. Where are they? In the vision which dawns upon us, under the influence and teachings which she inspires, are objects such as these: homes for all, and all homes pure and loving; education, in which intellect, heart and body are proportionably cared for and cultured; a reign of medicine in which there is no quackery; justice in whose ermine is no stain, in whose knowledge and penetration no deficiency; legislation at once intelligent and incorrupt; a press competent to handle the great questions of social life and po itical economy, now so often treated with flippancy and shallowness; a literature healthful, inspiring, and nourishing the life of the nation, and no other than such literature; a public preferring to be fed with truth to being stirred with sensation; a church in which the Spirit of Christ reigns, and all other spirits are cast out; a kingdom of Christ on earth, in which all Christians live in unity and peace; society bound together with bonds of love,

and illustrating the principles of truth and righteousness; all swords beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning hooks. Now *these* ideals of society all loom up in the future. Christianity points forward to them as we look towards the New Jerusalem "coming down from God out of heaven." We do not see them as we look back towards the Old Jerusalem, or any favored period in the past. They are not among the fulfillments of any patristic or apostolic age. And under her call we are, here and there, leaving the old attempts to overtake them, and pressing in new directions towards the grand conceptions and inspirations. The Christian world, restless under the half-successes, half-failures, of the by-gone time, and impatient to be off after the mark of the higher calling beckoning to it, is leaving, indeed, some things that have been honored of God in their day, eager to take short cuts to the end.

### MORAL STANDARD OF CHRISTIANITY.

Let us glance at the *moral standard* of Christianity. Where is that? Is the ethical system of our religion behind the age? Is it something that has been outgrown, as the world has advanced in knowledge, science, the practical arts, and the multiplication of comforts and elegancies? Has the moral code proved too sluggish and slow-footed, and fallen behind an advancing and outrunning civilization? No, no; a thousand times no. The very distance, often painful and discouraging, between the moral precepts of Christianity and the practices of Christians, shows the unapproachable nobility of the code, and its great distance in advance of the church as well as the world. It rises before the age, and lures and draws it on, leading the way to the richer coming of the Lord of right-

eousness, as the star rose before the Magi, and led them to the infant Jesus. It is inimitable in its reaches of truth, justice, humility, virtue, self-control, brotherhood, charity ; and no one despises it, or speaks slightingly of it, without betraying his own love of license and degeneracy. When the world comes up to it and practices it, the millennial age, all the ethic good that prophets have sighted and poets sung, will have come. Towards that standard the Christian world is summoned to advance, and is advancing—not regularly, not with equal steps, not with brilliant speed ; with advances and retreats, as the tide comes in ; but grandly, taking the centuries as mile-posts. At the same time it is slowly passing away from some of the forms and methods in which it had formerly sought to embody its moral convictions, and adopting those nearer its present goal. It is leaving the old attainments, and seeking the ever-living principles lying in the new fields. The great changes in the circumstances and conditions of modern life have introduced many new ethical problems in government, political economy and social life, putting the old applications and procedures in many cases at fault, and making necessary quite a new adjustment of principles ; but the old moral principles—which are also ever new, as sunlight is new, and truth is new—are sufficient, and when our civilization comes up to the point of applying them, all will be well, and we shall be far ahead.

### CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Now how is it with *Christian doctrine?* It is often freely asserted that this is behind the times. And I do not deny that there have been, or that there are, doctrines held by Christians that are behind the times. But what is true Christian doctrine? It is the result-

ant of the teachings of Scripture in relation to truth and duty, an emanation in scientific form from the lessons of Revelation, of all it contains about God and man, time and eternity, human want, duty, privilege, destiny. Now this uprising and embodiment in exact statement of the very soul of Revelation, this genuine orthodoxy, is ever far before the church, above it, floating as an apparition over the Bible, too grand and divine to be fully and perfectly grasped and mastered by any single mind, or by the church in any single age. Creeds are not true orthodoxy. Ecclesiastical formulas are not. They are index-fingers, pointing in a poor human way towards it. Orthodoxy, the divine thing itself, is yonder, where the Bible is, ahead of the church, ahead of interpreters, ahead of theologians; and they are, from age to age, pressing on to come up to it—some reluctantly, some by pressure of divine leadings, some of alacrity and good will, but in weakness. Written creeds as attempts to grasp this divine orthodoxy are human necessities, not necessarily or often bad, not bad in themselves at all. They are good when carried forward by those who hold them to their source and interpreted in a transparent way, when read in the divine blaze of the inspired truth under them. He who affects contempt for them and ridicules them, betrays his own doctrinal unjointedness, and mental looseness and superficiality. But creeds that the holders have suffered to slough off from Revelation and fall behind it, and which they treat as having an entity and worth of their own, and cherish as an end, instead of regarding as hints and a help, are unprofitable and lead to looking backwards. Of course, some of the old formulated statements on points of doctrine the church is abandoning — not the

old truths under them, but the old statements; into others she is putting new meanings; and on other points she is in the act of slowly stammering out new statements to meet her advancing conceptions of Scripture. She looks, indeed, at the Apostles' Creed, the Athanasian Creed, the Westminster Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Savoy Confession, the Boston Declaration; but she does not look back to them, and rest her vision there. She looks at them as she looks forward, and reads through them, and under them, and beyond them, and above them, the far richer and diviner theology of Revelation, using them as helps and hints, not as the exhaustive and perfect statement. And so the genius of orthodoxy lives on in the church, and maintains its substantial continuity and identity from age to age, slowly advancing towards the rounded and symmetrical and just orthodoxy which rises in idea from Scripture. So the great doctrines of depravity and guilt, inspiration, probation, redemption, pardon, new life, prayer, the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, heaven and hell, underlie the Christian faith of all the ages, and put them in one line with the marching theology.

### CENTRAL FIGURE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Again, how is it with the central figure in the Christian faith—*the Divine Lord and Saviour?* Does Christianity merely call her votaries to serve a historical Christ, to take up with a Christ of dead generations, to add themselves to the end of a darkening procession coming down from the sepulcher, to stand and look with wistful eyes towards the receding glories that shone around Bethlehem, Capernaum, Bethany, the Temple, and the Mount of Olives, going

backward through the world in order to look as long as possible towards Christ, and feeling that they are ever farther from their Light? Never, never! It furnishes a living Christ, a risen Christ, a Christ in the heavens, above, beyond, in front; interceding for us, stooping towards us, drawing us on; a light, a joy, an inspiration ahead. True, the church takes up the historical portraiture, believes in it, honors it; but carries that portrait forward and looks through it at the Lord above. True, also, it modifies somewhat, from time to time, its conception of the portrait. But what of that? It is not a conception it is serving, nor a portrait, but a living person. It is not a bundle of history it is worshipping, but the divine Lord, once appearing in history, now in the lighted world above, and coming in blessed nearness and fellowship to all believing ones. It takes up, as far as able, all that is in the history, the work, the life, the teachings, the example, the sacrificial death and atonement; takes it all up, and then on the strength of this, and by means of this as wings, soars away to the living, helping, saving Christ above and beyond.

Christianity, brethren, is thus a religion of expectancy. It holds up its blessings in the future, in advance, towards the rim of time, as well as beyond time. It is a religion that puts its followers on marching orders; and this carries with it the necessity of making changes, of leaving certain things, and advancing to new quarters. It is a marching religion, in relation to its works, ideals, ethics, doctrines, and divine Lord. This truth is a light, as well as a truth, shining over a broad region of fact, and helping us to understand certain things which else might be perplexing.

PERSONS OF A GLOOMY TURN.

I will mention two or three of them. It helps us to understand why some good men, who hold the Christian faith as they have come to believe it very tenaciously, take a despondent view of the prospects of Christianity. In every age there have been persons of this gloomy turn in the church. They like the old forms and ways, and commit the common mistake of supposing they are inseparable from the substance. They see the process of removal. Parties are taking down tents and pitching them elsewhere. Fragments of sacred furniture are scattered and left. The old lines and order are disturbed. Enterprises once sacred are abandoned or have become weakened, and new ones undertaken. Old ideals cease to fire enthusiasm, and many persons are going after new loves, and they know not whether these loves are divine. Even some portions of the ancient formulas of orthodoxy are questioned, and others abandoned altogether. They see these things, and are troubled. They forget that we have not as yet "come to the rest and to the inheritance" which the Lord our God giveth us. They seem to think we have come to it, or our fathers came to it long ago; and that these things are signs that we are going away from it, instead of really being signs that we are advancing towards it. They see the Providence that shaped the Christianity of the past, but see no Providence presiding over the movements of Christianity now. They observe the raveling edge of the divine web, but not the edge that is knitting and weaving together. They see the things left behind, but understand not the new gains and conquests. They think that Christianity ought to be doing the old things

in the old way ; and because it is not, but is doing some new things in new ways, they mourn over its signs of life as over decay. They need a deeper, broader, truer view ; a front view instead of a rear view.

### VISIONARIES.

This subject helps us to understand the mistake made in an opposite direction by a class of visionaries and anti-Christian schemers. They think that the forms and usages of Christianity are all there is to it ; and looking at the changes and magnifying them, and taking no account of the abiding under-principles, they imagine that it is slowly changing its character. Seeing only the new side, they fancy it is about to break away from its connections with the past, and become a new religion, and meet them in a kind of eclectic paganism. Not perceiving that the modifications relate to the externals, not to the substance, and that there is a line of divine continuity running through it in all ages, giving it unity, they congratulate themselves that they are soon to have it as an ally. Foolish hope ! Christianity is to turn no summersaults. It is to leap into no revolutions. It will disappoint those who are waiting to have it run out into broad Churchism, or Pantheism, or Liberalism ; or take sides with Infidelity ; or make friends with Free Lovers or Internationals, or Spiritualists, and expunge the law of God, and set up in its place a human lust and passion. It is, and ever will be, the old and the new Christianity still, wearing a slowly changeable dress, made necessary on account of her growth and changing circumstances, but which becomes even more bright and glistening as she advances, with the radiant spirit of the Lord shining from her through it.

WHY SOME PROPHESY DECLINE.

In the light of this subject we can also understand why some persons who have no sympathy with Christianity announce its decline and early death. They go round and pick up pieces of its sloughed skin; they hunt for fragments of shell which the mighty but still young crustacean has outgrown and torn off; put these bits and shreds together, catalogue and label them, and frame a proclamation to the world that Christianity is dead, or dying, and these are the proofs of it. They are diggers of fossils,—searchers among graves and tombs. They have the instinct of hyenas, jackals, buzzards, and hover about the rear of the great advancing army for the waste and putrescence left behind. All this they see; but they perceive not the living, working, thronging army out in the open air and broad day in advance, going on to higher and brighter service, massing its columns, multiplying its forces, and making the thick shadows of the kingdom of darkness retire farther and farther. It is, morally and spiritually, a mightier power on the earth now than ever before, having more influence over the faiths and lives of men; yet they see it not, and resolve its influence into the strange persistence of human credulity. More money, more energy and thought, more men, than in any other age, are in this freely consecrated to carry it into new lands or among neglected populations; and they have no appreciation of the facts. In 1873, as I learn by a summary prepared by Rev. M. M. G. Dana, the Evangelical churches of the United States reported a membership of 5,400,000, about one-seventh of the whole population, and almost one-fourth of all above fifteen years of age; and in 1870, the Protestants reported, in

the census, church property to the amount of $293,498,015, and church-sittings for 19,674,548 persons, an increase of 11 per cent in the last ten years, while the church property was more than double what it was in 1860. If such facts indicate decline of faith in Christianity, the decline must be, like Darwin's "Descent of Man," a decline upwards.

### EBBS AND FLOWS.

True, in the mixing up of nationalities and systems in these times, the communities once almost wholly Christian have opened their ranks, and received among them foreign elements of doubt and skepticism from heterogeneous quarters, so that there are no more any such homogeneous Christian communities as there once were. True, also, unbelief is now voiced and jubilant, and occupies noisy places. Fifty unbelievers could be named in the United States who make more noise than a thousand modest, humble Christians of far more culture, learning and parts, whose names also could be given. The declarations of faith do not startle the public, and therefore the press is not eager to take them up and report them. Christianity flows on as a quiet, broad, mighty, swelling river—almost a sea; infidelity as a stormy, muddy, wild mountain torrent. True, once more, Christianity advances by a law of flows and ebbs at any one point, but in the large field of the world the flows exceed the ebbs, as when the tide is coming in. It grows as a tree grows, which has its times of shedding leaves and seeming to lose ground, which, however, are really times of preparation and waiting for a new start of life. It may seem to lose here and there, now and then, but it is only to gain so much the more in the end, or elsewhere. Christ is

"head over all things to the Church," and makes all things serve her.

Further, if the fact that men are changing some of the externals of their Christian faith and practice proves a general decline in Christianity, then, for the same reason it must be conceded, there is a much greater decline among their respective votaries of faith, in science, education, and the practical arts; for, in all these, men are giving up old positions and hurrying into new ones, to an extent inconceivably greater than is true in the case of Christianity. Yet science, education and the practical arts are not dying out, nor men's faith in them. They live on in new and more vigorous forms; and so will Christianity, which passes through no such fluctuations and metamorphoses, live on.

### ONWARD THE WATCHWORD.

My friends, it is this religion which you are invited to ally yourselves with, and aid with soul, body and fortune. It is this religion which you are asked to help put in all the unoccupied regions of our land, and other lands also; a marching religion, a religion that holds up something before the world, and then reaches down and undergirds humanity, and helps it up towards it. When you give your money to it, when you give your influence to it, when you give your faith to it, when you give yourself to it, you do not throw your gift backwards towards the rear of civilization and the world's progress, but forwards towards its rising day.

Thus we see, brethren, that the whole genius of our religion commits us to aggressive movement here in America. There is no looking back, no standing still. Onward is the watchword; onward against the strongholds of sin; onward against the powers of

darkness ; onward, till gospel light and privilege penetrate every alley and cellar in our cities, every camp and cabin on our mountains, and thread every highway across our plains. Onward against the great mountain of intemperance, till it becomes a plain ; against the social evil, till it disappears ; against superstition, till it is no more ; onward, till bereaved men and women no longer ask solemn counsel of their own fancies, mysteriously conjured forth from secret hiding-places in their souls, and reported back to their senses as if they were visitors from another world ; onward, till purity wins office, and honesty and capacity hold it ; onward, till frauds cease, and public virtue equals public intelligence ; onward, till men honor God, and are as eager to obey his laws as to know how to use them ; onward, onward, till Christ comes, and again says—not referring to the preparatory work, but the whole superstructure of the world's redemption resting on it—"It is finished!" Onward, onward, till "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ"—"*for ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you.*"

## II.

## *THE ASSAILED BUT CONQUERING BOOK.

*"I am the Lord that maketh all things; that frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad; that turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish; that confirmeth the word of his servant, and performeth the counsel of his messenger."—Isaiah 44; 24-26.*

Here is a book—an old book—portions of it more than 3,300 years old, and the latest written nearly 1,800 years ago. Why is it here? It has come in conflict with many human systems. It was put into the world of books a stranger, without peer or helper among the books, in an uncongenial atmosphere, and has been ever since the object of ceaseless attacks, open and covert. Yet, strange to say, looked at simply as a literary peculiarity, it is an overcoming book. It is endowed not only with some mysterious property of life, of indestructibility, but also of conquest. It lives on but to conquer. It vanquishes its assailants, and holds the ground once occupied by them, while they, one after another, disappear and are forgotten. It is plain that for some reason the Bible is an overcoming book.

### CONFLICTING BOOKS DIE.

In no age has it alone proposed to man a spiritual system, a revelation, or the light he needs for his

* Preached in Sacramento, June 10, 1875.

guidance and safety. In every age it has had competitors that offered easy, acceptable and different terms of welfare and bliss. Yet this remarkable fact meets us all along the line of history, that those systems come and go—come with all the novelty, attraction and advantages of starting in a new age and profiting by the accumulated wisdom, and promising to be a finality, and go smitten with premature decay or antiquity into oblivion, to make room for successors which repeat the process ; while the book survives, and never in its spirit and moral uses becomes old, any more than light becomes old, or fire or truth or beauty. Look back across the centuries. Where are the systems which were once the proud theologies and religious philosophies of men, but whose very names are now strange or historical only? Where are the writings of Celsus, Julian the Apostate ; of the Gnostics, the Neo Platonists, the Manichæans, the Ghibell nes ; of Lord Herbert, Hoppe, the Earl of Shaftsbury, Toland, Collins, Lord Bolingbroke, Hume, Paine ; of the scoffing Voltaire, of Diderot and other spiritual levelers of the Enclyclopedia, and of Rousseau, eulogizing a state of nature as the supreme felicity? Their systems, as furnishing a religion or a substitute for one, now slumber, and no one dreams of finding in any or all of them the way of life. For such purposes they are forgotten. They are cast off as the worthless exuviæ of past ages. They lie as the dust which the Bible, as it has traveled down the centuries, raised, and which filled the air for a short time, but soon settled, and now simply marks the track of the triumphal progress of the overcoming Book. You would as soon think of exhuming your religion from the Zendavesta of the Parsees, the Puranas of the Hindoos, the mythology of the Greeks, or the legends

of the Scandinavians, as from them. They are searched and valued now simply as fossils, petrifactions of the dead past, hints for the historical resurrection of buried ages.

### THE NATURE OF THE BOOK TO LIVE.

Yet while these and like books are soon displaced, are in their very nature and make up perishable and transient, the Bible betrays no such symptoms. It passes quietly and calmly down the ages, like a prophet endowed with immortal youth, ever loved and honored, and speaking living words to living souls ; or like a great spiritual sun, raying out into the darkness light just as fresh today as when it first began to shine —an ever-living and overcoming book, as if it were the nature of books to live and not to die, and as if there were nothing strange and exceptional in its continuance.

### STRANGENESS AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FACT.

Bear in mind in considering the strangeness of this fact, that the Bible makes no appeal to the lower nature and passions, or the prejudices of man or society. It finds at first no natural allies. It makes no friends till it has conquered their love from opposition or indifference. It makes its way by a mighty conquest. Its life, moreover, and its aggressive power are moral, not those of the sword. It has no friends but such as choose to be. It reigns in the heart. It commands the homage of conscience. Man at first has a disrelish for it ; then, moved by moral and spiritual motives, reaches out and takes it, and then offers it to his brothers. Its victories are victories over the soul. Its successes represent the approval of so many minds and

hearts. The successes of Islam represent so much force and passion ; of the Copernican system of astronomy, so much intelligence ; of the American arms, so much patriotism and bravery ; the success of the Bible, so many approving reasons, consciences, wills—the highest homage of so many awakened and immortal souls. No other book, no other system, no other cause, has a success which means so much, which covers such a vast underlay of noble things, the assent of so much in man, reaching all the way from the highest approval and exercise of the soul to the most trivial service of the fingers—the assent, in a word, of the whole man.

### CONQUERING POWER OF THE BOOK.

And remember, again, in considering the Bible as the overcrowning Book, that it does not merely live with a narrow and thin line of believers, across the centuries, but that there has been a great and increasing host gathering around it. Profound and significant as its successes are in the individual—running all through the soul of man as electricity runs through his body—they are broad and enlarging also. Many in every Christian century have found in it their faith, fastened on it their hopes, and clung to its promises as to the hand of God. It has steadily, and to large and accumuating numbers, furnished the vital religion of Christendom ; and, far beyond the acknowledged circle of its influence, it shapes the general thinking and feeling of multitudes. There is not another book at this moment that has a thousandth part of the power over mankind, which this has ; and the same is true of any age since the completion of the canon. Go back to what century you please of the Christian era, and

still the Bible was then the living Book—the one Book which, for some reason, most influenced men, taking the deepest, strongest, longest hold on them. It meets other books in their own age, at the moment of their freshness and greatest power, and yet it is then more a living Book than they. It meets them on their own ground, and, if antagonistic to it, overcomes them —it nestling snugly in many human hearts, more prized than life, cherished almost as a part of the soul, while they excite at most a superficial curiosity or enthusiasm, and pass away. This was the case in its first great contest, when it met the paganism of Greece and Rome closely interwoven with the existing domestic, social and civil life; it survived and that fell. This was the case when it first encountered the religion of the barbarians who overran and conquered Rome; it conquered those rude conquerors. This was the case when, subsequently, in the Middle Ages, the hierarchy claimed and exercised in their councils the power of erecting traditions to a power of authority equal to the Sacred Scriptures; it sprang from the unholy alliance in the Reformation, and traditions waned. This was the case in each of the four great modern issues, which may be vaguely designated with reference to the source of the respective movements as the issue with English infidelity and the issue with French atheism, in the last century, and the issue with German philosophy and the issue with materialistic science, in the present; for here, also, so far as results have reached a finality, as in the first three, the Bible is the book of life and power, and they are the systems of defeat and death; and although we are in the midst of the conflict with the fourth, there is no more doubt what the result will be here than if it were

already reached. Materialism has no light to give bewildered man, and must give place to God's word, which has such a light.

### WHY THE BOOK IS HERE.

If, now, we raise the inquiry, "Why is this book here?" or, in other words, "Why is it an overcoming book?" we shall find a sufficient reason to be, because it is God's book, and God made it to live. Its origin is, professedly, unlike that of all other productions; and the more one knows of it, is in sympathy with it, and comprehends it, the more he perceives that the fact justifies the claim. The evidences of its Divine source come rolling in on the spirituality-awakened and docile soul, the Godly and kindred mind, with cumulative power. It has, indeed, a human element of form, manner, instrumentality, mingled with the Divine element of substance, matter, purpose, object; but it is still properly called God's book. In it He reveals Himself, His doings and His will, so far as He deems it necessary for the use of man. He reveals Himself in nature. He reveals Himself in the human soul. But it is here, and only here, that He reveals Himself in a book.

### GOD MADE IT TO LIVE.

Now because it is His book, and His great book-medium of communicating His will to man—timeless man, man in all ages subsequent to its origin—He watches over it, that it may live. The same omniscient wisdom and creative power and skill that in some way, no matter what, swung our earth out into space, amid the countless attractions and disturbing forces of the universe, and yet, anticipating them all, causes it to

pass through them undisturbed, hold on its way and fulfill its mission; an enduring world, though comets dash past, and satellites swing around, and planets brush by, and the whole solar system, all in a movement within itself, is sweeping on somewhere through the outlying universe filled with systems of worlds of its own; forecast the track and perils of the Bible when he sent it on its mission, prepared it accordingly, and will guide it safely through them. No false revelation or wild assault of perverted genius will, accordingly, be allowed, like a comet, to strike it and wrap it in flames. No sister revelation of God in nature or the soul will break out from its own path, like an unorbed planet, and dash it in pieces. And as it holds on its way through the Universe of letters and books, no one of them will come in collision with it, to turn it out of its course. For it is God's book, and he made it to live; and, therefore, it is an overcoming book.

### ITS SPIRIT IMMORTAL.

Besides, God has put an immortality into it which tends to preserve it by its own energy. This is the spirit of the book, "My words, they are spirit and they are life." As the Divine element in the soul, the Divine image put into it by the original purpose and creation of God, with such aid as God is pleased to add to carry out the purpose, bears the soul up amid all exposures and makes it immortal, so that you cannot destroy it by any assaults, and it laughs at pistols and swords and fagots, and even the crash of worlds, so the Divine element, the spirit, which God has put in His book, with such help as he is pleased to continue to bestow, makes it indestructible and immortal, and skeptics and enemies assail it in vain. This book lives

and overcomes because there is Divine soul in it ; other books are overcome and die because they are human and have no such soul. "The word of our God shall stand forever." Ghosts die, spirits live.

### A BOOK OF TRUTH.

Again, this book is a revelation of truth. It is not only God's book, but its contents are an unfolding of important spiritual facts. It lifts the veil from a hidden world, which we are already in—the world of spiritual realities and relations—and discloses all that it is necessary for us to see for our safe conduct. It is the taper which lights up the dark cave to the traveler, who must find his way safely through and out, or perish. Truth lives, error dies ; therefore the Bible lives. "Truth," says Milton, "is strong next to the Almighty." "Thy word is true from the beginning ; and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth forever."

### IT WEDS ITSELF TO THE SOUL.

And another element in the overcoming power of the Bible is the fact that it is not only truth, but truth adapted to the spiritual condition and wants of man. It is truth playing into the needs and laws of the soul. It is truth that is just as much designed for spiritual nourishment and health as food for bodily support. It is truth in relation to man as needing salvation. It is truth that fits the soul, as a mother's love and care fit the helpless babe. It comes down to man just as he is, and furnishes just the light and guidance he needs, that he may be raised up to glory. It recognizes these three great central facts, and provides for them, which must be done in any religious system, or it is worth-

less : Man a sinner needing pardon and cleansing, the necessity of an atonement, and the reality and presence of a personal Saviour. And around these centers it groups all the collaterals and aids of a perfect gospel, which, like the Sabbath, is made for man, not man for that ; and all this it hands over to him with the varied attractions and persuasions of varied letters—historic, poetic, logical, rhetorical ; in type, prophecy, symbol, parable, warning, exhortation, command. The consequence is that the Bible lays itself on the human soul receiving it ; nay, more, penetrates and weds itself to it in all its parts and powers, clasping them with vital bands, and living with its life. It is thus grown into the soul in inseparable union. Other books men can lay aside, forget, suffer to be taken from them or go into oblivion ; but this, if loved as God's book, they will cling to at the stake, the inquisitor's rack, through fire and flood, and the loss of all things earthly. And I venture that you, my friends, as little as you may have thought you love the Bible, would, every one of you, give up all other books before you would consent to have this put beyond reach, and would be willing to fight unto the death before you would allow it to be wrested from you by any combination of its enemies. This is an overcoming book because of the devotion to it of human souls, especially of such as have found in it the way of life, a Saviour, the will of God, and the hopes of a blessed immortality.

### IT IDENTIFIES ITSELF WITH THE LIFE OF CIVILIZATION.

Furthermore, it should be remembered that the Bible, wherever it goes and finds a real lodgment, creates around it the institutions of civilization and humanity.

It populates the land with powerful friendships and supporters. It penetrates the living interests of society, and in connection with them, at once blending with them and moulding them, weds itself with the social fabric. And such, in a short time, is its hold on the organized vitalities, the institutions and customs of a Christian community, that you will be obliged to tear down the social structure, with all its civilization and humanity, to extirpate the Bible and its influence; and if you arrest the Bible and its influence, you begin the work of social demolition. It is this power of the Bible to produce all humane and noble things, interweave itself with them, and buttress itself with them, that is another element of its endurance and progress.

### SUGGESTED EXCEPTIONS.

The only books that can be suggested to a historical mind as a possible exception to these remarks is the Koran, and possibly some of the writings of Confucius and of the mystics of India. But consider that the issue between the Koran and the Bible is not yet settled; that at this moment the Koran is slowly melting away before the Bible, under the influence of moral forces, to say nothing of other causes; and that, up to the present generation, the Bible never came into actual moral or intellectual contact with it. Islamism was formerly walled around by physical forces, more insurmountable and repulsive than the Chinese wall, and was made absolutely inaccessible to the spiritual forces of Christianity. If the two systems had all along been brought together on the moral arena—as for the first time they have been to some extent within a few years—and had fought it out there, the Koran would have been long ago an obsolete book. There has been real-

ly no issue between the Koran and the Bible, only between the sword of Mohammed and the scepter of the Christian Powers, until our day. Here is no exception to the position that the Bible is the overcoming book. The same is true of the sacred books of China and India, the continuance of which is to be ascribed, not so much to the intelligent research and conviction of individual minds, as to a certain national habit of hereditary transmission of faith, a blind momentum of doctrine resulting from peculiar national inertia and isolation.

### THE PAST AN INDICATION OF THE FUTURE.

Thus, we have seen the remarkable history of this book, and the reasons for it. It is the strangely living and overcoming book. This is the fact all through the past down to the present. Will it be any less so in the future? The reasons are in their nature unchanging—the Bible, ever God's book; ever a revelation of truth; ever a book of principles, not of forms; ever adapted to the needs of the soul—will the result be different hereafter? Will the Bible, by and by, be less divine, or the other books more divine! No; we have reason to believe the same book, which alone has swept down the ages as the conquering book, will go on, conquering and to conquer, so long as man remains man and has the spiritual wants of a man. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." And this is the teaching of history and the voice of reason, as well as the testimony of Heaven.

Yet, all through the Christian centuries, there have been those who, turning away from this, have sought elsewhere, in some of the cheap pretenses of the day, a revelation and a religion for their souls! Oh, how

blind to history, and the deeper facts which make history! How pitiful and brief the career of all books and systems and efforts that have hurled themselves against the Bible! Yet, each new set, looking elsewhere for their panacea, expect that the last product, whatever it is, that bids for their acceptance and wins it, is the grand discovery for the soul of man! And away they go, untaught by all the past, uninfluenced by the real facts of the present, charmed by the brilliant colors of their bubble!

It is not difficult to foreknow the fate of any system or effort brought forward to supplant the Bible. It will array itself against God and His providence. It will fail to satisfy the soul. It will soon demonstrate that it outlies the religion and realm of truth. And it will fail, as all its predecessors have failed.

### A CONTRAST.

A great New England heresiarch in early life, some forty years ago, boasted that he would travel through the country, and by preaching and lecturing, revolutionize the theology of New England, strike out the traditional from men's faith, disburden the Scriptures of the supernatural and unhistorical, and establish the "absolute religion." And he did what he could. He traveled; he lectured; he preached; he attacked the theology of the Bible, and the supernatural in the Bible, and thus the Bible. He used scarcasm and wit and eloquence, and beautiful letters. He drew great assemblies, and he thought, and men thought, he was a power in the land. Compared with him the buzzing against revelation within a few weeks in this city and elsewhere in the State, by a popular lecturer from the East, was,—for scholarship, science, philosophy, for skill in letters and in massing public opinion, and

adaptation to lead off in a revolutionary movement,—for everything but assertion and brilliant declamation and arrogance in proclaiming a hostility to Christianity that justified itself by no basis of fact, or logic, or reason, and that rested solely on his own personality, but the peppering of Gibraltar with a revolver, compared with its steady bombardment with Krupp guns. Yet, notwithstanding this great heresiarch's efforts and advantages, the Bible lived on and he failed. He built no institutions. He left no organized succession. He sowed no living seeds,—some such as are floating imperceptibly in the air. Nothing positive of his building survives ; nothing positive of his attacking in the Bible, or the theology of the Bible, or the supernatural of the Bible, has died. But a humble minister of Christ, without brilliant parts, without eloquence, or wit, or great worldly wisdom, without his self-conscious pride, or towering ambition, or arrogant personality, and with only moderate powers, yet, knowing that God has put his mind in a book, and understanding that mind, and knowing how to declare it plainly to his fellow men, without pretense or bluster or travel, has quietly labored in his parish, preaching God's word, and has seen his preaching taking root in schools and institutions of humanity, in the industries and virtues of the people, in all the beautiful graces of this life, and the assured hopes of the next ; and, dying, has left whole sowings of the precious seed to spring up in future harvests. Yes, yes, my brethren, in our day, here and elsewhere, the Lord is the same. "He frustrateth the tokens of liars, he maketh diviners mad ; he turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish ; but he confirmeth the word of his servant, and performeth the council of his messengers."

## III.

## * PROPERTY AN INSTRUMENT FOR MORAL TRAINING.

"*And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.*"—*Gen. 1: 26.*

The key to the solution of many vexing questions in social science and political economy lies on the surface of Scripture. Philosophers overlooking that, and ranging among human speculations, multiply theories and beat the air. The foundation of the right of property is one of those questions that have long agitated philosophers; and they have looked for it, to little purpose, in one direction and another, outside of Scripture: in original discovery and appropriation, in the value labor imparts to things, in undisputed possessions, in the necessities of organized society. But, way back in the book of Genesis, at the very announcement of the creation of man, we find the true theory. We there learn that property is fundamentally the gift of God to man. God made man to have dominion over the earth and its products, to be a *property owner;* and he put the earth and its products under man, to be his *property*. Here is the foundation of that

* Preached in Sacramento, March 19, 1876.

right which philosophers, looking elsewhere, have chased in vain through endless fields of speculation; and it lies on the surface at the front of Scripture.

But this is not all this passage suggests. It couples this property-handling characteristic—a characteristic, so far as we know, peculiar to man, having little in the faintest degree analogous to it among the animal races, and nothing among angels—in immediate connection with man's moral being. "Let us make man in our *image*, after *our likeness;* and let them have *dominion.*" This joining of man's property-seeking and property-holding nature to his moral nature, in the fundamental constitution of his earthly life, shows that it is the Divine intent that man should work out the problem of his freedom in connection with property. God thus indicates, from the start, that property is to be the element or the material, in connection with the seeking or handling of which the race as a race, however it may be with particular persons, is to solve the great questions pertaining to the image of God within, —the questions of freedom, of character, of the welfare of the soul. This original foundation of the right of property, as the instrument of moral training, was reaffirmed to Noah and his sons, after the rest of the race had been swept away by the flood. God said to them: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you: even as the green herb have I given you all things."

My subject will lead me to speak on these points: *The Moral Purpose of the Gift of Property to the Race; the Adaptation of Property to be an Instrument of Moral Training; and some of the Ways in which we Train Ourselves by Means of it.*

We are apt to take a low view of the *purpose* of prop-

erty. Some think of it as related merely to subsistence. Others add to its uses for this purpose the aid it gives as a means of pleasure, indulgence, ostentation. Others add worldly power : others usefulness. Others regard it, apparently, as something to be accumulated for its own sake. And others look upon it, mainly, as one of the necessities of civilized life, and to be valued for its social uses. But high above all these is its design to aid in our moral training. This view is maintained by some of the best writers on political economy. It is possible to imagine that God might have instituted a system in which all our physical wants would have been met without ownership, by a method of spontaneous supplies, as in the case of birds and fishes. In this case we should have been deprived of a property basis for our spiritual education ; we should have been without the material instrument which we now occupy and use, and by means of which we shape character and destiny ; as weavers using the old-time loom sat on it, and by adroit movement of shuttle, beam and treadle wove the prized many-colored fabric.

The process is quite intelligible. Ownership, present or prospective, absorbs thought and energy, and keeps them from evaporating and disappearing like unbottled ether ; holds them where moral influences involved in the various transactions, coming upon them, may fix an indelible stamp on character. As paper, pencils, black-boards, are brought into use in learning arithmetic, and the young mind hovers over them to acquire a knowledge of numbers and to educate thought ; as letters and words are studied and combined, and used, in that wonderful instrument, language, to help us up to the heights of science, history and poesy ; as the plays, disputes, occupations of chil-

dren in a true home, all furnish the occasion and the basis for the ever watchful and ever brooding home training on the part of mother and father; so ownership present or prospective, with its endless complications of seekings, handlings, usings and losings, its involutions and evolutions of struggle and motive, presents the occasions around which a large part of the influences affecting the moral education of the race gathers, and is practically the instrument in the use of which character is largely determined.

A man standing on property is thus writing his name among the stars or in the depths. He is occupied with questions of *mine* and *thine*, dealing with values, following adventures, pushing things, or making ends meet; and his soul is robing itself for an unending flight upward or downward. His thought is occupied with affairs, investments, harvests, trade, prescriptions, briefs; and at the same time, a moral condition is settling down on him as insensibly and certainly as the gathering shadows of approaching night or the increasing light of coming day.

His purpose is altogether common-place and vulgar, perhaps, a question in the trashy arithmetic of dollars and cents, and the issue is a tragedy, the final act of which will be brought out at the judgment. He fancies, it may be, that in this department of his life he is working only on the lower side of his nature, providing things necessary for the body, and is leaving intact and unprejudiced all his higher interests; but these very secularities are a training instrument for the fashioning of his higher being, and when he comes to himself it is fashioned, or largely so.

Property, then, has a moral purpose. And it has *characteristics* which eminently fit it for this design.

In the first place it is an *innocent* instrument. There is no stain on property in itself. It presents no snare, no weight, no obstruction, in the way of moral life. As God gave and intended it, it holds out absolutely innocent arms, white as snow, pure as crystal, to welcome those whose moral training is to go on in connection with it. Many think differently, and speak of it as if its origin were from beneath, and it were a mere trap in which to catch souls and drag them down to perdition. This is an impeachment of the wisdom and goodness of God, who devised property and bestowed it on the race before the fall, during the state of innocency. No damage then can come from it, in its original nature, to moral training.

Again, it is primarily a *passive* instrument. It is something not to train us, but for us to train ourselves with, like dumb-bells. It has no power in itself, only as we give it power to make us great and good, or low and bad. We carry over to it and put into it its moral animus. It has the peculiar adaptation to moral training, that we can dim its influence on us as we please. We can travel upwards or downwards by means of it, at our option. It is not an instrument that is greater than its master and outworks him, but remains morally obedient to his will, unless he himself fires it up and puts on the steam, causing it to run away with him. It lies in our hand, a great elemental force, indifferent whichever way it goes and what it does, till we give it the spark and the christening that makes it godly to us, or the venom that makes it devilish.

It is also a *facile* and *flexible* instrument. It is capable of aiding men in all the sinuosities and eccentricities of their moral life—in all their high struggles and aspirations, in all their depressions and desperations.

The love of it, or the struggle for it, or the use of it, or the loss of it, or the contempt for it—property in some form—lies back of almost all of their soul history, and often not far back, as an accomplice or a foe, and equally as an element of moral discipline whether accomplice or foe. So it follows them, and gives them a hand in the rounds of innocent joy, lofty endeavor, home life, church life, state life and Christian enterprise. In like manner, all the approaches and purlieus of the life below—the meanderings of vice and dissipation, the dark lanes of hate and crime, the nesting-places of corruption—men go down into these and feel their way through them, leaning on the same staff. Vary the motive as you will. Give it any direction you please, or any emphasis, or any hint in that direction, and this responsive agent is present with its ubiquitous influence. It is the most flexible and universal instrument known, singularly adapted for all manner of uses of moral beings during their training period. It is no less the currency of loves and hates, benevolence and crime, art and destructiveness, worship and impiety, than of drink, food, shelter, travel. It is the element that comes into play in the endearments of affection, the struggles of learning and patriotism, as well as in the building of houses and the interchange of trade.

Further, it is, in its influence, an *accessible* instrument. It thrusts its power in some way within the reach of all. Strange to say, its efficacy does not depend on the amount of it in one's possession or ownership, nor even whether it be possible for him or not. It is the way in which one bears himself towards it, whether in his possession or ownership, or out of it—the motives with which he seeks it, and the uses to which he would put it—it is this that decides the in-

fluence of this great factor on character. A poor man is under its training by means of his efforts to gain it, possibly by his envyings, or the bad uses of the little he has, as really as the rich man. All the perils of the love of gain are not on the side of the wealthy. A man may use it to debase himself, who is not worth a dime; or he may use it to elevate himself, if he is worth millions. On the other hand, one may be helped by his poverty, or he may be ruined by his possessions. The rich and the poor are both trained by this all but universal trainer, although in very different ways. But it would be difficult to say which are the most trained, or the best or the poorest trained. We see, then, how admirably contrived, in this particular also, this instrument is for the training of the race, inasmuch as its presence or absence, its excess or deficiency, its easy abundance or smarting want, alike furnish the condition for the special trial to which Providence has consigned each man, and under which, at the peril of his soul, he must settle the question of character.

Once more, it is a *reactionary* instrument. In itself, as we have seen, it has no moral character or quality —it is negative; but it becomes charged with our own moral quality as we pursue it; and, so charged, it reacts upon us. Every man's possession, thus infused with his spirit, bears his own likeness, and so comes to have a separate educating quality of its own, and educates him still further in his chosen way.

Blood-stained dollars have the guilt, fatality, treachery, of accomplices after the fact stamped in their nature; and follow, and haunt, and threaten the possessor, like furies, beguiling him into other crimes, and finally betraying him. A miser's money is his

double, and stimulates him, at sight or thought, like the society of a brother miser. A generous man's gains stand up before him like the angel Charity, asking to be sent on some errand of mercy. A spendthrift sees in every dollar he can get hold of a friend in sorry imprisonment, longing for release and indulgence ; and he hastens to set it free as soon as possible, and follows it till it disappears. Gold has the moral color of its owner stamped upon it, and this, in turn, strikes through his hands as he handles it, and tinges his soul. As a river that overflows its banks leaves a deposit on shore, indicating the kind of soil it has run through and the kind of drift it bears, so the streams of Plutus leave a deposit all along the character, in each case showing what kind of a life they have issued from, and what kind of moral elements they are freighted with. Thus the property we have not but which we seek, as well as the property in our hands—property which, in the first instance, was entirely innocent and negative—becomes imbued with the quality of our own motives and aims as we seek or use it, and draws us after it. Many a man is turning into the moral complexion of his dollars. Witness the man of the saloon, sporting men, gamblers in stocks. Witness the substantial yeoman, tradesman, professionalist. Witness the lover of his country, the lover of his race, the lover of Christ. Each has stamped back on himself the hue of himself—a hue which he first imparted to it.

Such is the instrument which is so conspicuous in the moral training of men ; in its own nature innocent and passive ; perfectly flexible, and obedient to all the wishes of moral beings ; accessible to all, and ever present by its influence ; and capable of being charged by

the individual with a positive moral power to mould and fix his character. It is a wonderful device, singularly adapted to beings of mixed natures like ours, to give us a fair trial, because subservient to freedom.

Now, what are *some of the ways in which we train ourselves by means of it?*

We train ourselves by the *motives* with which we seek it. These may be any one of a million, by which different persons are impelled in its pursuit; but whatever one it is, the strain put upon that strengthens it. So in the pursuit of property, one is really put on a run towards the moral end pointed at in his motive, and the faster and the harder he runs for property the faster and the harder he runs into that moral enclosure, and shuts himself up in it.

We train ourselves by the *methods* employed in seeking it. All the moral and all the immoral methods await our bidding. We employ whichever we please; but those which we summon to our aid, whether the right or the wrong or the mixed, enter as powerful elements into the question of character. One unrighteous principle incorporated into our business, running in and out and combining its parts, like a needle and thread sewing a seam, is enough to stitch unrighteousness into a man's soul for eternity; and if our business is bad in itself, then it becomes a sink into which we throw our immortality to go down to perdition. A righteous business, on the other hand, conducted in an upright way, helps the soul upward.

We train ourselves by the *uses* to which we put our property. A person on a raft by means of a pole pushes himself along, raft and all, in a given direction towards an end. His headway is determined by his pushing. So a man and his property interests are

morally aimed in a certain direction, and he advances toward it by property pushes—by expenditures here and there on the way ; and the nature and number of pushes, in no small degree, decide the character of the journey. One may use his money so that, as dollar after dollar goes, it will add momentum to his course downward, or so that it will send him upward. Consecrated money acts on the soul like angels' wings ; that spent in the service of sin like the wings of a demon.

We train ourselves, further, by the way in which we bear the *loss* of property. Sometimes it vanishes suddenly. If we then fret, murmur, quarrel with Providence, become sour, we put on a Nissus shirt, which poisons and maddens the soul ; if we accept submissively, trustfully, bravely, the trial, and look above, it carries us above like a chariot of fire. Loss is a sharp educator in the one way or the other.

We train ourselves, also, by the objects to which we leave it. Persons who have property, generally look forward to the objects that are finally to come into possession of it by inheritance, will or gift, and so far give their character an impulse in that direction. If one plans and provides a blessing for mankind, and arranges for a living agency to work for the glory of God when he is gone, he wraps himself up in the benefits of that purpose beforehand, and holds them in perpetuity. Every rich person, by making a will and anchoring himself to some grand charity, institution of Christian learning, or missionary enterprise, may secure in this way a powerful impulse upward ; while he who thinks only of leaving his property to ignoble uses is borne downward by the unconscious gravitation of this thought. Every person of means, there-

fore, should make his will,* not only for the purpose of fixing upon good objects to which his property shall go, but also to have the benefit during life of the uplift that comes from the feeling that he holds his property in trust for grand interests looking to the glory of God.

Such is the high office of property in connection with our earthly training, whether we have much of it, or little, or none. The instinct that prompts us to seek it, the fact that we are obliged to put ourselves in some kind of moral relation to it and handle more or less of it, and the fact that its absence tests character quite as much as its presence does, make it equally efficacious for this purpose, whatever the amount. It is not designed to have an independent educating power, but to be obedient to the will of him who uses it without prejudicing his freedom. It does not lead us only as the horse we drive leads us. We should look upon it and the way we bear ourselves towards it, therefore, as involving all the sanctity and sublimity of a means for defining our character. It is an instrument by the use of which we are to define our spirit, our disposition, our selfishness,—if we have it,—our pride, our covetousness, love of pleasure, want of principle, even dishonesty, passion, malice ; or, if we will it, our faith in God, love of right, generosity, desire to do good, and uprightness of heart.

Think, my friends, as you go out from day to day into the arena in which you encounter the issues of property, that it is no mere playground for restless faculties, no mere race-course with fierce competitors for

* Dr. Dwinell, in his will, left bequests to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Home Missionary Society and the Pacific Theological Seminary.

an earthly prize, no mere work-shop in which to earn daily bread, no board of chance from which you hope to sweep in the stakes that will enable you to live in wantonness; but a school, rather, in which you are to test and settle your character. Nay, think of it as a holy temple, in which, whatever others may do, you will worship, praise and serve God, and where you will adorn your soul with the practical principles of love and Godliness, so that when you go forth from it, you may go forth beautiful in soul and ennobled. The silk-worm weaves its covering of silk about it, in which it undergoes the change, and thence emerges with wings adapted for its new sphere and service.

So live, so weave about you the threads that come from the relations of property—the threads of honest seekings, generous givings, pure usings and consecrated holdings—that you may undergo, in the midst of this environment, the great transformation that will fit you for the life above; so that, when you emerge from it, and leave it forever behind, you may have all the organs and preparations to go at once and be evermore with Christ in the new sphere and home above.

## IV.

## *UNCONSCIOUS HELP FROM GOD.

*"I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms; but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with the cords of a man, with bands of love."—Hosea 11 : 3-4.*

In an Italian painting the central figure is a small boy, said to represent humanity. The boy, possessed of luring passions and appetites and evil impulses, is thoughtless and unsuspicious. Before him in the distance is Satan, waiting with malicious leer, fiendish exultation, and horrid looks, to have him come forward and fall into his hands. An angel descending near the boy, and unseen by him, thrusts a shield before his eyes, so that he cannot see Satan nor his peril, and at the same time directs his attention upward, to safety in the skies. The effect of this invisible and supernatural interposition is to change the course of the boy, and lead him away from the destroyer.

This is an illustration of the way in which God often interposes to save us from destruction and do us good without our knowledge. This habit of his is brought out in the text. The prophet represents God as telling how he has taken care of his people from their national infancy up,—how, like a mother of the olden

*Preached in Sacramento, April 20, 1879, and subsequently in San Francisco, Oakland and Grass Valley, Cala., in Orange, N. J., East Calais, Vt., and Honolulu.

time, he taught them to walk, first taking them by the arms, then leading them by soft cords, and after that using easy and gentle bands, and when they had fallen and hurt themselves, had raised them up and healed them,—and all this, often without their knowledge, coming to them as an invisible presence, an ever alert and unknown benefactor. "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms; *but they knew not that I healed them.* I drew them with the cords of a man, with bands of love." This brings God before us in an interesting and beautiful light.

My subject is *Unconscious Help from God.*

It is not strange that God, who is love, and is everywhere present, should have mysterious ways of forefending evil and doing us good. He is the soul of the world, and he thinks, plans, acts good, and in numberless ways thwarts evil, giving it only a limited range. Even Herbert Spencer, who seems touched by a sense of the underlying beneficence, makes this back handed confession: "There is no vice in the constitution of things." No vice in the constitution of things! No, no! but a far-reaching, thoughtful, pitiful, lurking, overtaking helpfulness. The mystery is not, with God's goodness and wealth of resources and our limited capacity for comprehending his ways, that he should have methods of helping us and we not know them, but that we should be able to see so much of his kindness. The strangeness is not that there are hiding places in which he conceals his help all along the pathway of life, in nature, in events, in conditions, circumstances and experiences; but that so many of these interpositions come out from time to time, and reveal his hand.

God meets us personally with his brooding care, as

vigilantly and thoughtfully as, according to the text, he did the Hebrew nation. The New Testament lifts the individual into prominence, and makes him the mark of a specific oversight and training. He is not lost in the nation, or in the myriads belonging to the nations, or in the endless worlds and details of the universe. Over each trusting soul, as it makes the journey of life, is the glory of the same unseen One that brooded over the exodus and the march through the wilderness—the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, if only we had the eye to see it—shielding, training, blessing, chastening. If all the deliverances he works out for us were visible, if we could see all the instances of peril, when the great enemy, with expectant looks, fiendish exultation and malignant leer, is waiting to have us fall into his hands, while God kindly interposes, diverting our thoughts and changing our course, we should have a wondrous picture of the now unrecognized tender ministries of our God. Life is full to the brim of this unrecognized presence and help. How many dangers have been in our way, and we have stood on their brink, likely to go over were it not for an unseen, averting hand ; but that hand was there and we escaped ! How many fatal diseases have been on their way to us, and something, a mystery to us, waved them aside, and we still live ! How many temptations have singled us out, at one time or another, and come straight for us like hungry lions ; and yet through some unaccountable influence they have been diverted to one side, or we have been drawn away just in time to escape the deadly spring ! How many mistakes and even sins of our own, which seemed about to ruin us, we have risen up out of unexpectedly, as if a sorrowing Friend, without our

knowledge, had come in to arrest or soothe the consequences! We say there is a recovering power in the realm of nature back of the ordinary forces at work, so that if a derangement of her order takes place, this unseen agency steps in, covers the wound, and produces a new order of health and symmetry over it. So in the kingdom of grace there is a kindly healing or helping power back of our lives, that comes to us to cover the wounds we inflict on ourselves, to bring about with our co-operation a new condition of moral health and vigor, and recover us from our sins. How many are strangely raised up after falling! but they do not recognize the Unseen One, as he stoops over them to free them from the snares their own guiltiness has sprung upon them.

All dangers are not warded off; all temptations are not disarmed; every foe is not thwarted; every grip of evil consequences is not relaxed. We might become presumptuous in that case. The kind Rescuer is careful to let us have smart enough as a motive for vigilance, and to bestow his invisible friendship only in a way calculated to make us do our best.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms"; but he does not show them, and we cannot see just how they will lead us, or hold us up when otherwise we would stumble, or pull us out of our sins when down; and so we walk carefully as if unattended. If the Serpent, by our foolish intimacy with his resorts, is allowed to inflict a pang now and then, it only reminds us of our constant danger, and puts us the more on our guard. Ours is a befriended, not a cosseted life; a watched and inspired, not a watched and weakened manhood. Our unseen Helper has his thought on our worth in the skies, not on our ease here, and adjusts his attentions accordingly.

Moreover, the amount of God's help, hidden or otherwise, that we receive, is not a little dependent on our drawing near and looking to him for it. A truly loving and prayerful waiting on Him for mercies leads Him to give largely in all the ways of his giving, seen and unseen, open and hidden. The more we draw near to Him, the more He draws near to us, and scatters around us the overflowings and the hidings of his mercy. There is a mysterious power in the human soul, promised and given on condition of faith and prayer, to draw around it unknown blessings. In this way God, so to speak, goes on before us secretly, and charges our future with good before we come up to it. Calamities are thus averted, and we never see them; evils are avoided, and we never suspect them; blessings come strangely into our possession that we had not thought of, rising like apparitions in unsuspected places. We discover, if we are thoughtful and prayerful, that in whatever way of duty we go, God has been there before us with numberless concealments of good, awaiting our coming. We find him, in nature, burying supplies, as of coal and oil and artesian water, in secret *caches*, against our arrival, and surprising us with the lurkings of his fore-thoughtful love on every side; in providence, scattering attentions and withholding himself from observation, sending men to help us, and not letting them or us know that it was He who sent them; covering in a storm-cloud, with thunderings and lightnings, some of the most tender and delicate gifts; in grace, attending us as a loving presence, which, if we had faith enough, would enable us to hear him say, amidst our fears: "It is I, be not afraid!" in our weakness: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and in our

need: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." When we discover these things, may we not well say, as did Isaiah, reciting the strange and unexpected methods of God's mercy, "Verily, thou art a God that *hidest thyself*, O God of Israel, the Savior!"

What, now, should be the practical outcome of this wondrous truth? Is our discovery of it to be a barren one? Has it no practical meaning and use?

It should open deep fountains of *gratitude*. There are blessings enough that are open and apparent to excite our warm appreciation, but when we perceive that these are only a small part of his ways of help and mercy; that we see the rim only; that his thoughtfulness lies about us, like the air which we cannot see,—how our thoughts should go out to him in thankfulness that we are in his hands! In whatever way we look and as far as we look we find his kindly thought has been there before us, and we know that farther than we look or can look, there is still the same kindly thought, the same planning and doing and concealing himself. This should touch our heart and awaken our lofty praise.

This discovery should inspire *confidence*. We have troubles, perplexities, cares. We cannot see the way through. God does not reveal himself or show us the light. He hides himself. But we know it is his habit to scatter good in unknown ways all along our path. Hitherto He has healed us up to our faith and beyond it, and often when we knew not that he was doing it. Can we doubt now? May we not know in advance that He who is the same yesterday, today and forever, is about us in these hidings, preparing some surprise of blessing? How confidently, then, at all times, if we have yielded our hearts to Him, may we look into

the future, since we know that God is there. Not to the extent of what we can see. No! no! But far more, working for us and getting mercies in readiness. We are marching up the God-lined avenue to the heavenly mansion. Whose heart should not beat with confidence and assurance? How can one distrust when he finds himself in the hands of Him who is good beyond all his revealed goodness, who plans for us beyond all his known plannings, and who helps us beyond all his confessed workings,—far, far beyond, away off in the receding vista?

This discovery should also lead to a corresponding kind of *love and devotion*. As God gives far beyond what is seen—throws the gift and hides himself—so we should give to his service not only this and that deed seen by men, but also invisible deeds, concealed activities of good will, the hidings of sympathy and desire for the advancement of his cause, the secret things of our souls. We cannot give and hide from God, but we can give and hide from man, and almost from ourselves. We should catch and reproduce so much of the spontaneous and multitudinous love of God, falling as the mist, that the left shall not know what the right hand does. Our devotion should go up like clouds of incense, the fragrance of which reaches far beyond the bounds of its visible progress. We should be so drawn toward Him by seeing what He is to us, that the spiritual substance of our worship shall be seen by God, mounting up to Him in wavy, hidden columns, far beyond the blazing altar fires that men look upon.

I have known a new mother to come into a family where there were children of various ages from three to twenty years, some of whom were reluctant to have

her come and to call her "mother," but her tenderness and devotion were so hearty and sincere and thoughtful, springing from her warm and loving nature, and leaning to so many surprises and delicate revelations of her love to them, that before two years had passed she had captured all their hearts. They could not help it. They would have been untrue and unkind to themselves, not to respond to such goodness and wisdom. Shall we have had God's love, hearty, constant, full of surprises and delicate attentions, all these years —twenty, is it? or thirty? forty? sixty? and not been won yet? Is there no yielding, no response, no softening of heart? O Lord, dry not up this wondrous fountain of thy mercy! Take not away thy patience and forbearance! Try us a little longer! Cut not down yet the barren fig tree. Let it alone this year also; dig about it, dress it still, and let the invisible dews of thy love, the light of the sun seen and of the sun clouded fall on it; and if it bear fruit, well. Thy wondrous love, O Lord, is a great deep, a great height! When we can count all the sands on the seashore; when we can tell all the stars in the sky; when we can enumerate all the particles in the air; then may we form some estimate of the outflowings of thy love! But, O God, we can praise thee, we can love thee. The insect's eye can be opened towards the broad heavens. Help us to love toward thee!

## V.

## *GOD'S SAYING SHOULD BE OUR DOING.

"*Now, then, whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do.*"—*Gen. 31 : 16.*

This is safe advice. There is no risk in my repeating it, or in your following it. It is a safe rule to adopt everywhere. "Whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do." The only difficulty about it, practically, is in knowing that God speaks to us, and in having the delicacy and tact to discriminate what he says, and not mistake it for other things, or other things for that, and then doing it.

You have the outlines of my thought for this morning.

The first thing is, Does God speak to us? Yes, in many ways.

It would relieve us of much embarrassment if He had some peculiar sign about his way of doing it which could not be mistaken,—if, *e. g.*, He spoke with one kind of audible voice, and men with another. But this would be a mechanical system of training, and God's system is spiritual, appealing to faith, trust, and love. Yet in a spiritual way God speaks to human hearts and consciences, as really and authoritatively as he did to Abraham or Moses,—not now in ear-language, but heart-language.

* Preached in Sacramento April 17, 1881.

There are messages to us in his written Word. All the principles of duty to God, man, and self laid down there are his messages to us, as distinctly and definitely as to those to whom they first came. This covers the whole method of salvation through Jesus Christ, and the essence of practical religion. The Bible is God's line of telegraphing to us; and through it he telegraphs to you what you need as a soul,—not the actions you need to do, but the spirit, the motives, the affections, the aims, the principles, you need to have as a man,—not what you need as the inhabitant of this place, or that, or belonging to this race or that race, but as a man,—not as living in the first century or the twentieth, but as a man,—not as a wise man or a weak one, but simply as a man,—not as old or young, but as a man. Do not forget that in the Bible he is simply telegraphing to you as a man; and it matters not on such a point whether the telegraphic line be long or short, whether it reach from Christ to those about Him on the earth, as during the Sermon on the Mount, or all the way from the first century down to the nineteenth or the one hundredth; the message has the same pertinency and directness to man as a man. When man ceases to be a man on earth, and has grown into something beyond, and has none of the needs of a man, this telegraph will be wound up, or cease to deliver messages; but till then, to all to whom it comes it will say, direct from Christ's heart, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

There are also messages through conscience. The right, the pure, the good, which conscience sees and urges us to seek—I mean the truly right, pure, good, that which is seen to be such by an enlightened con-

science, not that which is imagined to be such by a blinded conscience. This is God's will and thought to us in reference to the practical matters of every day. God fills out through the spaces and blanks left in the written Word. God speaks through such a conscience just as truly, though not in the same mechanical way, as a musician acting on the key-board communicates his thought through the instrument, and it comes forth in the notes of music much more fully than it appears on the written score. God has put the conscience in the soul, that he may thus speak through it and round out his meaning. We may have allowed the instrument to get out of tune somewhat, and often are not particular to distinguish between what proceeds from it and other sounds. Yet there are true divine notes issuing from it, in reference to the filling out beyond what is in the Bible, the outline of practical duties.

Then there are at times direct suggestions from the Spirit of God. The veil between the Good Spirit and our spirit is not so thick and heavy but that there are movings and intimations of his pleasure through it, as you have seen the form of a person as he passed along on the other side of a curtain and brushed it. You may call them movings of the Good Spirit, suggestions, intimations, inspirations,—no matter; you have felt them. They seem dropped down from above. They come with the tinge and tone of a supernatural origin, now as reproofs, now calls to courage and hopefulness and trust, now as illuminations, and now as stimulus to duty. Ah! do not attempt to erase or conceal their divine origin, or the divine superscription on them. God is nearer to us at such times than we may suppose, and we do wrong to misuse his presence.

Again, God speaks to us through the words and lives

of his people, the ongoings of his providence and nature. There are out-gleamings around particular words and examples and occurrences and sights at times, as if a divine light were put under them — and there is, — and they shine down to the waiting and appreciative heart as illuminated messages from above. Look back over life to certain experiences that have not faded out. Do you not remember the meaning there was once in that good man's words, that saint's life, or that pleading look, or that warm grasp? Have you forgotten how the interests of eternity rayed out from that death, and said to you: "Prepare to meet thy God?" or how once a meaning at other times kept back shot out from the stars, or flowers, or mountains, or gorges, or falls, or ocean, and you found yourself in the Divine presence? Nature and providence and humanity have their illuminations, and they are never so bright and holy as when God shines out through them on the waiting soul; for God is not so veiled behind his works but that He at times lifts the veil to look in our face.

Thus the Good Spirit is all about us, passing in or ready to pass in heavenly messages. We are not so orphaned and bereft of the Divine Fatherhood, that he has withdrawn all his fresh communications from us. Nay, nay; he scatters them as seeds of life with a bountiful hand, and though we may not welcome them, and though, as in the natural world, millions of these divinely-shed seeds may perish to one that grows, yet they are all fresh products of his interest and goodness, and adapted to put his thought in our thought, and draw our will to his will.

The next thing is: "How can we know the messages that come from God?" Many of them come, as

we have seen, along human or earthly instruments, side by side, often of earthly voices. How shall we discriminate them? We need some test, some means of identification. We have it. It is, first of all, the Bible. That is the touch-stone. Whatever is contrary to the spirit and genius of that, whatever conflicts with the methods and principles of spiritual life therein outlined, however plausible or beautiful or alluring it may be, you may know is a voice from below. Men have followed voices many times, calling them the voices of God, that have led away from Revelation out into fanaticism, or intolerance, or corruption, or vice, or crime; and followed them down to the death that never dies. But I have never known or heard of a man who followed an impulse that strongly beset and moved him as from God, that harmonized with the spirit of the Bible, who was not led nearer to God by it, giving evidence in the result that the voice was a voice of God.

We have also a secondary test, which may be used under the Bible, but not alone. It is conformity to the pure, the good, the noble, the godly. Whatever impulse draws us towards this, if it be the truly pure, good, noble, godly, and thus indirectly harmonious with Scripture, we may know is an impulse from God. It may come along to us across an earthly instrument, but the message communicates God's thought, expresses his will, and agrees with his previous written instructions, and we cannot resolve it into the meaningless clicking of the machine employed in sending it. When you go into a telegraph office and hear the clicking, you may recognize no intelligence back of the strange sounds,—you may at first only perceive electricity and machinery and lines of wire,—but when

all at once a definite message, click by click, is copied and handed out to you, giving the thought and will of a friend on the other side of the continent, and harmonizing and dovetailing with the facts given in a fuller letter previously received, you see something more than the instrument, you see the intelligence that has flashed its thought to you; your friend is communicating with you, and you do not resolve the result into electricity, but have a message from your friend. So when a divine thought comes into your mind, a divine impulse, along a falling star, a rainbow, a funeral procession, a remark, a sermon, a recollection, agreeing with Revelation, fitting its facts, and enforcing its duties, you may know it comes from the divine friend. Do not resolve it into a product of the instrument.

You see, then, my friends, that in consequence of the multitude of these inflowing messages and the possibility and ease of identifying them, the advice we have before us furnishes a most fertile practical rule. "Whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do." It is the counsel for every day and hour, wherever there is a right and a wrong, a good to be done or left undone; for there, however our human sense or weakness may name it, God speaks.

We should be very tender and observant towards those thronging but gentle intimations. If we are rude towards them, coarse, unappreciative, earthly, we may not only fail to catch the divine ring, the divine intelligence on the other side of them, and so lose the emphasis of the communication, but we finally lose the connection and the communications themselves. On the other hand, if we cherish and obey these voices, this will become more distinct and marked, and we

shall have more of them. To keep in communion with them, therefore, "Whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do." Obey conscience in little things, because you hear God behind, saying "Do it." Follow the impulse to true benevolence daily, because you hear God behind, saying "Do it." Cherish every reverent thought, every aspiration to a pure and noble manhood, every drawing towards faith, charity, piety, because God is under them and speaking through them,—and soon you will feel that your whole moral and spiritual life is brought into direct relations to God, and his authority and influence everywhere reach you.

Further, the habit of doing what you are divinely prompted to do will very quickly lead you to God. It is not by great occasions and great strides that you can best vindicate a disposition to approach him, but by doing just the things before you, great or small, to which he calls. Obedience is shown in obeying, not in waiting for great opportunities. If you should tell a child to pick up a pin, and he should refuse to do it, and say he should wait till he was told to do a man's work or do some great thing, his spirit would be no more inconsistent than that of those who refuse to obey God in the little things of current duty enforced by these small voices of God, and wait for grand chances. To be true to Him, therefore, "Whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do." Everything which comes to you with that peculiar emphasis—"He hath said unto thee"—do it. The habit leads upward.

Moreover, this disposition is itself pleasing to God. It secures his favor and sympathy at once. He likes and rewards the teachableness, the faithfulness, the devotion. He says, "*That is my child; he has respect unto my commandments; I will watch over him as the apple of mine eye.*"

Of course, also, there is an unspeakable satisfaction in such a habit of obedience. When you have sifted out the other messages and impulses by means of the safe tests, and have the clearly divine will left, and then act on these messages, you know you have something solid under you ; you know you are on the right side, that you have the approval of God, and that your labors will be at once most beautiful and most beneficent. To have no internal misgivings and to be assured of the best and most glorious outward results, therefore, "Whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do."

Once more, if you should start today honestly doing this—honestly finding out what God says, and then honestly doing it,—it will mark a crisis in your spiritual history, if that crisis has not already been passed. The moment you begin to do what God says because He says it and for his sake, not because it is the teaching of conscience or nature or events, the great revolution within has begun, and you start for the skies and above them. If you start on the purpose and principle to do all that God tells you, it makes no difference whether the first step is giving a cup of cold water, or following Christ as James and Peter and John did upon the Mount, it leads along the same line of obedience to the same result ; and that true starting is the mount of transfiguration to your soul. The act may be small, but the motion, the principle, is grand, and eternal things turn on it. You need no imposing event, no wonderful providence, no peculiar and rare combination of circumstances, no rush and roar of powers, divine or otherwise, to furnish an occasion that shall write your name among the sons of God. Adopt this rule, and it is done ; for by that act you step out of the old dominion of self-pleasing and self-seeking into

one in which God is the center and end ; you cross the border-line and enter the kingdom of the sons of God.

My friends, this principle has brought us where you see it has a most delightful and blessed issue. It issues in friendship with God,—eternal life, and heaven. The principle is itself broad,—obedience to God in all things. "Whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do." I would not abate the importance or urgency of the rule anywhere, but would remind you of the special and transcendent importance of observing it in relation to every intimation of direct duty to God. If you slacken anywhere, slacken not here. Whatsoever calls and promptings you receive towards prayer, the Sanctuary, the Sabbath, the Church, the Son of God,—whatever drawings towards faith, submission, love,—whatever convictions of duty are breathed into your spirit from time to time, in reference to the hereafter ; whatsoever God says to you in his Word or by his Spirit directly pertaining to salvation,—oh ! give the most anxious heed to all this, for it is of supreme moment to you. Observe all intimations of God's will, but fail not of those which He Himself is careful to emphasize as He does no others, which point you to the Savior. Remember this is the end to which all God's voices are designed and adapted sooner or later to lead. They all call you towards the Savior ; and if you follow even the lowest and remotest, one voice will lead you up to another and give place to it, till combined they conduct you to Him. Therefore, when God calls you to Him, at once take the cross-cut, and do not go round by star, and waterfall, and flower, and conscience, and humanity ; come at once to Christ, and have the sense of pardon and acceptance immediately, instead of groping on in the lower reaches of obedience. By listening to the

religious calls you may strike at once for the heights of salvation, where you can sing the song of the redeemed: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Cherish, then, above all else the intimations of religious duty, the leadings to the place of prayer, the promptings to reverence and honor God, and to bow the soul to the reigning and saving grace of Jesus.

## VI.

## * "LEAD ME TO THE ROCK."

"*Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.*"—*Psalm 61 : 2.*

*Introduction.*—In the ancient civilizations, in time of danger, men fled to high rocks or cliffs, or walled towns. They shunned the open country and plains. Hence it was a great thing with a people if they could build their city on a high hill, and have a citadel on the highest point of that, where they could be comparatively safe when pressed by their enemies.

The imagery of the text grows out of this custom. Let us apply the truth suggested by it, and lying back of it, to our own times, and to human needs now.

I. The first thing suggested is that man naturally has a sense of weakness and danger.

(a.) Amid the physical forces of nature—the storms, floods, cyclones, earthquakes—he is as nothing.

(b.) The mighty powers of Providence, generally restrained, but sometimes let loose—pestilence, famine, sickness, accidents—often hedge us in, and we find ourselves met with a mightier will than our own, before which we are nothing.

(c.) We are as nothing before the wild passions and contentions of men.

* "Outline of a sermon preached extemporaneously in Plymouth Avenue Church, Oakland, March 10, 1890, and repeated at Pilgrim Church, Oakland, and at Vacaville."

(d.) There is at times a sense of fearful danger from the fact that we are sinners. We have incurred penalties that are already pursuing us, and feel that more fearful retributions will overtake us by and by.

From such experiences of weakness and peril we want a retreat, and cry out: "Lead me to the *Rock* that is higher than I."

II. The second point is, that nothing inferior or on a level with us can be the refuge we need. An equal would be swayed and driven hither and yon, as well as ourselves, by these mighty forces to which we are exposed. (a.) We cannot entrust, therefore, our immortal souls to any man or combination of men. (b.) Nor can we trust them to law or nature; for they are beneath us, blind, unconscious, and of themselves move on with steady and irreversible tread over friend and foe. They can make no adaptations. They cannot come to our needs. (c.) Nor can we entrust ourselves to our doings or moralities. They cannot overcome our sense of guilt, nor satisfy our longings for assurance of safety. We cry, therefore, "Lead us to the Rock that is *higher* than I."

III. When we have this experience, nothing short of God can be the refuge we seek. We are so constituted, being made in the image of God, that when we come to a sense of our real need we cannot stop short of him. No angel can satisfy us, no archangel, no "principality or power" above. We must have God —one who has made us, to whom we are responsible —our Father. Our cry is, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than *I*."

IV. The Rock is accessible through the incarnation of the Son of God. In this way its base rests on the earth. God in this manner is accessible to every hu-

man being. There we may mount up to Him and have the protection of his omnipotence, his grace, his friendship. He who finds Christ, finds the Father.

V. But, oh! the weakness of human nature, even when it has high desires. We cannot go to the "Rock that is higher than I" alone. We need help and cry out, "*Lead me*, oh lead me!" This is the very office of the Spirit. How wonderful! Christ, the Rock, is not indifferent. He yearns as much as we to have us sheltered and protected on the Rock, and sends down the Divine Spirit to draw us to it, and to create in us the desire to be led.

*Conclusion.* Behold the Rock, and flee to it!

## VII.

## *CHURCH FELLOWSHIP — WHAT DOES IT MEAN AMONG CONGREGATIONALISTS?

It means all it means in the way of fellowship between churches in other denominations; and it means a great deal more than in any other denomination except such as have the same polity.

I. Let us, then, briefly glance at it in this general aspect, simply as fellowship between sister churches, before we consider its distinctive use in our polity.

(a) Fellowship is certainly a *blessed* principle in itself. Churches which cherish fellowship toward one another, which have the interplay of confidence, love and devotion which this implies, no matter what the principles of organization which bind them together, are in a happy state. Jealousies and rivalries are extinguished. They take pleasure in one another's prosperity. They constitute a loving sisterhood.

(b) Such a condition, moreover, illustrates the spirit of the *kingdom of Christ*. There may be, indeed,

*This paper has been prepared as a *family* paper, with the confidences and the frankness intended only for the family ear. Lest persons of other families should be overmuch troubled by anything said, the writer wishes to say that he confesses that they all have special things which they congratulate themselves for in their private family talks, which seem to them equally to their advantage; and he commends them to a recollection of this for their comfort now.—I. E. D.

This address was the last literary work of its author. It was prepared for the General Association of Southern California, at its meeting held in Santa Barbara. His failing strength prevented his attendance. The paper was read by another May 15, 1890, three weeks previous to his death.

fellowship on a lower ground ; as, in persecution, in putting down heresy, in making proselytes, pushing a creed or a polity. But these are counterfeits. True church fellowship—the only kind I have in mind—is around Christ and breathes the spirit of the Gospel. Dead churches have it not, false churches have other ambitions, wayward churches are chasing mirages. Churches that see in one another the face of Christ, and join hearts, bring down heaven on earth.

(c) Again, fellowship is a great *power*, as thus witnessed. Its presence is a divine touch thrilling the world. No one can witness the spectacle without being moved by it. The moral power of a single Christly church is great ; that of a group of Christly churches many times greater ; and the moral power of such a group illustrating the celestial quality of fellowship through a denomination inconceivable greater still. Fellowshipping churches are in the eyes of men the march of a massed army ; unfellowshipping, the mere demonstration of individual scouts.

Congregational churches share in all these general advantages of fellowship as much as any other denomination ; and naturally, more than the compact denominations, because thrown more upon them in their intercourse. The compact denominations are held together by other powers, and are thus kept in common march and rhythm. Yet often the absorption of interest in those powers, and the friction resulting from them, arrest fellowship.

Congregationalists, on the other hand, depend on fellowship for their denominational existence, and so cultivate it.

II. Fellowship, therefore, plays a much more prominent part in Congregationalism than the general ad-

vantages of it which I have named. It is our *organizing principle*.

But before speaking of it in this way, as the organizing or structural principle binding our churches together, I wish to call attention to the position it really holds in the individual church—a unique point, and generally overlooked.

We speak of the *self-government* of the Congregational Church. This term, if applied in a loose, popular sense, is proper enough, but strictly it is inapplicable. The principle of *government* is a very modified principle in our churches. It is not *government* at all. There is no absolute governing power lodged anywhere in them—in the pastor, the officers, the majority, the Church. We say "the majority rules," and it does, but it is not because it has a *right* to *rule*. In ruling, in the Congregational way, the Church does not govern the minority, or even the members voting with it, or itself. But it expresses in this way the mind of the great number, and all have agreed to accept that as settling the course to be pursued. It is really a system of fellowship, voiced by majorities, but to be voluntarily followed by all. Nobody is governed. All govern themselves, but in the methods and within the bounds of the expressed opinion of the majority.

To particularize: The *doctrine* of the church is not imposed on the members; it is a fellowship of doctrine. The *officers* are not clothed with authority, but represent and serve a fellowship. *Discipline* is a helpful or corrective procedure, not a judicial process. Aggressive movements are the output of common counsels and devotion, not the result of ecclesiastical orders.

This overlooked idea of fellowship in the individual church accounts for many things in Congregationalism

distinguishing it from the authoritative denominations ; as, the freedom and individuality of thought it encourages ; the impossibility of cramping Congregationalists in a narrow denominational spirit ; their readiness to give freely to outside Christian objects ; and the ease with which our ministers and laymen, not realizing the difference between a system of fellowship and one of authority till it is too late, go into other folds.

Congregationalists, thus, are nowhere *governed*, either in the separate church or in the sisterhood. Nowhere ; never. The idea is absolutely foreign to them. They have never had a taste of that experience. They are familiar in the church with the restrictions of fellowship. They have proposed measures that did not carry. They have been with majorities and minorities in reference to policies, doctrines and men. But only Christ and his word and their own self-hood govern them. Theirs is a polity of fellowship even in the single church, not of government.

But fellowship is our *organizing denominational principle*. We are now prepared to consider its position and influence, as such a principle, in uniting the churches and making a sisterhood of them. In our economy this is the mystic wand that, moved among them, groups them together and makes of them one body. It is our only denominational organizing principle. It is not constitutions that bind our churches together, or laws, or resolutions, or creeds, or traditions, or heredity, or any ecclesiastical power ; only the mystic bonds of fellowship, as soft as silk, as strong as iron, as invisible as light. When a church decides to be a Congregational church, it takes on itself, without waiting for hint or spur from anyone else, to illustrate the law of love towards other Congregational churches. It

accepts the principle of mutual helpfulness—puts itself on the methods and within the limits of that principle. It says, "I will be a sister with sisters, and fulfill all the sisterly offices. I recognize no superior—to hold me up to this—but the unseen Taskmaster. I do it voluntarily. It shall come about by my own virtue and sense of honor."

When a church comes with this spirit, and knocks, and the sisterhood lets her in, recognizing her sisterly qualities, it is a regular Congregational church, and as long as it retains this spirit it remains so. If at any future time it should abandon the law of love and helpfulness, and seek only its own things, it would break the invisible bond binding it to the others, and it would cease to be a Congregational church in reality, whatever it might be in name. It is no longer of us. "They went out from us, but they were not of us." By that act it shows that it is destitute of our distinguishing quality; and that is the end of it, in the sisterhood.

That is the way Congregational churches begin, and that is the way they continue. It is putting themselves down to love and helpfulness toward one another. It is a system in which it is left to the voluntary disposition of each church to discharge its duties to the others. It is a system of spontaneity, autonomy, self-devotion, unenforced loyalty.

You see, then, that Congregationalism assumes as conditions of its highest success an attainment in virtue and intelligence far out toward the Celestial City. It calls for Christians to reveal its highest worth, mature in years and wisdom, planning, of their own accord, for the general good, without being lashed on by any outside party. It is not a polity that shows its

best with those who must be handled because they can but poorly handle themselves, but with those who are quick to see duties and opportunities, as well as blessings and advantages. It is a polity, therefore, that sharpens its eyes with schools, colleges and seminaries, and seeks to draw around itself the best means of grace and wisdom. It is a system that buttresses itself with the celestial things, that it may show the celestial things in its own grain and stuff in public relations.

While, however, Congregationalism is a polity which seems to throw itself with such abandon on the spontaneity and good will of the churches for denominational integrity and vigor, it is a system of great reciprocal *expectations*. The churches look to one another that each should be found in the serried ranks. This expectation carries with it great moral power, because it is founded on conscience, on the equities of the case, on the public sense of what fellowship requires. Few churches care to resist it; they have already set themselves down to it in their first vows. There is more power in it, for churches up to the Congregational strain, than mandates or rescripts for those under ecclesiastical or hierarchical drill; for it is a power addressed to self-respect and love for Christ.

If, however, this proves unavailing, the faithful churches have no coercive power. They can advise, and remonstrate, and, these failing, weep and wring their hands, and at last bow out the undutiful sister by withdrawing fellowship. But they have no anathemas to hurl, no penances to impose, no limbo of suspension into which to consign her, no ecclesiastical court in which to placard her delinquencies. They can throw around her only the warm and tender persuasions of love and goodness—motives that sway the kingdom of

God—and then leave her. If they part with her, they part with her high up on the border land of the celestial kingdom, not down in the region of church wrangling and human passion.

This system of expectation is not only good for securing co-operation and unity, but for moral and spiritual training as well. An atmosphere of social expectation of vice or crime is powerful to drag down; of any worldly movement, to draw into it; of high purpose and noble endeavor, to inspire in that way. Expectation throws innumerable warm arms about a church which softly draw it after them; for it is expectation of high things, of illustrating the law of love and being true and helpful in all social relations; and this expectation, in which a Congregational church is focused in the midst of sister churches, is one of the finest educating influences. It appeals to all that is noble and generous and Christly. It has on its side, at the start, the conscience, the reason, the faith, and the foregone commitment, in general, of those who are the center of such observant and tender interest. How can a church so surrounded and stimulated—affectionate and sisterly eyes looking on and expecting noble things—fail to do its best? It is put on its honor. The stimulus comes through its sympathies, its friendships, its loves, from those whom it esteems and cannot grieve.

No such educational power passes over the line of churches joined together ecclesiastically as some great physical organism, and comes to the individual church. What comes to it, in such cases, is a decree, a deliverance, a rule; and it comes with authority. It is something about which it has no option, and it is unprofitable to have an opinion. It must be obeyed. That is

the beginning and end of the matter. Such things are likely to come with a thud, not as a hand-shake; and there is little value in them as a training agency in the higher attainments of church life, only in securing instant unity of denominational movement and massing material force. In systems which depend so much on organization, and in which the thought is so much absorbed on that and the parties working it, there is little room for the play of the quickening divine forces of reciprocal love. Pulses of human authority beat along the articulated line, not the spiritual forces of the Gospel. And the churches under the sway of such influences alone grow up into the measure of the stature of the fullness of the denomination, rather than of Christ. Other influences may counteract this natural drift, but this is the tendency of the polity.

Fellowship, then, which is the organizing principle of the Congregational sisterhood, is a high principle, well out towards Christ, and making large demands on piety and wisdom; but which, while gentle and amiable, is potent, greatly helpful and educational, and quickly lifting up those on a lower plane, who adopt it and have fair opportunities, to the Congregational strain.

We are now prepared to take this principle and trace some of its workings in binding the churches together.

Before considering its more positive and demonstrative forms—its definite precedents and traveled highways—let us consider its brooding spirit. We want to see what this principle with which we are dealing is, in itself, in its ideal quality. We want to see it lapping the churches around with its mystic power, drawing them together and making them one, in ways too subtle to be catalogued, too effective to be denied. It is

like an atmosphere charged with an extra amount of oxygen or electricity, which you do not see, but whose silent effects are felt by every living thing.

The invisible element, the uncatalogued element, in the domestic love of a happy home, is the atmosphere of it, the thousand nameless things, the gentle attentions, the thoughtful anticipations, the unwearied devotion, the radiated rather than expressed love; and this counts up in the happiness of the home far more than the catalogued element, the good-night kisses, the good-morning salutations, and the regular discharge of domestic duty.

So when fellowship throws its mystic influence over the churches, it tempers and adjusts their feelings and conduct towards one another, shaping all and toning all; and this is the elixir of their relationship. Other things are the utilities; this radiated love, this kindly glance, this cordial hand-shake, this warm heart-beat, known to be throbbing in sympathy, though the mouth be dumb—this is bliss. It works with the gentleness of light, the certainty of gravitation, the subtilty of electric forces; but it works always helpfully, stimulatingly, to fulfill the law of Christ.

For the denomination that puts itself on this principle does not suspend its existence on a sentiment or an impulse having a human origin, but on a sentiment and an impulse originating in Christ. Christ is the living, active source of true fellowship; and the churches, receiving it from him, extend it to one another. The earth and the planets keep in their orbits under the unseen attraction of the sun, each true to the system, under that mighty central spell. So the churches keep in their sisterly places and discharge their duties under the influence of this principle coming from Christ.

But to depict or suggest all the play of its kindly operations and beneficent offices would be to show all the ways in which the light of the sun touches and helps living things in the animal world and the landscape about us.

If, however, I were to take you to a place where you could catch a breath of the quality of fellowship in Congregational churches, in distinction from that in authoritative systems, I would select the regular meetings of their delegates in the state and local associations or conferences, or the National Council. In any of these meetings the subtle aroma of fellowship fills the air like the perfume from a bed of violets, or from an orange grove in blossom. It is this that makes our meetings on such occasions so delightful. There are no rivalries, no animosities, no prizes for personal ambition, no struggles for leadership, no wrangling about legislative measures, judicial decisions, questions of discipline. All these issues are ruled out; and the questions are questions of excitation, advice, fellowship. Any one who steps out of our meetings into one in which the hot issues of authority are waged sees at once the painful contrast. He has gone from the communion of brothers to the contests and heat of partisans. If there is just as much fraternal feeling in the members when they come together, their business does not permit a display of it, does not cultivate it, is not calculated to lift them all up into spiritual unity around Christ, and to dismiss them in a glow of love.

While, therefore, fellowship lies among the churches like sunshine in the lap of spring, reviving and quickening everything, regulating all their intercourse with the sweet grace of love where it has its proper sway, there are certain formal, historical methods of its appli-

cation which have become common law. They have reached this dignity from their great utility and frequent use. Usage, here as elsewhere, crystallizes into a kind of law. It is very different, however, from Presbyterian, Episcopalian or Methodist denominational law. It is flexible, elastic, fluid, advisory, without absolute grip or rigidity. Yet, as I have said, it is attended with a mighty expectation, which is effective.

It is simply the Congregational way of getting the proper things done voluntarily.

Coming to these crystallized forms of church fellowship, we find ourselves on the beaten track of Congregationalism and amidst familiar sights. We can hurry our pace. We notice the following :

### I. COUNCILS.

These are called substantially for two reasons : To give advice and help in reference to organizing a church, or settling or dismissing a pastor, or in reference to the adjustment of some difficulty. The underlying idea in these cases is, that the question about which help is asked is one which really involves the welfare of the denomination. This is obvious in relation to organizing a church or settling a pastor ; for they are to be constituent parts of Congregationalism in the region, and the other churches have a vital interest in the kind of men and churches coming into their ranks to take part with them in the current Congregational movement. Their good name is at stake, their comfort, their prosperity, the good of the cause. Especially is this true in reference to the settlement of a minister. From the time the church in Salem, in 1629, invited the church in Plymouth to be present by their representatives at the settlement of Mr. Skelton

as their pastor and Mr. Higginson as their teacher, down to the present, the Congregational churches by a a quick instinct have seen and felt the fitness of calling a council to advise them on matters of such vital common concern.

But while a council to settle a minister springs up as a *due* of fellowship, it is also, in the case of all worthy candidates, a privilege. It enables the new pastor to take his place in the untried field at once, with the grand moral backing of experts. Well-furnished, symmetrical men, true men, do not shrink from such an introduction. Moreover, it is this practice, where regularly continued, that has done more than any other device of Congregationalism to make our ministers at once sound in the faith and evangelical in spirit, comparing favorably in these respects with those of any other denomination. It is a suspicious circumstance when a pastor elect declines to have the case submitted to a council.

In the case of difficulty, of such magnitude that the church cannot, or will not settle it, a council may be called—the two parties uniting in the call, a Mutual Council; one only issuing the call, and the other refusing, an Ex parte Council.

Congregationalism is jealous of the rights of minorities and individuals; and the Ex parte Council is the means it has adopted for guarding their rights. Here the appeal is made from an alleged neglectful or tyrannizing majority to the sense of justice and fairness of the disinterested churches. In this way no church, however strong or influential, can tyrannize over a single weak brother, without the liability of having its sins thrown in its face from the reflecting conscience and judgment of sister churches. The practice of hav-

ing councils makes our churches contrast favorably with the Baptist churches, which rarely have them. Practically the council represses extreme individualism. Our Baptist friends have no fixed denominational arrangements for holding this in check—nothing but the diffused, unapplied Christian sentiment — nothing which they can bring to bear to heal quarrels and prevent the unnecessary multiplication of churches. The very certainty that such issues may be passed on by cool, disinterested advisers arrests local heat and passion.

Moreover, the principle of fellowship, hovering unconsciously in our atmosphere and exerting its ubiquitous influence, is ever on guard to prevent the undue rise of impracticable self-will, in a way that our neighbors of the same polity know nothing of.

### II. REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS.

These are local Associations or Conferences, General Associations or Conferences, and the National Council. The fundamental idea of these bodies is church fellowship, not the fellowship merely of the delegates ; the object is to promote the fellowship of the churches. They are the outcome of this fellowship. Their business is the expression of this fellowship. Their purpose is to promote it. Nothing further than this was possible according to the original historical conception. Of late, however, the churches of Michigan have made a radical departure. The General Association of that State is legally incorporated and has certain authoritative functions. It has a Board of Trustees, composed of one from each local association and six at large. These trustees act for the churches in aiding Sabbath Schools and churches, building houses of worship, relieving

needy ministers, collecting results of councils, and other things favoring the common interests of the churches. The principle is the principle of the centralized denominations, let in at the thin end, and abandons the heritage of the freedom and autonomy of the individual church, for which our fathers struggled for two centuries and a half.

It will be interesting to watch this experiment, but painful to imitate it; for our polity goes on the theory that no authoritative power over the churches can be exercised by the representative bodies. Yet in their normal action these meetings are a mighty power in unifying, cementing and advancing the denomination, doing their work by reports, discussions, resolutions; by incitement, by arousement, by kindling fires on central altars till the flames spread and wrap all the churches in a common glow.

So great, however, is this moral power that individuals who have never breathed the air of Michigan—there have always been such men, and I presume always will be—want to go a step further, and have them do something positive and final for the denomination. "It would be so easy here to do something that needs to be done for the churches. We have these representatives; they are constructively all here. Why not, here and now, do this bit of work for them—make a creed, settle their relation to the missionary boards, do a nice job of legislation, and save the endless bother of waiting on the churches?"

This is incipient Presbyterianism. Congregationalists need to be jealous of their birthright,—the autonomy of the individual church, the fellowship of the churches, the bond of their union. When a national council or state body presumes to act decisively and

finally for the churches, it is as much a stretch of Congregational principle as it is for the pastor to act in such a way for the single church. Nothing can be properly done by a representative body, or a pastor, but what has been specifically delegated in form or by implication. The only seat of authority, even in the modified Congregational sense, is in the churches in their separate capacity.

### III. ASSISTING CHURCHES.

This may be by gifts of members or money. This is a generous and considerate way of helping sister churches if they need it, and the Golden Rule suggests it. To act on a policy of withholding such aid, under the circumstances, is a breach of church fellowship. And observe, the aid in such cases is given in an out-handed way—outright—in no manner holding on to the gift and sharing in the continued management of it. This is our Congregational way—giving our best gifts, our valued members living near and naturally belonging to the other church, and our money, and forever vacating any claim to assist in administering the gift subsequently, committing that totally and absolutely to the aided church, within the limits of the object.

Thus our churches exhibit a true fellowship, and yet respect the perfect self-hood and autonomy of one another, girding the aided church with strength and love at the same time.

### IV. AIDING CONGREGATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND ENTERPRISES.

We have many academies, colleges, seminaries, benevolent societies, founded and maintained solely for

the service of Christ. They are Congregational in general character and movement. They are manned by our men. They are conducted by our methods. They breathe our spirit. They are the output of our life. They mainly depend on us for support and efficiency.

Now, when our churches give to them men or money, they join hands with one another. When your church takes up a collection for our seminary, or sends one of its sons to it, it enters into the mystic fraternity back of it, putting life into it. It joins the circle that touches hands in sustaining it. It stands side by side with the other churches doing the same thing—one of a goodly fellowship. And so of all our institutions and enterprises. It makes no difference about its being true and genuine church fellowship, that here, too, as in aiding a church, the gift carries with it no claim of right to control ; that it is made out of hand ; and that that is the end of the responsibility of the giver, and the beginning of the responsibility of the receiver. This, here, also, is our way. The fellowship does not lessen between our churches that stand together in warm clasp of hand under our institutions and enterprises, because they do not loosen their hands and reach up and take hold of the management. Management is not neceesary to fellowship,—to the common heart-beats of love and sympathy. When children and grandchildren come pouring into grandfather's on Thanksgiving day, it does not lessen the blessed communion that they do not share in the responsibility of planning for the occasion and getting things ready. Here, then, in the blessedness of giving to our objects, is a method of most real and effective church fellowship. To realize it and have the full benefit of it, the

giving should be by churches—with church prayers, sympathies and presentations—with the church heart all aglow in the direction of the object. In this way our churches would be brought very close together in spiritual and substantial union.

Such are the principles and some of the methods of church fellowship among us. If this spirit were perfectly carried out, the relations of the Congregational churches to one another would be, indeed, heavenly.

Why is it not? The general answer, of course, must be the want of a heavenly spirit in the churches. The level of fellowship can rise no higher among them than the level of piety. But I wish to mention a few special reasons, that might be avoided, which keep this level lower than it ought to be.

(a.) The first is the undue prominence attached to itself, in some cases, by *the local church*. It is a want of community feeling, and may originate with the pastor or the church. It is in the church self-absorption, self-enlargement, indifference to outside interests. This spirit may be manifested in a large church with metropolitan ambitions, in a city; or in a small church in the country struggling for life. Wherever it exists it is the same quality. It is indifference to others—all eyes looking to the home work, all hands drawing it to the central altar. While the quality is the same in the large church as in the small one, the evil is slight and inconspicuous in the small one, for its opportunities of fraternity are few. But in the large one the opportunities are many, and the influence of the absorbing passion for self-aggrandizement conspicuous and damaging. Here the one aim is to make itself colossal and strong, regarding this as the best way in which it can fulfill its mission. There is no attempt to carry up

Christ's kingdom jointly, by harmonious co-operation with others, and consulting the general good. It would build a monumental church ; but it chooses for its kind of monument a needle, an Eiffel, resting on its own lot ; not a pyramid, a Cheops, resting on the broad acres of the denomination. This spirit counteracts the Congregational principle, and arrests its progress and lovely fruits, even though it may now and then make a generous largess in money, which does not fulfill the grace urged by the apostle : "The *fellowship* of the ministering to the saints."

(b.) *Inertia* is another obstacle. There are churches and pastors, not a few, that are not devoid of generous sentiments towards the interests of our order, but they are latent. When it comes to opportunities to put them in practice, they are sentiments still, not deeds. These churches are not represented at meetings of Association and Conference. They do not appear at councils when invited. Everything must be favorable and easy to enable their good feeling to find expression. They attend to their own affairs and let the interests of the denomination take care of themselves. Fellowship is not outraged as in the previous case ; it is neglected for want of purpose, energy, self-sacrifice ; for want of seeing the real divineness of its claims. God does not call his churches to cloister themselves, but to join the host that is going up to take the land.

(c.) *Isolation*, also, often interferes with expressions of this grace. It may not paralyze it, but it impedes its flow. A church out in the mountains, fifty miles from any sister church, too far away to have intercourse with others in a formal manner, may yet, by looking abroad, by reading the papers and by correspondence, keep itself informed on all that is going on,

and in lively sympathy with it. A man hidden in a dark cave where he himself is invisible, looking out, can see distinctly those in the light in front of the cave at a great distance. Persons on the frontier, looking to the centers of civilization, see much farther and more distinctly than those at the centers of civilization looking towards the frontier. And our lonely church in the mountains, fifty miles away, may keep its eye on our city churches, and know just how they are faring. On the other hand, a city church, by directing its special attention to the church in the mountains, keeping itself informed about it, touching it occasionally with the kindly touch of a helpful remembrance, may keep up on the other side a true church fellowship, under difficulties. Still, isolation impedes its flow. Particularly with our sparse population and great areas here on the Pacific Coast, is this true. In some places the churches are not organized into active conferences or associations, or if organized the meetings are rarely attended by lay delegates; and the expense of attending the General Association is so great that quite a number of churches every year are unrepresented by either pastor or laymen.

It is to be hoped that there is far more of the spirit of fellowship than our churches have an opportunity of expressing. If so, the question may well be raised, whether one good way of showing it would be for the stronger churches to prepare a fund to enable the representatives of all to be present at the fellowship meetings. This would express our Congregational principle, and would create it. It would add a crowning bliss and fervor to our meetings, which would greatly increase their value. It would bind our churches together by bonds, material and strong, yet altogether

free, voluntary and unecclesiastical. It would help them to rise in their simple Congregational way to greater unity, enthusiasm and power, to bring this land to Christ.

Such is the unity force of our churches. In its ideal it differs widely from the aggregating force of the Baptists, which is a denominational instinct emphasizing a rite, and the feeling of religious kindred. Congregationalism is not an aggregation—a mass thrown together, like a crowd on the 4th of July or some other public occasion, each in no close relation to the others except being near and sharing the common sentiment. It differs widely also from that of the centralized, authoritative churches. It is no mechanical human combination, like a cistern or a piece of cabinet work, held together by glue and screws or iron hoops. It is rather a crystal. Scientists tell us that a crystal has a kind of life, the atoms of each molecule having their own distinct organization and function in that molecule, and all the molecules being united in the greater living whole, the crystal, with its symmetrical angles, facets, and unique form. In Congregationalism there is, in a similar manner, the same high gospel principle uniting the churches as in producing the individual church—in the crystal as in the molecule. To realize the uniqueness and value of this, remember that Christianity in the world aims ever to be at once an individual and a social power. It begins by planting itself in persons, and then it goes on to unite these in communities. Now, in Congregationalism Christianity does both of these things. Fellowship is the principle it works with. This is the crystallizing principle in the unit and in the body. Hence Congregationalism differs widely from Independency, which ignores the social

uniting power of the gospel ; for it includes the complete integral idea of Christianity on earth,—individualism and sociality,—and secures them both by moral and spiritual means. And it is altogether unlike consolidation or solidarity, which slights individualism ; for it embraces both, but without license on the one hand or authority on the other. Its position is absolutely unique among the denominations, midway in the swing of the ecclesiastical pendulum, directly beneath the point of its suspension in the hand of God.

Well, therefore, may we go forward with confident and joyous tread, feeling that our system in its idea largely reflects and anticipates the order of heaven, and struggle to make the reality more adequately realize the idea.

## THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

[From a Lecture to his Class.]

A very remarkable quality in the sermon is its adaptation to the timeless wants of the soul, in furnishing an ideal to struggle towards that can never be overtaken. He holds up for us an aim which comes out in many places in the sermon, and especially in this: — "Be ye perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect." This, although an under-current all through the discourse, is an ever transcendent aim. Go as far as thought can carry us, it is still beyond.

This quality of the sermon shows at once its transcendent origin and its perfect adaptation to human needs. The soul demands just such an ideal. No greater innocent source of discomfort could come to us than to wake up in some æon of the future, and find out that we had gained all there was for us; that we had reached the end; that no more progress was possible; that every grace and virtue and attainment was mastered. No *ennui* like that can be imagined—a soul doomed to eternity, to have nothing to look forward to but what it already has. Christ has provided better things for us, and it is hinted at in the fundamental sermon of his kingdom, where he has outlined them for us.

Over against the timeless character of the contents of the sermon is the remarkable appropriation of the language, and culture, and habits of thought of the common people. He does not speak from the stand-

point of the Pharisee, the Essene, or any school of philosophy or religion, but of the common Jew, living in the country, and familiar with the facts of everyday life going on around him. He draws his illustrations from the fields and flowers and animals, and from incidents familiar to those hearing him. His words and idioms, in like manner, are those of the common people. So here is the most wide and far-reaching message—the ideal standard for all coming time, put in the homely costume of every-day life; a costume that is imperishable, for the facts of nature and the incidents of daily life are the most unchangeable and cosmopolitan of any. Consequently, both the substance and the form of the sermon admirably adapt it for setting forth, not only to his immediate hearers but also to mankind at large down the ages, the fundamental character of the kingdom of God which he was proclaiming.

The sermon also shows a certain unconscious lordliness that at once sets its Author, without his seeming to notice it, above all other teachers. There is no straining to maintain dignity, no appearance of the assumption of it. It rays out from Him as royally as the light and supremacy of the sun. "It has been said by them of old time * * * but *I* say unto you. He speaks down to men unconsciously from an infinite height. The royalty of his words cannot be hidden. They betray the grandeur of his being. The sermon is human, but it is more.

## THE MINISTRY.

Few boys will rise above the poise the mother gives them. If the mothers are content to have their sons worldly, selfish, self-indulgent, there are influences enough abroad to bring about this result. But if they desire them to do good in this world, and whatever position they occupy or success they gain have it all on the side of Christ, they must bathe their young hearts with the ceaseless ministries of prayer and Christian love and example.

The ministry, for those who are moved and adapted to do high work, is the profession that lies nearest heaven, and calls for consecrated recruits with divinest voice.

There is a shortening of time in preparation for the ministry that is wasteful in regard to preaching. Here, as in relation to giving, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

Every pastor is, by office, providentially on an outlook committee, to find young men for a profession to which they do not turn till the thought is borne in upon them, and to which the natural ambitions and attractions of life do not point. He can drop the enkindling suggestion in their hearts, and then, in due time, take the young men by the hand and lead them along.

A preacher really has no business to preach, unless his message comes to him fresh from God. We must remember that all truth, principle, moral and spiritual reality is a *living* entity, and can no more be old than sunlight or God. The expressions of it, the historical forms it has taken on, may be old, but the thing itself is ever fresh.

The modern preacher needs, as much as the primitive one, the sense that he is proclaiming the fresh thought and will of God. He must come down from the mount as Moses did, with his face shining from immediate communing with God. Tradition, the church, the schools, the Bible itself, can give only the old envelopes; back of them and through them the preacher must penetrate to the living, spiritual contents, and when he has them he will have a message fresh from the eternal world, as apt and precious to men now as in the days of the Prophets or the Apostles, and in preaching which he may have as much heavenly enthusiasm as they had.

God cherishes the *individuality* of his servants as one of his finest and most delicate works, and is careful to lay no burdens on them to crush this down to one monstrous level. He is anxious that this should appear in their preaching as well as in the play of their features or the tones of their voice. He would have them true to themselves as well as to Him.

## THE SABBATH.

As light streams out through the sides of a glass lantern in all directions on a dark night, so from a spiritually illuminated rest-day God sends out moral light in all directions through the community.

When you see the flag of a well-kept Sabbath flying over a land, you know that it is a land which God is blessing in the whole strain of its civilization. It is a divinely brooded and guided land.

The people, in consequence of God's blessing on their quickened moral life, are prosperous, strong and effective. They are eminent in their manhood, their achievements, their success, in the gains of this world and the world to come, in the catalogue of saints, heroes, benefactors. God touches and tones their energy with power and wisdom, and carries it forward to high results.

Our civil system sprang up around the Sabbath as a sacred day. Historically this was its origin. The first settlers of New England brought it with them from the Puritans of the mother country. The whole civil life of the colonists revolved around the Sabbath as a sacred day. Some of their regulations were severe, some of their notions were extreme, some of their practices ridiculous; but all this only shows the prominence which the sacredness of the day held in their whole

civil economy. So all the criticisms of Cavaliers, the ridicule of the Broad Churchmen, the denunciation of the Free Thinkers, which we have heard and read on this subject, are in evidence now of the thorough commitment of New England to this idea. Other colonies adopted the same spirit in greater or less degree, and made their civil life fashion itself around a sacred day. Out of such a condition of society, with one day in seven distinctively set apart for the higher uses of heart and mind, and the service of God, and rest from secular work—with the Sabbath as the beating heart of the whole civil system, sending its vital currents through all the days of the week, all the tissues of society—came our civil system. It was born of a Sabbatic mother, wrapped in Sabbatic swaddling clothes, and rocked in a Sabbatic cradle.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Christianity dying out in New England? Not a bit of it! It is pluming its wings. It is preparing for larger flights toward the sun — toward the rising sun, and the setting sun—and to carry with it, in its offering to Christ, the brawn and the brain, the culture and the weakness, the civilization and the degradation of the land of the Puritans. Have no fears of New England, as long as she remains what she is. Would that she were a thousand times larger and more powerful, and that she overlapped the Continent!

What a call is here for a high standard of Christian living, for unflinching devotion to principle, for self-sacrifice in doing good! All along this coast, from San Diego to the northern part of Puget Sound, the country is full of young life and quickened activity. It is an age of blazing the trees and cutting the trails for coming generations; and it is an age when Christ summons his people to lead the way. All over the land the stirring call comes: — Arise, shine! for thy light has come!

The missionary work is based on the great unities of Christianity. They are such as these: That the race is one; that depravity is one; that redemption is one; that regeneration is one; that the Christian life is one. We do not reach the true spirit of our local work till we come down to it from the heights of these

grand missionary unities. The kingdom of God, which knows no land, no race, no condition, as excluded from its provisions, must come into a man, to enable him to give a cup of cold water, or do any service even, unto the kingdom. The Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world must be welcomed and reflected, to enable a man to walk a step in an old Christian community, according to the light.

We should have faith that business methods may be converted to Christ, like everything else; and that, when this change has taken place in the relation of employers and the employed, strikes will be impossible, and good will and harmony will prevail.

The influence of woman's work for woman, I have no doubt, is largely the cause of that gradual elevation of the plane of missionary activity and life which is now going on throughout all our churches. God bless woman's work for woman!

The present form of materialism is becoming old, and losing the glamour of its novelty. * * * The popular thought will once more rejoice in God, and men will have faith to see God back of the sequences of cause and effect, back of nature, back of history,—back of these and in them.

In the spring-time there are concealed forces of nature working invisibly in plant, shrub, tree, the roots of grasses and buried seeds, plying their nimble and ceaseless energies to produce leaves and buds and flowers and fruit—all the greenness and bloom and joy of the vegetable world. In like manner the concealed

forces of religion are, under the varied forms, parts and energies of our social life, working noiselessly, and working far and near, to produce the beauty and fragrance and ripeness of the social condition.

Moreover, where religion does not succeed as a principle of life in producing beautiful and fragrant things, it acts as a *vis medicatrix*, cicatrizing the wounds of our civilization, overcoming the fevers, tugging at the poisons and slowly expelling them, uniting the broken bones, building sanitary walls about the chronic sores, or giving twinges of neuralgic smart, to call attention to the lurking badness. The distempers and vices it does not prevent or arrest it puts a fringe of healthful influence about, a barrier of antagonistic life—or fights fire with fire, preventing a general destruction. So the scourges of intemperance, licentiousness, crime, and other social distempers, and even war—and civil war—are abridged or quarantined or mollified, and kept within some bounds.

But, apart from the natural influence of the very spirit and genius of Christianity, leading it to seize and mould and use the elements and materials of civilization, it has positive, mighty engines of civil power, out in the light of the sun in our land, working directly upon civilization, with noise and clatter and busy investment of the seats of influence and the hidings of social life. These are its organs and instruments.

The eider-duck plucks from her breast the fine, soft, incomparable down, to line the nest for her young ; but the hunters rob the nest to enrich themselves, when she plucks her breast again ; and, when they do it a third time, the male bird repeats the operation. So religion continues to yield the finest and choicest civil

and social blessings to those who annoy and wrong her. Nay, more, she gives them many of the implements and powers with which they assail her, helping them to their culture, standards of criticism, moral artillery, the whole enginery of truth—so far as they have truth—with which, not satisfied with chafing her defects, they fall upon her. She furnishes them in unconscious exuberance with the power and means of attack, when they try to worry the life out of her.

According to ancient Greek story, the infant Hercules was carried by Mercury to Olympus, and put to the breast of Juno without her knowing who the child was. He was so nourished by the divine food that he drew godlike strength from it, which he subsequently used to thwart the wishes of the goddess who had nursed him while she was asleep. And there is another who has said, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." This appropriation of divine gifts—the beauties and excellencies of ripened intellect and cultured humanity, drawn from the bosom of religion, and which she, sleeping and waking, freely offers to all, only to use quickened powers and God-like vigor thus derived in attacks on the generous, unthinking foster-mother—is one of the strange facts of our strange world, and puts those guilty of it in an unenviable attitude before the discernment and conscience of mankind. It is the act and purpose of a parricide without the effect; for Christianity is immortal and unconquerable, and goes on scattering her blessings, in sublime pity and sorrow for the ingratitude and weakness, among all who will receive them.

The soul never feels old, but always young, as if pluming itself for an indefinite flight. It feels at three score and ten as if it had just opened its eyes in its Father's house, visited a few of its wondrous chambers, and seen some of their sumptuous furnishings ; but that the grand objects of its existence were fresh upon it, and that the morning dew was still lying upon life. Now, when you see the soul thus oblivious of its years, not knowing that it has any, do you not see that you are sighting an energy with the instincts of immortality ?

It is a remarkable fact, that amid all the changes that come over us and go through us, there is a persistent consciousness of the same self hood. There is a central fixed *I*, about which the outer selfs come and go. The body changes, the thought-world, the feelings, the purposes. We go off in dreams, in visions, in insanity ; but returning reason gives us back the same conscious self. Does not this persistent personality point to a self hood that will survive all changes and catastrophes ?

Again, the soul has telltale thoughts. It thinks God, Truth, Goodness, Infinity, Eternity. From within itself it sends out thoughts, like the feelers of insects, which reach over into the eternal world, feel the realities there, take their form and proportion, and assure it of their certainty and quality. And when you see this, do you not see the very energy of immortality itself in its forecast outreachings and workings ? Now these signs and tell-tale revelations do not merely suggest a future existence, without assuring us of its permanency, but they carry us grandly and triumphantly

over into the conviction of immortality itself. The soul is so constituted that if it catches sight of a future existence at all, as awaiting it, it stops not at any half-way point, but speaks at once to the belief of its endless existence. If man is so great, what shall we do for him? Help him up to God, to truth, to goodness, to duty, and so fit him for his true home. If man is so great, what shall we do for ourselves? Live for immortality, our own and that of others, and so secure the highest end of existence.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 290 160 1